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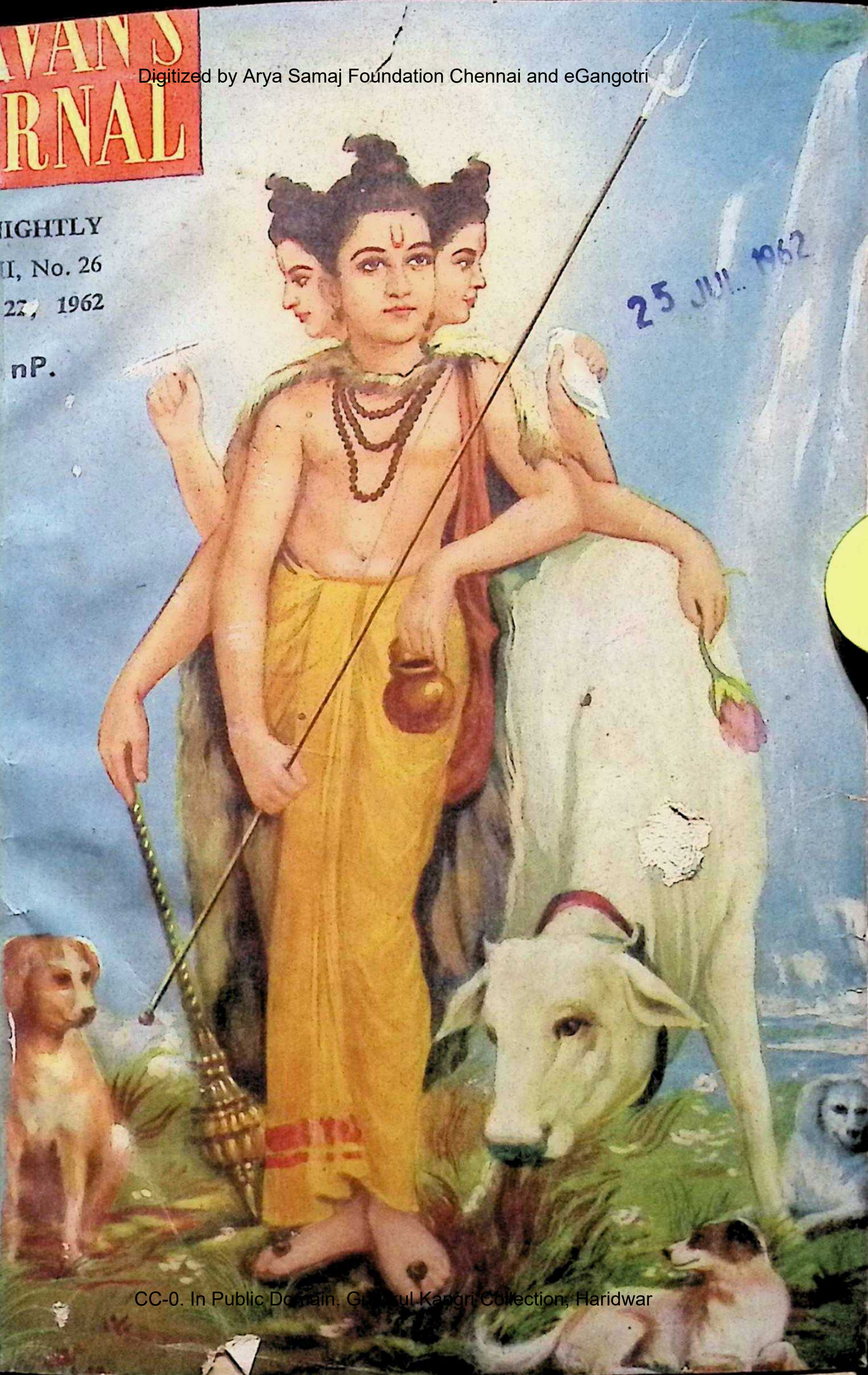

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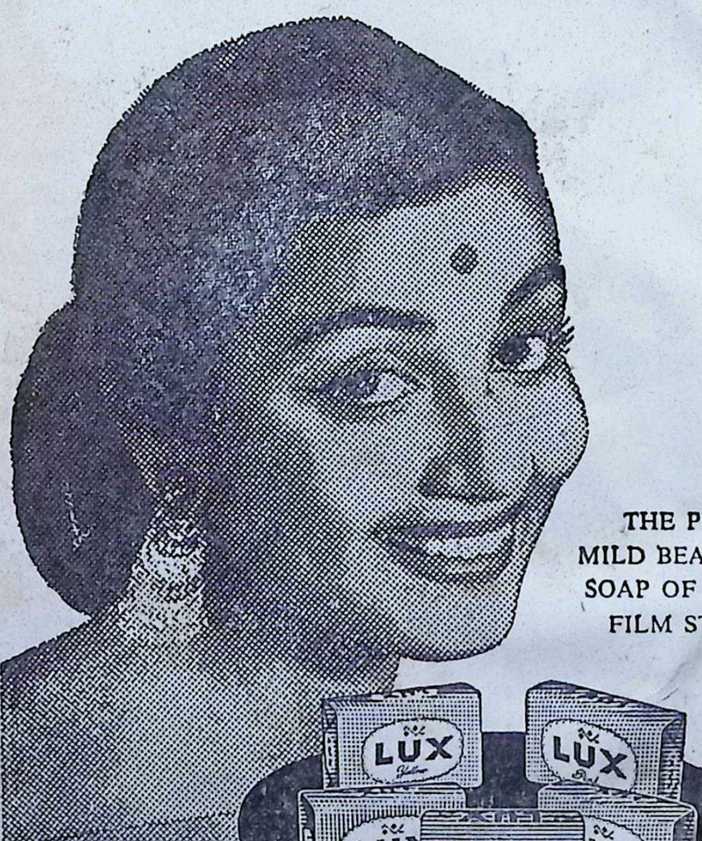
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वाचनालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

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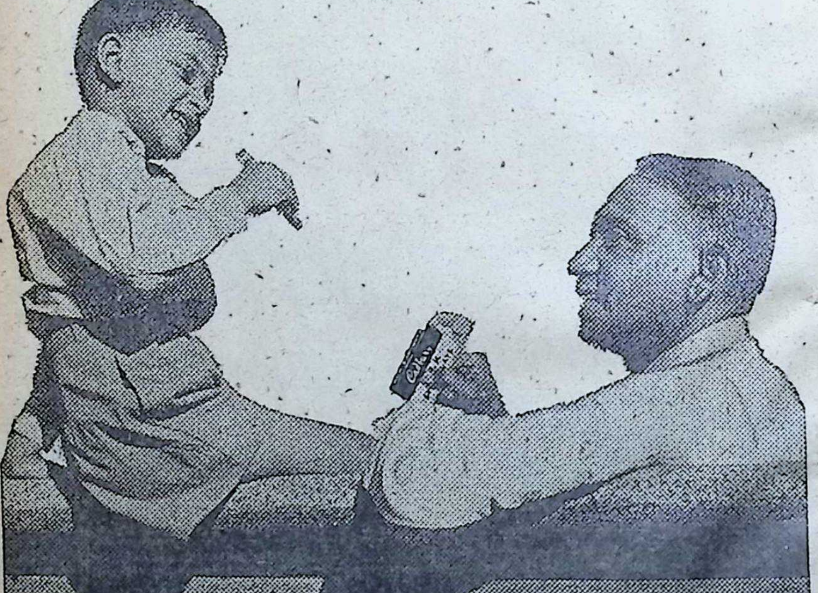

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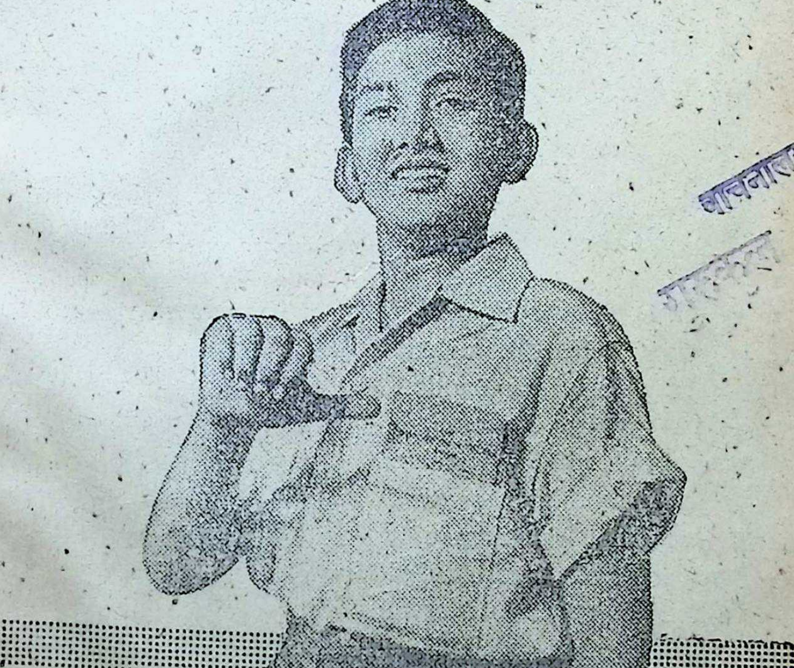

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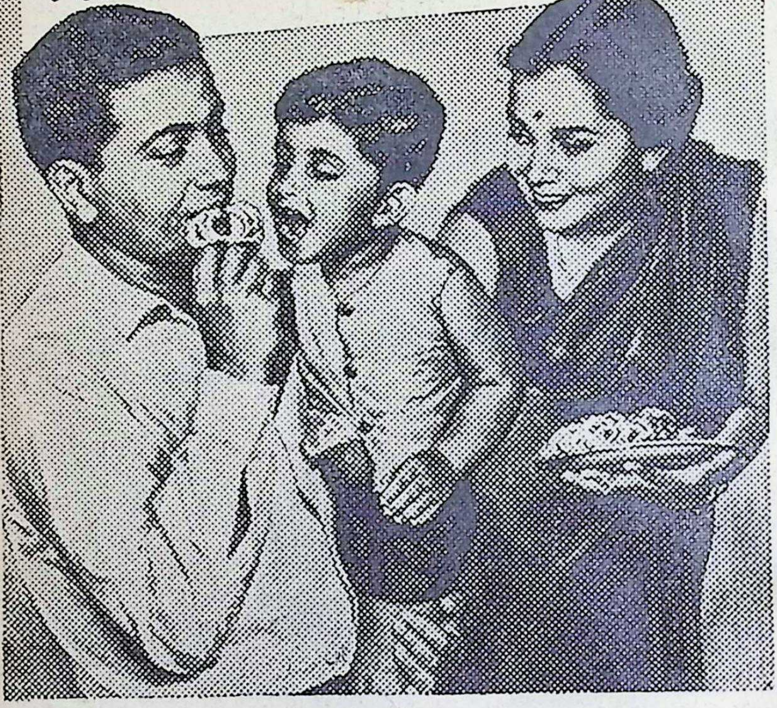

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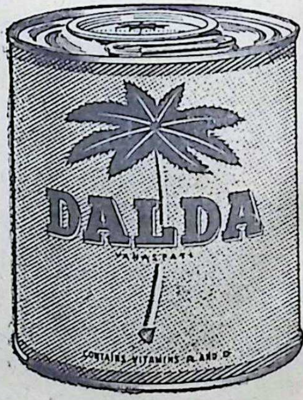

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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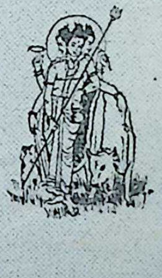
LORD DATTATREYA

दत्तात्रेयं शिवं शान्तं इन्द्रनीलनिभं विभुम्।
आत्ममायारतं देवं अवधूतं दिगम्बरम्॥
भस्मोद्धूलित सर्वाङ्गं जटाजूटधरं विभुम्।
षड्बाहुमुदाराङ्गं प्रफुल्लकमलेक्षणम्॥
ज्ञानयोगनिधिं विश्वगुरुं योगिजनप्रियम्।
भक्तानुकम्पिनं सर्वसाक्षिणं सिद्धसेवितम्॥

Obeisance unto Dattatreya, the auspicious, peaceful, bluish like sapphire, lord of universe, delighting in Self, clad in robes of air, smeared all over with the sacred ash, with matted hair, with six hands, long body, eyes looking like full-blown lotus, the treasure-house of Jnana-yoga, the preceptor of the universe, beloved of sages, tender-hearted towards devotees, universal witness, and worshipped by Siddhas.

Stotra Ratnakara



Vol. VIII, No. 26

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 262

★ *INVITATION INTO POLITICS* ★ *SRI AUROBINDO'S INFLUENCE* ★ *MOTHER CULT*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JULY 22, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

MY earliest memories of a political nature go back to my early boyhood.

In 1899 when the Broach district was ravaged by one of the worst famines known in this country of recurring famines, my father as Deputy Collector, happened to be in charge of the famine relief. At the time, I had a glimpse of Lord Curzon, the then Viceroy, who had come to Broach to inspect the famine works. Tall and erect and as I thought majestic, he created a tremendous impression on my immature mind as the ultimate in official and political life.

Another occasion which has been impressed on my early memory was when Father installed, in our drawing-room, a large-size portrait of Dadabhoy Naoroji, who had then been elected to the British Parliament. That opened before me a vista of patriotic service and political eminence.

There was yet another memory of an occasion—not so happy—which has been impressed upon my mind. I was then initiated into the realities of the then politics in rather a cruel way.

On most of his visits to his superior officers, out of office hours, Father took me along with him. When he would go into the officer's bungalow, I would continue sitting by myself in our two-pony dog-cart, thinking of the great things which I intended to do when I grew up.

Father was a strong, true, honest man and served the Government with rare conscientiousness. Most of the British officers who came into contact with Father, held him in high regard for his honesty and efficiency. Sir Frederick Lely referred to Father in these words:

> "There was Maneklal Narbheram who went a healthy vigorous man to Wagra Taluka of the District of Broach. And for six months never spared himself night or day and then returned a wreck to die a year afterwards. A brave and steadfast man, who knew what was before him and did it.

I make no apology for mentioning his name, for, the blood of such men is the SEED AND SAP of the Empire."[1]

But all British officers were not alike. Once a White *burra saheb*, Father's superior, issued an order that the vehicles of all visitors should be stopped at the gate of his compound. I was with Father when the order was conveyed to him by the *pattavala*. His face grew red; earlier British officers had always treated him with respect. Our carriage, in consequence was kept outside the compound. My father stepped down, controlling his anger, to pay his respects to the White Man who could with impunity insult a good and true Indian because his race held ours in thraldom. I cried over the insult that night.

The scar which that impression left on me has never healed. I have always been allergic to racial arrogance, or for that matter, arrogant behaviour of any person, Indian or foreign. Later in life whenever I had an occasion to put up with such arrogance, the old scar began to bleed and it has not been given to me to be able to forgive the man who was responsible for my suffering.

●●●

On January 3, 1902, I joined the Baroda College. It is now converted into the Arts Faculty building of the Baroda University, in the setting up of which I had some share.

As a college student, when I came in the independent control of a few rupees, I rushed to make my first investment. It was in Abbott's *Life of Napoleon*. For years I read and reread it with avidity. It had great influence in shaping my outlook in later years.

College life opened for me a new horizon. For the first time, I came across newspapers in the College Reading Room which brought before me a new world. I learnt contemporary politics from the few leading nationalist newspapers—*The Bengali* edited by Surendranath Banerjee and *The Amrita Bazaar Patrika* edited by Motilal Ghosh.

In December 1902, the first session of the Indian National Congress was to be held in Ahmedabad and several of my college friends enrolled themselves as its volunteers to serve it.

I mentioned my desire to join the volunteer corps to Father. He said that I could not do so. As a government officer he was 'eating the salt of the Sarcar.' With my newly acquired political outlook, I retorted: 'It is our money that the Sarcar pays you with. They do not bring it from abroad.' Naturally Father snubbed me.

Mother intervened. As a result Father took me with him to Ahmedabad, when he went to attend the opening ceremony of the exhibition, held in connection with the Congress, which was to be performed by Sir Frederick Lely, the Commissioner of the North Division, and therefore, not beyond bounds for him.

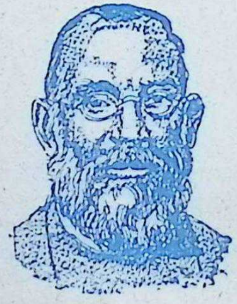
After the ceremony was over Father left for Broach, leaving me with my friends in the volunteer camp. Then I became a volunteer without being officially enrolled.

---

[1] "India under Curzon and After" by L. Fraser, pp. 292-293, chapt. (Plague & Famine).

Surendranath Banerjee made a profound impression on me. His black Bengali *angarkha,* his fine beard, his stentorian voice which in the pre-loudspeaker age could easily be heard by 10,000 people, the sonorous periods which he rolled out with rhythmic cadence were to live in my memory for ever.

When once I had taken part in a debate held by the College debating society, being sensitive and nervous I had to resume my seat after speaking a couple of sentences, shaking in every limb. Surendranath's eloquence, therefore, became a living inspiration for me. After my return from Ahmedabad I planned an elaborate programme of developing the art of speaking.



Surendranath Banerjee

Among the few books which Father treasured were Blair's *Belles Letters* and Chamber's *Elocution.* The 18th century *Belles Letters* opened for me the mysteries of the art of writing and speaking. Chamber's *Elocution* also provided me with eloquent passages from the speeches of Patrick Henry, Chatham, Burke and Brougham, which I committed to memory.

Most evenings would find me either in the Central Hall of the College, when at Baroda, or under the Narmada Bridge when at Broach, thundering at an imaginary audience in the rhythmic style of Surendranath, accenting my words with fierce gesticulations. During the vacations I also spent hours during the day delivering my solitary orations before a full-sized mirror, trying to co-ordinate my voice, gesture and facial expressions. In later years, I took to Shakespear's plays, re-acting most of the important speeches before my beloved mirror.

I was soon drawn to the French and Italian Revolutions. I became saturated with Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* and Michelet's *French Revolution* and a life of Mazzini by an author, whose name I have forgotten. I was so fascinated with John Mill's *Liberty* that I copied the whole of it with my hand.

* * *

The period from 1902 to 1906, when I was in the college saw events of far-reaching significance both in India and the world. Lord Curzon, that masterful viceroy, before his ten-year office ended in 1904, had done his best to offend the self-respect of Indians not only by his arrogant utterances, but by his University Bill and above all by his proposal to partition Bengal. For the first time, educated India, indignant and angry, was roused to a concentrated fury.

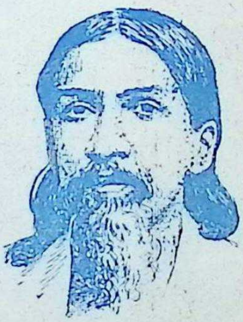
Prof. Arvind Ghosh, later to be known as Sri Aurobindo, was our Professor of English, though at times he acted as Private Secretary to Sayajirao III, the Gaekwad of Baroda.

To the students of our College, Prof. Ghosh was a figure enveloped in mystery. He was reputed to be a poet, a master of many languages and in touch with Russian nihilists. Many stories of his doings were whispered from mouth to mouth among the students almost with awe.

The Russo-Japanese war, declared in 1904, shook some of us in the College to our very depth. Port Arthur fell to the Japanese in January 1905. Admiral Tojo destroyed the Russian Fleet in May. Asia had successfully challenged the mastery of Europe!

Prof. Ghosh, as our acting Principal, declared a prize in an essay-cum-debate competition on 'Japan and the Japanese'. Though at the competition I only secured the doubtful award of 'honourable mention' though not the prize, it was an occasion when I could read, with absorbing interest, all about Japan from what was available in the College Library. The achievements of the Meiji Era, in particular, fascinated me.

Okakuru's book *Asia for the Asiatics*—I think that was the name—thrilled me and I dreamt of a Buddha-land, in which Japan, India, and South-East Asia were to be combined to stand for a new world order presided over by Lord Buddha.



Prof. Arvind Ghosh

I once confided my dreams to a friend of mine, who laughed at this absurdity. I was touched to the quick, and thereafter, confided my ideas only to my diary.

On March 27, 1905, I drew up the programme of my life, which for a boy of seventeen years was pretty ambitious.

I pledged myself to work for:

1. The fusion of sub-castes.
2. Women—equality of education; abolition of infant marriage; minimum age for girls 14, for boys 18; the introduction of widow-remarriage (at least for infant widows).
3. Abolition of joint family system.
4. Religious liberty.
5. The removal of some minor defects such as the *purdah* system and caste evils.

Political Programme

1. The formation of the Indian nation:
    (a) The Brotherhood of Indians.
    (b) A common language: English for the *elite* and Hindustani for the masses.
    (c) A common literature.
2. Freedom of speech and writing.
3. No taxation without representation.
4. Universal free education.
5. All services, political, civil and military open to merit without distinction of race or religion.
6. At last "Independence".

* * *

In July 1904, the British Parliament passed the law partitioning the Presidency of Bengal in the teeth of united opposition on the part of educated Bengal. When the Partition was announced, Bengal, on August 7, 1905, took a vow to resist it, and so immediately became the standard-bearer of whatever national resistance India was capable of offering at the time.

Under the influence of Prof. Arvind Ghosh, which, however, was remotely felt through Mohanlal Pandya, an employee of the Agricultural Department of Baroda State, a group of young students in the College were highly agitated over the question. We heard of the echoes of coming army movements to overthrow the British and of plans of terrorist activities by secret societies.

We became ardent revolutionaries. We talked of Garibaldi and the French Revolution, and hoped to win India's freedom by a few hundred drachms of picric acid.

Once we decided to work out the possibilities of picric acid in the laboratory of the College on a holiday. When I went to the laboratory, later than the appointed time, either by accident or design, I am not sure, I met my friends coming out of the room, one of them with a bleeding hand. A broken retort had shown us the possibilities of picric acid.

This was my first and last attempt to carry on secret activities. In 1908 or 1909, a Bengali, who had known me in earlier years, met me in Bombay to induce me to join one of the secret societies of Bengal. I thanked him and declined the offer. I was not cut out for underground work.

●●●

I remember only one occasion when I directly talked to Prof. Arvind Ghosh. "How can nationalism be developed?" I asked. He pointed to a wall-map of India and said something to this effect:

> Look at that map. Learn to find in it the portrait of Bharatmata. The cities, mountains, rivers and forests are the materials which go to make up Her body. The people inhabiting the country are the cells which go to make up Her living tissues. Our literature is Her memory and speech. The spirit of Her culture is Her soul. The happiness and freedom of Her children is Her salvation. Behold Bharat as a living Mother, meditate upon Her and worship Her in the nine-fold way of *Bhakti*.

I was disappointed. I had hoped for a list of books to study. When I asked how I could meditate upon the Mother, he referred me to the works of Swami Vivekananda.

I was soon initiated into the Mother cult. Its founder was Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya, the great Bengali novelist, who in truth was the father of Indian Renaissance. Through his novel *Anand Math*, which was widely read in the colleges in those years, he brought two major transvaluation of values. These were to colour, directly or indirectly, the outlook and attitude of most patriotic Indians who drew inspiration from India and her culture for well-nigh seventy years.

India was the Divine Mother—a new *avatar* of Mother Durga, and as such, was entitled to an Indian's absolute surrender.

Karma Yoga was not a cult of rituals, but of martyrdom invited in the service of the Mother.

I soon began to dream of the Mother. I have put my experience in the mouth of Sudarshana, the hero of my autobiographical novel *Svapnadrastha* in these words:

> "I went home in November or December. The whole world assumed a new shape. I began to see the Mother everywhere. Men, institutions, their customs and manners all looked like her limbs. My home, my caste, my village had a new meaning. The lake, the river, the antiquated temples and mosques, even the dusts of the village road carried a secret; in them all was the Mother.
>
> "I took strolls in the early winter mornings. I walked, as if spirit-haunted, between the serried rows of dark, silent houses standing on both sides of the dark and deserted road: and yet on them all was the light of my new vision. The music of the distant jingling bells—surging from the necks of

unseen bullocks; the sweet sound of the grinding hand-mills; the chatter of women at the village well—all made the chill morning throb with rhythm; and in them all I found the grandeur of the Mother."

During the Partition movement, Prof. Arvind Ghosh resigned his post of the professor in our College. While leaving Baroda, he gave us a stirring speech, the substance of which I noted down on the spot. The summary of that speech and his Messianic utterance, the *Uttarpada Speech*, remained the source of inspiration for me for years.

* * *

During the early years of my life, the life and teachings of Dayanand Sarasvati, the founder of Arya Samaj, exercised a great influence on me. His disciple, Swami Nityanand, a friend of the Gaekwad of Baroda, used to come to Broach for delivering lectures on Arya Samaj. Feeling interested, I read whatever literature was available about Dayanand Sarasvati and his movement.

In an article in the College magazine which I wrote on Dayanand Sarasvati, in 1905 or 1906:

> "If there be any sect in which Nationalism is taught, where the foundation of future Aryavarta is laid not by talk but by sacrifice, self-abnegation and enthusiasm, it is the Arya Samaj."

Throughout these years my belief has been strengthened that Dayanand Sarasvati was one of the great architects of modern India. I have written of him:

> "He gave us the first programme of cultural re-integration, most of which has now been associated with nationalism: removal of caste distinction and untouchability, and equality of women; the highest scientific knowledge; education, essentially Indian; the use of Hindi as a national language and the pursuit of Sanskrit as a predominant national influence; repudiation of Westernism; re-organisation of life on the basis of freedom as in Vedic times and a sturdy resistance to foreign rule and alien culture."

What Gandhiji carried out forty years later was the programme of Dayanand Sarasvati altered to suit a more catholic age in a country which had come, in course of decades, under the influence of Tilak, Vivekananda and Sri Aurobindo.

Yours sincerely,

In the land of Knowledge we plough the land with furrow of Truth and sow the seeds of right Desires. Water (the plants) with Forbearance and weed out Falsehood. Survey the growth (self-examination) and protect the crops with the fence of Justice. If the cultivation is perfect as this, we will reap the rich harvest of Shiva's Blessings or Self-Realisation.—Saint Appar

Arvind

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The Lord's Name

Sing forth the honour of his name: make his praise glorious.

His name shall endure for ever: his name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

O Give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

Glory ye in his holy name; let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

Praise the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

Thy name, O Lord, endureth for ever; and thy memorial, O Lord, throughout all generations.

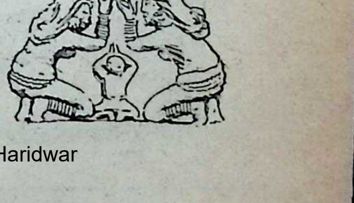
I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

Surely the righteous shall give thanks unto thy name: the upright shall dwell in thy presence.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

—The Psalms



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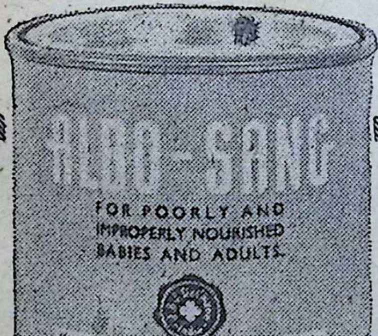
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HOSPITALITY

The first charge on the householder is hospitality. Even though it be the divine nectar itself, it should not be partaken at the table to the exclusion of the unexpected guest.

A home which consistently practises hospitality scarcely ever feels the pinch of poverty. Indeed the goddess of prosperity will dance merrily at the homestead where a guest can invariably be sure of a cheerful reception.

The paddy-fields of the person who prefers to feed the guest first and himself partake of what remains, do not have the need of sowing and yet the crops will grow to surfeit.

The man who, after feeding the first batch of guests, waits for the next, will become the guest of honour at the hands of angels.

The value of hospitality is inestimable; if at all, it may be said to be in direct proportion to the need or worth of the guest.

Those failing to take advantage of the fruits of hospitality will, despite their best efforts to the contrary, find their wealth slipping through their fingers willy-nilly, and land themselves in the lurch. Like the lily before the sun's rays, his wealth will wear away before the disappointed looks of the guest.

Real poverty consists in the non-observance of hospitality on the part of the well-to-do and it stems from ignorance.

Ego, The Arch-Enemy

श्रीराम उवाच–
मुधैवाभ्युत्थितो मोहान्मुधैव परिवर्धते ।
मिथ्यामयेन भीतोऽस्मि दुरंहकारशत्रुणा ॥
अहंकारवशादेव दोषकोशकदर्थताम् ।
ददाति दीनदीनानां संसारो विविधाकृतिः ॥
अहंकारवशादापदहंकाराद्दुराधयः ।
अहंकारवशादीहा त्वहंकारो ममामयः ॥

Sri Rama continued:

Egoism springs out of conceit and is fostered by it. I fear this baneful enemy, Ego, that is full of conceit. In this diversified world even the poorest of men fall in evils and do misdeeds possessed by egoism. Egoism is the cause of all adversity ; that alone causes all misery and desire. Hence I deem egoism a disease.

तमहंकारमाश्रित्य परमं चिरवैरिणम् ।
न भुजे न पिबाम्यम्भः किमु भोगान् भुजे मुने ॥
संसाररजनी दीर्घा माया मनसि मोहिनी ।
ततोऽहंकारदोषेण किरातेनेव वागुरा ।
यानि दुःखानि दीर्घाणि विषमाणि महान्ति च ॥
अहंकारात्प्रसूतानि तान्यगात्खदिरा इव ॥
शमेन्दुसैंहिकेयास्यं गुणपद्महिमाशनिम् ।
साम्यमेघशरत्कालमहंकारं त्यजाम्यहम् ॥

O Sage! When under the influence of this arch-enemy, Ego, one neither eats nor drinks even water. What other pleasures can one partake of? By this evil of egoism is laid the trap of delusive desires in this protracted night of worldly existence, even as the hunter does his snare. All unending distresses and trying tribulations grow, like the thorny *khadira* plant, born of egoism alone. I abandon Ego that darkens our reason as the Moon is darkened in eclipse, that destroys virtue as the frost does the lotuses and dispels peace of mind as the autumn the clouds.

नाहं रामो न मे वाञ्छा भावेषु न च मे मनः ।
शान्त आसितुमिच्छामि स्वात्मनीव जिनो यथा ॥
अहंकारवशादयदयन्मया भुक्तं हुतं कृतम् ।
सर्वं तत्तदवस्त्वेव वस्त्वहंकाररिक्तता ॥
अहमित्यस्ति चेद्ब्रह्मन्नहमापदि दुःखितः ।
नास्ति चेत्सुखितस्तस्मादनहंकारिता वरम् ॥
अहंकारं परित्यज्य मुने शान्तमनस्तया ।
अवतिष्ठे गतोद्वेगो भोगौघो भङ्रास्पदः ॥

I am not Rama (the Prince). I have no desire nor have I fixed my mind

25 JUL 1962

on worldly possessions. Like Jina (the sage), I wish peace to reign in my soul. What all I have done, eaten or offered in sacrifice under the influence of Ego has gone to nought. Freedom from egoism alone is real and enduring. By egoism, O Brahman, one happens to be in distress and adversity. If free from it, one is happy. Therefore freedom from Ego is covetable. O Sage! Having abandoned that I have gained tranquillity of mind and am free from anxieties, knowing the impermanence of all enjoyments.

ब्रह्मन्यावदहंकारवारिदः परिजृम्भते ।
तावद्विकासमायाति तृष्णाकुटजमञ्जरी ॥
अहंकारघने शान्ते तृष्णा नवतडिल्लता ।
शान्तदीपशिखावृत्त्या क्वापि यात्यतिसत्वरम् ॥
अहंकारमहाविन्ध्ये मनोमत्तमहागजः ।
विस्फूर्जति घनास्फोटैः स्तनितैरिव वारिदः ॥
इह देहमहारण्ये घनाहंकारकेसरी ।
योयमुल्लसति रफारस्तेनेदं जगदाततम् ॥

O Brahman! As long as the cloud of egoism overcasts the mind, so long the buds of the plant of desire attain growth. When that cloud disperses, the fresh streak of the lightning of desire disappears immediately even as the flame of an extinguished lamp does. A mind subject to Ego swells up like a huge rutty elephant that hears the roaring thunders in the clouds in the great Vindhya forest. Profound egoism frolics like a lion in the vast wilderness of human race and treads everywhere on earth.

तृष्णातन्तुलवप्रोता बहुजन्मपरम्परा ।
अहंकारोग्रखिङ्गेन कण्ठे मुक्तावली कृता ॥
पुत्रमित्रकलत्रादितन्त्रमन्त्रविवर्जितम् ।
प्रसारितमनेनेह मुनेऽहंकारवैरिणा ॥
प्रमार्जितेऽहमित्यस्मिन् पदे स्वयमपि द्रुतम् ।
प्रमार्जिता भवन्त्येते सर्व एव दुराधयः ॥
अहमित्यम्बुदे शान्ते शनैश्च शमशातिनी ।
मनोगगनसंमोहमिहिका क्वमपि गच्छति ॥
निरहंकारवृत्तेर्मे मौर्ख्याच्छोकेन सीदतः ।
यत्किंचिदुचितं ब्रह्मंस्तदाख्यातुमिहार्हसि ॥

The self-conceited are decorated with a string of pearls about their necks of which desire forms the thread and a succession of births the beads. O Sage! This inveterate enemy, the Ego, has cast on us the irresistible enchantments of wives, friends and children. The moment the word ego is effaced from mind all miseries abandon us of their own accord. When the cloud of ego is dispelled, the mist of error that pervades the firmament of our mind destroying its peace also disappears. I am free from egoism, still I am afflicted by sorrow out of ignorance. Therefore, O Brahman, I wish you to tell me what is appropriate.

सर्वापदां निलयमध्रुवमन्तरस्थ-
मुन्मुक्तमुत्तमगुणेन न संश्रयामि ।
यत्नादहंकृतिपदं परितोऽतिदुःखं
शेषेण मां समनुशाधि महानुभाव ॥

Being supremely virtuous, though with much ado I have given up this deep-seated infirm sense of egoism which is the source of all adversity, and will never resort to it again. Being egoistic is to be surrounded by sorrow. Therefore, O noble-minded Sage, give me wise counsel in this matter.

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SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

I AM firmly convinced that no good comes out of the man who day and night thinks he is nobody.

If a man, day and night, thinks he is miserable, low and nothing, nothing he becomes. If you say yea, yea, 'I am, I am,' so shall you be; and if you say 'I am not,' think that you are not, and day and night meditate upon the fact that you are nothing, aye, nothing shall you be. That is the great fact which you ought to remember.

We are the children of the Almighty, we are sparks of the infinite, divine fire. How can we be nothings? We are everything, ready to do everything, we can do everything, and man must do everything.

This faith in themselves was in the hearts of our ancestors, this faith in themselves was the motive power that pushed them forward and forward in the march of civilization, and if there has been degeneration, if there has been defeat, mark my words, you will find that degradation to have started on the day our people lost this faith in themselves.

Losing faith in one's self means losing faith in God. Do you believe in that Infinite, good Providence working in and through you?

If you believe that this Omnipresent One, the Antaryamin, is present in every atom, is through and through, Ota-Prota, as the Sanskrit word goes, penetrating your body, mind and soul, how can you lose heart?

I may be a little bubble of water, and you may be a mountain-high wave. Never mind! The infinite ocean is the background of me as well as of you. Mine is also that infinite ocean of life, of power, of spirituality, as well as yours. I am already joined—from my very birth, from the very fact of my life—I am in Yoga, with that infinite life, and infinite goodness, and infinite power, as you are, mountain-high though you may be. Therefore, teach this life-saving, great, ennobling, grand doctrine to your children, even from their very birth!

You need not teach them Advaitism; teach them Dvaitism, or any 'ism' you please, but we have seen that this is the common 'ism' all through India; this marvellous doctrine of the soul, the perfection of the soul, commonly believed in by all sects.

As says our great philosopher Kapila, if purity has not been the nature of the soul, it can never attain purity afterwards, for anything that was not perfect by nature, even if it attained to perfection, that perfection would go away again.

If impurity is the nature of man, then man will have to remain impure, even though he may be pure for five minutes.

The time will come when this purity will wash out, pass away, and the old natural impurity will have its sway once more.

Therefore, say all our philosophers, good is our nature, perfection is our nature, not imperfection, not impurity,—and we should remember that.

Remember the beautiful example of the great sage who, when he was dying, asked his mind to remember all his mighty deeds and all his mighty thoughts.

There you do not find that he was teaching his mind to remember all his weaknesses and all his follies!

Follies there are, weaknesses there must be, but remember your real nature always,—that is the only way to cure the weakness, that is the only way to cure the follies."

Let me tell you as one who has been working—at least trying to work—all his life, that there is no regeneration for India until you be spiritual.

Not only so, but upon it depends the welfare of the whole world.

For I must tell you frankly that the very foundations of Western civilization have been shaken to their base.

The mightiest buildings, if built upon the loose sand foundations of materialism, must come to grief one day, must totter to their destruction, some day.

The history of the world is our witness. Nation after nation has arisen and based its greatness upon materialism, declaring man was all matter. Aye, in Western language, a man gives up the ghost, but in our language a man gives up his body.

The Western man is a body first, and then he has a soul; with us a man is a soul and spirit, and he has a body. Therein lies a world of difference.

All such civilizations, therefore, as have been based upon such sand foundations as material comfort and all that, have disappeared one after the other, after short lives, from the face of the world; but the civilization of India and the other nations that have stood at India's feet to listen and learn, namely, Japan and China, live even to the present day, and there are signs even of revival among them.

Their lives are like that of the Phoenix, a thousand times destroyed, but ready to spring up again more glorious.

But a materialistic civilization once dashed down, never can come up again; that building once thrown down is broken into pieces once for all. Therefore have patience and wait, the future is in store for us.

Do not be in a hurry, do not go out to imitate anybody else.

This is another great lesson we have to remember; imitation is not civilization. I may deck myself out in a Raja's dress; but will that make me a Raja? An ass in a lion's skin never makes a lion.

Imitation, cowardly imitation, never makes for progress. It is verily the sign of awful degradation in a man.

Aye, when a man has begun to hate himself, then the last blow has come. When a man has begun to be ashamed of his ancestors, the end has come.

Here am I, one of the least of the Hindu race, yet proud of my race, proud of my nation, proud of my ancestors. I am proud that I am a countryman of yours, you the descendants of the sages, you the descendants of the most glorious Rishis the world ever saw. Therefore have faith in yourselves, be proud of your ancestors, instead of being ashamed of them.

And do not imitate; do not imitate!

Whenever you are under the thumb of others, you lose your own independence. If you are working, even in spiritual things, at the dictation of others, slowly you lose all faculty even of thought.

Bring out through your own exertions what you have, but do not imitate, yet take what is good from others. We have to learn from others.

You put the seed in the ground, and give it plenty of earth, and air, and water to feed upon; when the seed grows into a plant, and then into a gigantic tree, does it become the earth, does it become the air, does it become the water? It becomes the mighty plant, the mighty tree, after its own nature, having absorbed everything that was given to it. Let that be your position.

We have indeed many things to learn from others; yea, that man who refuses to learn is already dead.

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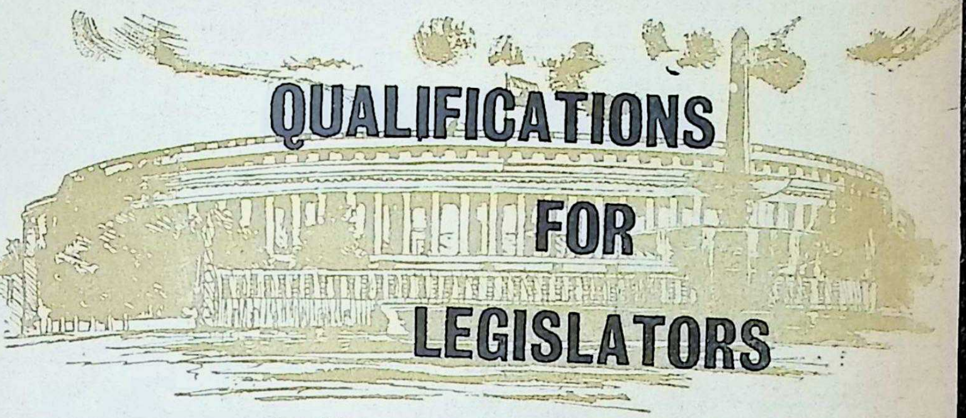

QUALIFICATIONS FOR LEGISLATORS

Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri

IT may appear that in exalting citizenship one ignores the distinction between its grades; that, for instance, the profound knowledge of affairs which is requisite for a Cabinet Minister is a luxury for a mere voter who has no higher ambition.

It is true the text-books say so, more or less bluntly.

The rural labourer in England who has received no more than a modicum of compulsory education knows little of the constitution and the laws but is told only of two or three names among which he has to make a choice. Once in a way the question of a new duty or the abolition of the Lords may emerge. On these issues, extremely simplified for his benefit, his thinking is apt to be muddled, and he votes in large measure in ignorance of the weighty policies that he may be helping to settle, in however small a degree. It is even worse in India.

The ignorance and superstition of the average voter place him at the mercy of the unscrupulous wire-puller, and the colour of the ticket and the totem printed on it are only additional hindrances between his intelligence and the mighty State problems that he is supposed to pronounce upon. This is the primary fact of all election politics; other factors like intimidation, colossal misrepresentation and bribery add themselves to the welter in such wise as to upset all calculations and make what are dignified with the name of appeals to the electorate gigantic gambles in which all connection between the merits of the issues at stake and the actual vote is completely obliterated.

Now judge what absurdly tenuous justification can be pleaded for the adoption of particular policies or measures.

If this is the case in lands where modern democracy takes its rise, we seem in India to carry the fiction to greater lengths.

I should be trespassing if I touched controversial politics. But it is common ground that popular elections have degenerated into Augean stables. We may not expect a Hercules any more. Is it possible—there is no harm in stretching one's fancy—that the wit of man may invent some method of ascertaining the general will more trustworthy and less liable to abuse than a general election?

And is it allowable to hope that that invention may be made in India for the purification of our democratic processes?

In totalitarian countries, as one may expect, care is taken to mould young minds to the required pattern, which is akin to that of the slave. Education, therefore, is a close monopoly of government and has one and only one set of clear aims.

Britain is at the other extreme and has encouraged, perhaps to the point of danger, a great variety of private effort. On one point, however, even British educational thought has recently come to a definite agreement, *viz.*, that all secondary education must have for one of its aims the development of a high ideal of citizenship. Some authors have laid down definite curricula for the purpose, and an exceedingly large number of good books are available, covering the whole ground. In India, colleges have to do much of the higher work done in secondary schools in Britain. My observations, therefore, have necessarily to apply to both grades of institutions.

All the world over, it is now settled policy, though not rigorously practised in India, that the great professions of law, engineering, medicine, teaching, accountancy and so on—should be practised only by those who are examined and certified by duly appointed authorities to be competent to practise them.

I have endeavoured to show that the kind and degree of knowledge required for the duties of citizenship or what may be called unofficial public life are comparable to those required for the regular professions.

Ignorance, charlatanry, hollow pretensions, can do as much harm to society in the field of politics as in the other spheres. In fact, since great institutions and national affairs are concerned in this case, the evils will be on a larger scale and less susceptible to remedy.

Another comparison, very relevant in this context, must be borne in mind. The other professions are confined to the few that choose them. The service of the public is open to all, in fact in a sense obligatory on all.

While therefore what is called professional education comes *after* general education, preparation for public life must take place along with gene-

(Continued on page 28)

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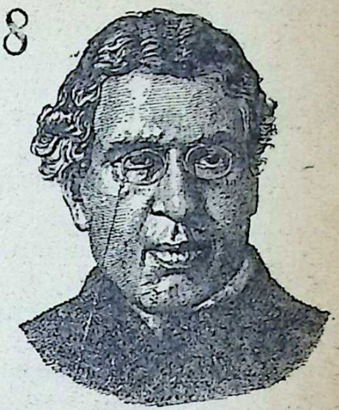


BOSE the seer scientist

Chinmoy

SIR JAGADISH CHANDRA BOSE is an immortal name in the scientific world. He was the scientist of scientists, not made but born.

Yet to say that he was only a scientist is not to say all. J. C. Bose the seer is as great as J. C. Bose the scientist.

He represented a novel type in the world of science. He was the forerunner of a new age of scientific research. He had moved the frontiers of intuitive science towards a fresh attainment.

A man of deep faith, a perfect example of artless living and lofty thinking, an embodiment of all that is good and inspiring was Jagdish Chandra.

'*Sarvam pranaejatinihsrtam* (Everything springs up from life and makes its movements therein).' This eternal message of the Upanishad ceaselessly reverberated in the innermost recesses of the discoverer of "Plant sensitivity". The world has come to learn from this son of India the secret of observing a plant shivering, suffering, struggling, perhaps even reciprocating love. In a word, but for him the modern world would have remained quite in the dark about the deeds and misdeeds of the plants so near and dear to the Mother Earth and us as well.

His approach to the scientific world was absolutely original. Although his apparatus did not demand of him a heavy charge, yet, strangely enough, by virtue of their skill he won the greatest honour.

In 1900 an International Exhibition of scientific researches was held in Paris. Many eminent scientists from all parts of the world gathered there to offer their contributions. The spiritual giant Swami Vivekananda happened to attend it. Highly impressed by the admirable achievements of those scientists his heart pined to see a son of Bengal who could walk shoulder to shoulder with those mighty figures. Suddenly to his astonishment the magnetic personality of J. C. Bose caught his eyes. He was overjoyed to find his Bengali brother eclipse his colleagues. His assertion about Bose ran:

"To-day Jagadish Bose—an Indian, a loving son of Bengal—heads the list of the galaxy of scientists. Three into three cheers for Jagadish Chandra!"

Let us also not miss a thrilling and arresting report that appeared in a London daily:

"...if you watch his astonishing experiments with plants and flowers, you have to leave an old world behind and enter a new one. The world where plants are merely plants becomes mercilessly out of date, and you are forced abruptly into a world where plants are almost human beings. Professor Bose makes you take the leap when he demonstrates that plants have a nervous system quite comparable with that of men, and makes them write down their life-story."

Now, lest the metal should be displeased with him the seer scientist revealed to the world that the metal too possesses signs of life. Life is within, life is without each object!

To quote Sri Aurobindo, the Master of Integral Yoga: "A bridge has been built between man and inert matter. Even if we take Dr. Bose's experiments with metals in conjunction with his experiments on plants, we may hold it to be practically proved for the thinker that Life in various degrees of manifestation and organisation is omnipresent in Matter and is no foreign introduction of accidental development, but was always there to be evolved. Mind, which modern Science has not yet begun rightly to investigate, awaits its turn."

To Professor Bose scientific research was nothing other than the life principle itself. As the spiritual thirst in him was great, he made bold to say in a wonderful speech delivered at the Royal Institute, London, that "they who behold the One in all the changing manifoldness of the universe, unto them belongs the eternal truth, unto none else, unto none else."

Bose gives a revealing intimation of the Truth that man must seek brotherhood to-day so that he may grow capable of liberating himself from the clutches of superiority that threaten to eclipse the sun of true civilisation.

"Science and art belong to the whole world, and before them vanish the barriers of nationality."—Goethe.

The Indian scientist sees eye to eye with the mighty poet. He takes one step further:

"Nothing is as far from truth as saying that the world is indebted to some particular nation for its progress in the sphere of knowledge. All countries of the world are interdependent.... This attitude of interdependence forges the bond of unity and determines the pause and progress of civilisation."

In this positive assertion we do observe that his cosmopolitan heart is almost smitten beyond cure with a vision of endless brotherhood.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."—Bacon.

Verily Jagadish Chandra's *Avyakta* (The Unmanifest) is one of the few that are to be chewed and digested. Here the style is vigorous, the analysis and arguments telling. Reading this unique work of his between the lines we can easily form the idea that he was an expositor of rare rounded knowledge. While presenting the book to his life-long bosom friend Rabindranath he writes:

> "Friend,
>
> Around you are entwined the memories of years of my joy and sorrow.... To-day I send into the glare of your sunlight the glimmer of my glow-worm.
>
> Yours,
> Jagadish."

Rabindranath's immediate reply too is arresting and it throws much light on Jagadish Chandra's literary genius. His letter runs:

> "Friend,
>
> Much of your Avyakta is well known to me... Although you have Science as your first love, yet well could literature claim that coveted place. It is only by your inattention that she stands neglected.
>
> Yours,
> Rabi."

The seer scientist successfully crossed the barrier between physics and physiology. He crossed also the barrier between the living and the non-living just to inform the world of his rare realisation that there is but one Truth which simultaneously embraces all the branches of knowledge. He admitted the fact that public life and various other professions will be apposite spheres of activity for aspiring young men. But he desired something more from the chosen few: "I call on those very few who, realising an inner call, will devote their whole life with strengthened character and determined purpose to participate in the infinite struggle to win knowledge for its own sake and see truth face to face."

"You have left us nothing to do!" such was the glowing tribute paid to Bose by the scientists of Vienna after observing his investigations, so complete and perfect. Their sincere appreciation of Bose clearly indicates that he stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries in the world of science.

While presenting his works George Bernard Shaw, who is known all the world over for his challenging plays, for his love of fun, his keen wit, his sharp criticism, writes:

> "From the lowest physiologist to the greatest Physiologist of the world."

The matchless novel *Jean-Christophe* reached the hands of the Indian scientist from the French savant Romain Rolland with an extremely significant message: "To the discoverer of a new world."

It is imperatively necessary to write a few words about his wife, Lady Abala Bose. She was a personality of tremendous executive drive and precision. She was at once his guide and disciple as necessity demanded. Sister Nivedita and many other eminent figures remained beholden to this venerable woman to the end of their lives.

I am tempted to bring Socrates on

the scene. The matchless philosopher was addressed by his own wife Xanthippe as "Public Nuisance Number One." And when a bucket of filthy water was emptied over the husband by his better-half after delivering a wifely lecture, the wise heart of the philosopher voiced forth: "Rain always follows thunder."

Strange are the ways of Providence. To the scientist his better-half proved a veritable blessing. To the philosopher his better-half proved a deplorable misfortune—although his compassionate philosophic heart could never subscribe to this view.

Back to the scientist. No doubt, there is a great possibility even for the most materialistic science of today to become intimately united with the higher spiritual knowledge. But when can that fated day dawn? The moment the scientists will endeavour to discover truth not solely with their external gross senses, but with their subtler and deeper senses. For a happy synthesis between science and spirituality, between Matter and Spirit is not only possible but inevitable.

The Bose Institute, which was to him a Temple and not a Laboratory, he dedicated to the Nation on the 30th November, 1907. *Basu Vignan Mandir* has proved a stupendous success in his life. The seer scientist has left an imperishable memorial of himself in his *Mandir*.

Bose's internal life was sanctity exemplified. He was a repository of gentleness and kindness. His life was as clean as it was simple. His was a long record of scientific research—selfless service to humanity. His manifest earnestness and zeal and easily winning personality had endeared him not only to the Indian souls but to those of the West. Truth to tell, as a seer scientist the world has not seen his like again.

[Courtesy: *Mother India*]

QUALIFICATIONS FOR LEGISLATORS—(*Contd.*)

ral education and as part of it. Several questions of organization arise, which have not been sufficiently thrashed out. I would respectfully invite to them the attention of the education department and professional bodies.

For instance, are the citizenship courses to be part of the obligatory or optional studies?

Are students to be examined in them and required to score a certain minimum of marks?

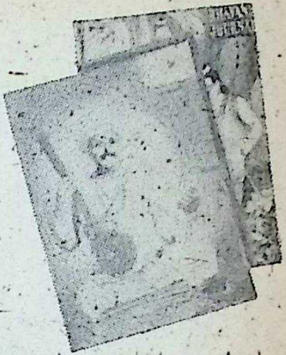
Are diplomas to be given?

One suggestion of practical value may be ventured, though it may be considered far too premature by conservative-minded persons.

Why not make a certificate or diploma of citizenship a necessary qualification for those that stand as candidates for municipal councils or houses of legislature?

It is desirable to exclude dolts and nincompoops from these responsible positions.

[*Condensed from a broadcast speech*]



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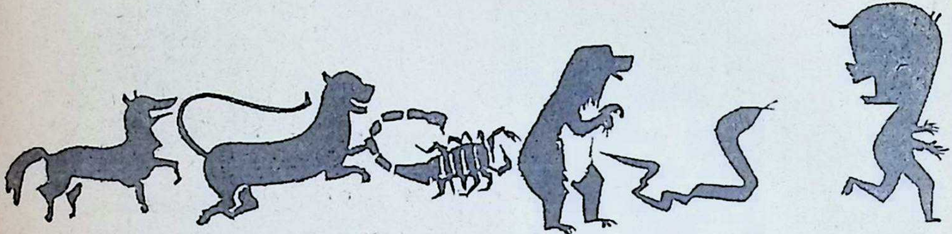
The following is a slightly abridged text of the author's paper read during the recent Greater Bombay Writers' Conference organised by the Bhavan.

We shall be publishing some of the other papers also in this Journal.

—*Ed.*



CONTEMPORARY TRENDS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Leela G. Khare

THE word 'contemporary' gives rise in my heart to a very bad emotion. I feel contempt for many contemporary things. Maybe because I am a bit of a dreamer by disposition. A fond dreamer I should admit. My dreams are either of the lovely past, or a series of pleasant day-dreams of the future. I have no passion for things contemporary.

The present bores me stiff except in the company of loved ones. I am at times quite distressed about trends of thought, or writings, of behaviour of people, of films, entertainment, education, politics. All these leave me hopelessly dejected. The contemporary mode of life itself makes me feel out of sorts with the world.

To see what man has done unto man is to close tight one's eyes in shame. And to see what man has done to himself is just to feel utter horror in despair. And all this only because there is no proper ideal before man. Licence, free-will, jealousy, hatred, selfishness, lust and many more like these, have ruined man and have brought him to the state he is in today.

I plunge into some of the most talked of literary works of contemporary writers in English, to show what man has been reduced to.

I should begin with Graham Green, the author of many popular books. "The End of An Affair" is a book which has left me utterly unhappy and with a definitely bad taste in my mouth or rather in my mind. It professes to be a love story. And the publishers' note on the cover is representative of the trends it exhibits. It says that Mr. Graham Green has tried to express a sense of love obliquely—devil only knows why obliquely—through a character who believes that he feels only hate. This attitude to me is like a madman's way of letting the delicious food get rotten and wormy and then eat it with relish! Sickly mind indeed! The author quotes Leon Bloy: "Man has places in his heart which do not exist, and into them enters suffering in order that they may have existence." Leon Bloy knows very little about suffering whether it is physical, mental or spiritual suffering. Giving tongue to any thought is not wisdom. Writing just about any personal experiences is not wholesome or useful to any one. Graham Green's "End Of An Affair" is only a beginning of a stupidly dangerous philosophy of hate which sets in motion, notions which should be stamped out and trampled upon, squashed and annihilated outright. Dejected minds, full of hatred for the fellow man, should not be permitted to spread and sow their wild oats of vicious thoughts into inexperienced and young minds.

Sentences like "I want ordinary corrupt human love" make me wonder at the conception of love in such writers. What is corrupt about love? Love is the most beautiful and fragrant thing in the world. Lust is corrupt, not love!

The Author

At the outset the author of "The End of An Affair" talks of "bleak night of hatred." Nothing would have delighted his hero than to have heard that his lady love, his all in all, was silly, unhappy and dying. What a saddist! And so old and vulgar to give tongue to such unworthy thoughts and masquerade them under the guise of frankness.

Cynicism, cheap methods of shocking the reader into attention, bizarre phrases are merely some of the signs of the sickly modern writers. Passion to destroy is encouraged, convention is sneered at. The central theme of this particular literary output is based on jealousy, hatred and living in sin. What a petty simile to love, to call love "a small creature caught in a trap and bleeding." In one place the hero admits saying "I am a jealous man"—so stupid to admit this loudly and not try to correct himself.

I think we shall have to be bold enough to strike hard at unhealthy trends of thought of writers. Silly and childish to be proud of bad taste! Marriage is a sacrament and must be held as such by all. No love triangles are possible if married people remain faithful, at least in self-preservation! "Thou shalt not" is a very good first lesson for a youngster. The Ten Commandments should be revived by us, as the basic good teaching for our young. The six enemies of man according to the Hindus are those strong emotions issuing from the mind of man. *Kama*, *Krodha*, *Lobha*, *Moha*, *Mada*, *Matsara*—Desire (verging on to lust), anger (not righteous indignation), avarice, stupidity, arrogance and jealousy are supposed to be the ruin of a human being if not held in subjection. A perfect human being is wrought only after he has gone through the fire of training for the body, proper discipline for the mind, and repeated exercise for the nobility of the soul. Try to allow a child to do what it likes and see the result. It will be as mischievous as a monkey, and as dirty as a pig. There has to be a standard way of living for all stages of human growth. No licence is to be permitted. We do not want freedom for ruin. A mature judgment of good and evil should be inculcated in the youngster.

The heroine of this book "The End of An Affair" is a miserable creature, neither here nor there. It will be very difficult to find such a character among the whole of our Indian households. Because we stick to the household and among our loved ones busy performing duties to one another. A lonely woman is a tragedy, more so than a lonely man. Sarah's diary, a man-made diary I call it, because it is Graham Green who has created Sarah and it is he, who is writing it all for her, exhibits traits that make a woman good enough for a remand home if not for a lunatic asylum.

She has no courage to marry Maurice, she had no heart to leave Henry, she has no chastity, no character to leave both and stay alone. She goes on calling on God for nothing. She goes on calling herself a bitch and a fake and appeals to a human being who will love a bitch and a fake.

Sarah's ideas on love are very strange. She mixes desire with longing. She desires Maurice and wants Henry but is afraid to have either fully. Her loneliness is the loneliness of a soul rather than of a being. She mistakes the loneliness of an unhappy heart for lovelornness. Sarah is truly pathetic and tragic at times. She admits that she has made a hash of love. She cannot love God. She does not love Henry and she may not love Maurice and yet mixing saintly love with her sentimentality. She does the nauseating thing like kissing the strawberry mark on Richard's cheek, calling it an act of love! (of God?).

And she is not prepared to just leave everything alone and enter a convent. But entering a convent, becoming a nun needs an awful lot of courage of selflessness and besides if she did enter a convent, where would Mr. Graham Green be, with his precious hero, who is to swell up with hatred and jealousy, unfulfilled longing, and self-love and talking of Christ's pain as an emblem for Sarah's dejected being? How cheap has the author made the pain of those precious wounds of Christ! A Sarah with little more sense in her thinking and

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

with a sensible mind would have been less nauseating and a lesson for a womanhood which had perhaps got enmeshed in a net of fear of lack of faith, of desire and of dejection. But as she is represented the sooner she dies the better she is off we think.

And with Sarah dead, I think, we could easily bury this ghost, this book by Graham Green "The End of An Affair." Trends? What trends are these? Indeed something which has to be buried deep like laying of a ghost.

Now I will pick on a so-called theatrical bombshell, a drama by John Osborne. The title is "Look Back In Anger," and it at once suggests a shattered human being. Destruction, discontent, distrust are some of the emotions suggested by the title. The time of the play is the post-war period and Jimmy Potter, the hero, is said to be a truly representative figure in contemporary English literature. What are the trends we might ask and the answer is Jimmy the bear, Jimmy the beatle, Jimmy the jazz, Jimmy the hater. Jimmy the disgusting! I call him disgusting because he calls his wife a decent goodish young woman by that adjective, "My wife —that's the one on the tom-toms behind me. Sweet and sticky, on the outside, and sink your teeth in it inside, all white, messy and disgusting."

Jimmy is full of an inferiority complex. He has married a woman superior to him in birth, in beauty and in dignity. This tells on him subconsciously, so his revolt against her is noticeable right at the outset of the play. Jimmy likes jazz and says that anybody who does not like jazz has not any feeling either for music or people. What an insult to music— that divine expression of finest and the most powerful element in the creation of universal sound-energy! And for Jimmy to talk of feelings of people! The only people for whom he has shown any feeling are his father and his friends and mother. Even animals show affection to their loved ones and Jimmy's feelings for the above-mentioned people have not got very much further. His feelings are more like pity for the down-trodden. Quite justified indeed to feel intensely for the down-trodden, but why be full of spite for the rest?

If Jimmy is a representative of the post-war youth, such youth need be shaken out of that particular mental state and should be lifted out of the physical conditions and put into rigorous training or re-training as decent normal citizen, worthy of proper behaviour. Their bodies, their minds and their souls, all need a very drastic cure. The poor darlings they are like a pest that spreads, if not arrested in time.

It is strange how these abnormal people are preoccupied with the sense of God which they are resisting all the time.

Alison is a good type but under bad influence. She is sensible, handsome, young, brought up in a conventional home (there is nothing wrong with convention in truth, but it is a fashion among youngsters, the juveniles to sneer at convention or be apologetic about it) falls for the mite like Jimmy for his "fire" as she calls it. It is something different from the others, that is all. A protective instinct, a feeling of pity, a queer sense of duty all rolled into one makes Alison's marriage a "stick to it through thick and thin." An admirable sacrifice indeed. But why keep Cliff, an admiring young man in the bed-sitter to fan Jimmy's jealousy at all times? Unhealthy trend indeed. But what a despicable character is exhibited by Jimmy when he exposes his anger against Alison, her mother and family. It is in bad taste for any son-in-law —even the most insulted and victimized in-law in the world! His desire to humble Alison in every sense of the word, to bring her to heal, so to speak, is vicious and vindictive. His hopelessly palpable passion—it has Alison and goes after Helen when Alison is away—is loathsomely low and it shows Jimmy more as a weakling and a man lacking in the rudiments of decency. He talks like an irritable precocious child when he wants to abuse his wife. Alison's composure and dignity jar on him. He tries to shock her into attention about himself. He says "don't think I could provoke her. Nothing I could do would provoke her. Not even if I were to drop dead." But his incessant speech—his nonsense does seem to provoke her somewhat. His boring rhetoric which is about the only thing that he seems capable of doing, goes on without end spitting at his wife, calling her names, making himself appear more and more squeamish and puny. Cliff's presence makes Jimmy more ridiculous than he would be, were he to be alone with Alison in that wretched bed-sitter. The right and the wrong of the situation is not just taken into consideration by this pack of youngsters. If a marriage has to be made a success, both the parties must strive hard towards getting to understand the other and making sacrifices at every juncture. If the man is stupid and selfish the woman with her motherly instinct and teacher-like approach to the problem must find a solution. Alison just standing dumbly listening to her husband's nonsensical talk and fits of anger, is not helping the situation. She should send Cliff away to find his own digs anywhere and quieten Jimmy. But how will she do it? Is not she too a product of her own environment? The trends of thought, modes of actions and way of behaviour are all part and parcel of modern English writers who go in for realism, or what else should we call it?

This book, a brilliant tragi-comedy, full of quick, scintillating, lively dialogue, presents characters that are unusual, and outstanding. But what a poor aim it exhibits! Man who has been made in the image of God, grovels into the dust of passions and emotions, and is satisfied to call himself a bear! A bushy bear! And his lady a squirrel, a sleeky tailed squirrel? What trends are these called? Worthy of men and women the highest creation of the Almighty? It is like Darvin going backwards all over. In the next book of the sort we might meet man as a bit of a protoplasm, I guess! Is the end of the world drawing very near? Or are literary men experiencing their second childhood?

Now I want to touch upon the great writer and poet T.S. Eliot. But before I write about latest trends in his writings I would like to flash back to a time when I saw his "Murder In The Cathedral" staged in London. I was young and impressionable, full of enthusiasm about English literature and actually almost lapped up books as a cat laps up cream. I was very lucky in my guardians. They were English and Dutch ladies who put the best books in my way. They guided me in my reading and in seeing plays staged in London, in Edinburgh, in Oxford and in Stratford-on-Avon.

I spent my holidays in the most cultured English homes in company of men, women and children who regarded life as something very beautiful but full of duties and responsibilities. I was in England for fourteen years, fourteen precious young, healthy years of my life. And during that period I imbibed the best that England could give. I made my first entry into England's beautiful countryside during the primrose period, gathering primroses and tying them into fat packed little bunches. I lived in a cottage full of dainty flowers and more full of wonderful books. I ate the most wholesome creams and drank the creamiest milk. I dined on nuts and fruit and on the most luscious greens and vegetables that any fastidious naturopath could prescribe. And I did all this in company with English friends who lived for ideals, whether they were humble or elevated did not matter.

I had read Chaucer, and his Wife of Bath, was to me the most amusing and a fast character. "Much married" was the epithet used for the loquacious lady. But how very tolerable and tame she appears in contrast to the horrible creations in literature today! Every other heroine in modern works talks about sleeping with someone who is not her husband. Is it sophistication? Or is the world going to pot? Is our age such a bad,bad age? Literature is supposed to reflect or say, mirror the life of the people. Are literary men today confronted only with sex problems? And that too perverted sexuality? Literature is a history of human behaviour. It has an important function to carry out. It is to mould and re-mould the world to a pattern that elevates the human mind, ennobles the precious soul and endows the human frame with heavenly perfection and grace. Definite idealism is the purpose or should be the purpose of any literature. Merely to speak about things and people as they appear to one, is not enough, neither right. To call a spade a spade was tolerable, but to hear it called a "damned shovel" is a bit jarring on the mind. There is a possible golden medium in every expression of life. I cannot resist quoting three sentences meaning the same thing—here they are: A highbrow lady holds a handkerchief to her nose and says "Oh what an obnoxious effluvium." A middle class lady says plainly "Oh what a bad smell." And a lowbrow lady squirts out passionately "Oh hell what a damn stink." Each one of these sentences has the same meaning. But the presentation is different in each case. It definitely shows different trends.

Man's hunger for perfect happiness in this world and a victory over death has brought into being many a religion and as many philosophies. A constant struggle to reach perfection and peace is discernible in the history of human thought, but along this struggle the human desires and emotions have played havoc with humans.

Literature throughout the ages has tried to give tongue to these desires and emotions. The function of literature is more or less constant throughout the history. The greatest works of literature of all times have the same function of presenting to the reader organic pictures of certain universal and ever present aspects of human experience. At times, diversity of object results in similarity of achievement. But the responsibility of writer today is very great.

The trends in literature depend upon at least two definite aspects. The first is the forces and circumstances under which the author writes. The second is the period or the time during which the author lives. The particular civilisation has moulded his person and his particular make-up is to shape his writings. And so it will be seen that the work of literature produced with the same purpose by different authors may have more or less the same effect on readers as I said earlier but it does not mean that those works will be identical in workmanship or delineation.

Literature has a past, a present and a future. It is essential for a writer and the critic as well as for the reader to set up a standard, an ideal for the future, for posterity. It is essential to cultivate a taste in reading. Just as we do not permit dirt and filth in the streets or in our homes, so must we not permit the unhealthy trends and motives in our literature, which is important to the mind of man as air is to his lungs. Do we allow foul air to fill our lungs? Then have we the right to fill our minds with literature that is obscene or obnoxious, detrimental, unwholesome or lewd?

Setting up a standard, an ideal for the future always demands a thorough study and survey of the past, say the different periods of English literture. T. S. Eliot is weighing heavily on my mind because I am going to talk about his "Cocktail Party" as one of the most contemporary works. But my first impressions of Eliot are through his "Murder In The Cathedral" which presented Cathedral-like dignity, and poetry, as fragrant and as sturdy as a lilac. During that period I simply devoured Shakespeare that too unabridged. I relished the romantists with delight. I read the greatest prose of all periods with admiration. Shaw and Priestly I read and heard and saw. So I considered my acquaintance with the best of the English language, quite intimate. The Second World War however began to make the writers shaky about the ideals of the past. I suppose loss of faith in the fellowman resulted in lack of faith in the Godhead. Instead of the Lord remaining our shepherd, He began to be an obsession with some and an enemy with the others. T.S. Eliot's "Cocktail Party" is an example of shakiness, man's lack of faith in himself. Distrust of the fellowman and uncertainty about God or anything godly is displayed by the sophisticated characters. A critic has called these characters "bizarre." They are many more things apart from being bizarre. They are wasters—wasting their time and energy, and time of useful workers who help to build up something worthy for society at large. A West-End drawing-room high-falutin mode and accent, problems of plenty, and uselessly idle crowd the men and women with surplus means to squander and nothing useful to do, these are some of the aspects portrayed in this comedy which at the same time conveys serious ideas through silly dialogue, of people who exhibit foolish traits which are the result of loose thinking and unplanned and aimless living.

Books like "The Murder In the Cathedral," "The Family Reunion," "The Elder Statesman," and collected poems like "The Waste Land" or "Children's Verse" make Eliot appear so different from the author of "The Cocktail Party". One can feel in him the trends, the contemporary trends in English life and literature produced by him is becoming thoroughly impregnated by those trends which mar the depth and beauty of English literature today. He too is influenced by the trend?

I am sorry to admit that I am thoroughly disappointed in Mr. Eliot's experiment even though his performance is brilliant.

The obsession of infidelity in marriage and lack of faith in God are recurring throughout the work. It is very strange to read Eliot writing about lavatories and pantries. Something very unlike Eliot I should think. Again a modern trend? His characters are all of them caricatures and in delineating them his inherent sense of humour spilling over the pages like champagne is evident at every sentence of importance. A great potter making a miserable pot because the earth he uses is miserable I think.

Each one of his men and women in this play, makes striking impression while talking the first few sentences. But before long they all sound as if they are acting a laboured and forcibly brought about comedy. A comedy contrived to get some laughter and entertainment but fails to extract either. The two triangles—Edward, Celia and Lavinia, and Peter, Celia and Lavinia are so bloodless and insipid. If they have to be triangles, they could be at least a bit more lively and not utterly unworthy of the audience's notice.

Julia, the silly old woman is really the "wiseman" holding the threads of the destinies of the purposeless, aimless, pointless lovers. She uses Sir Henry as a "doctor of souls" to cure the lovers who are no lovers in the right sense of the word. Eliot too is apologetic about a conventional upbringing. Celia is brought up in a conventional manner (surely the most proper manner for any young woman or man for that matter) but she is made to shrink from it all. Why? Because it is modern to dislike everything conventional. To be a rebel is the fashion! A modern trend?

The loneliness of Celia is due to her purposeless life. She admits it. "I could lead an active life" she says "if there is anything to work for." Yet she says that the world in which she lives seems a wrong place. But who has made it wrong? People like herself. Half-baked philosophic conceptions of ill-informed people! Mr. Eliot takes the serious problems of lonely souls and instead of going to the "doctors of souls"—people who have enough knowledge about the infinite—makes sort of a psychologist to solve these problems. An old housewife in an Indian home would have

(*Continued on page 74*)

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> *fear are the lowest of human beings. They*
> *worship God from fear of punishment . . So long as there*
> *is any fear in the heart, how can*
> *there be love also . . . Fear comes from a selfish idea of cutting one's self*
> *off from the universe . . . Love for love's*
> *sake is the highest happiness.*
>
> —Swami Vivekananda

LOVE *as Power and Happiness*

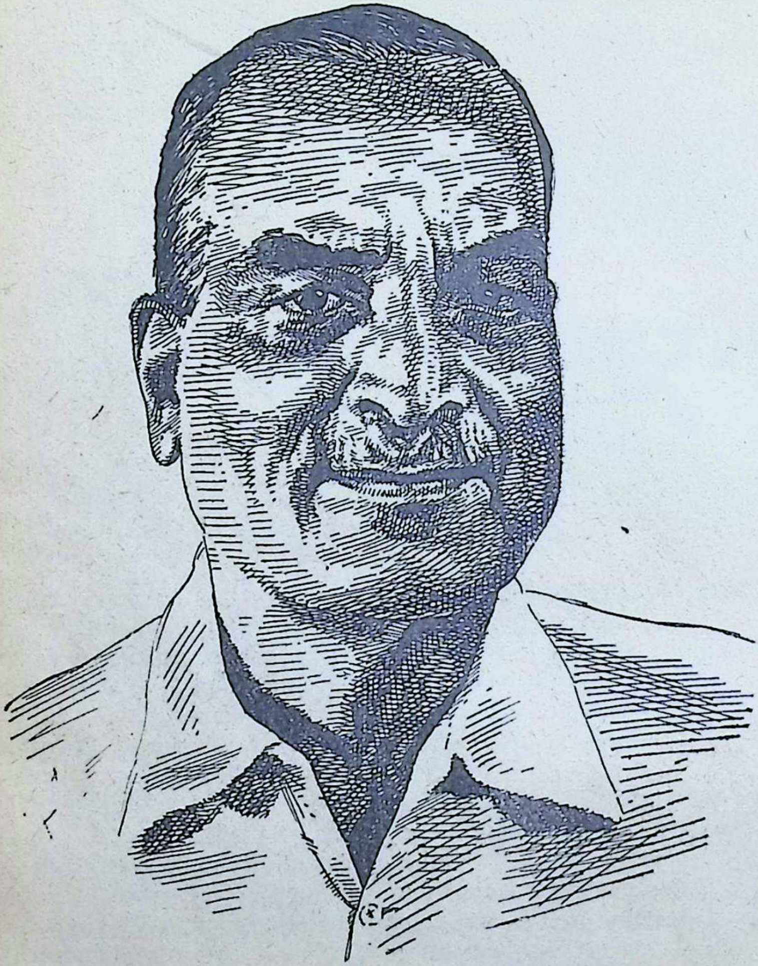
Pitirim A. Sorokin

THE love experience is marked by a "feeling" of fearlessness and power. Love does not fear anything or anybody. It cuts off the very roots of fear. Where there is fear there is no love ; where there is love there is no fear.

"Those that love God through fear are the lowest of human beings. They worship God from fear of punishment. . . . So long as there is any fear in the heart, how can there be love also? Love conquers naturally all fear. A loving mother does not hesitate to throw herself against any danger menacing her child ; a loving person does not hesitate to lay down his life—is not afraid even of death—saving the loved ones. Fear comes from a selfish idea of cutting one's self off from the universe. The smaller and the more selfish I make myself, the more is my fear." The best and most scientific remedy for fear is love. Without love there is no remedy for this disease.

The fearlessness and freedom of love implies power. A person who is not afraid of anything is subjectively (in his own experience) and objectively a powerful person. He cannot be intimidated ; he cannot be bribed ; he cannot be beaten into subjection. All his energies are coiled up into the single power of love "that beareth all things, endureth all things." Nothing in this coiled-up energy is wasted in inner conflicts and external friction ; the whole of it is directed to one great purpose. And often the more it functions, the greater are the

(*Continued on page 42*

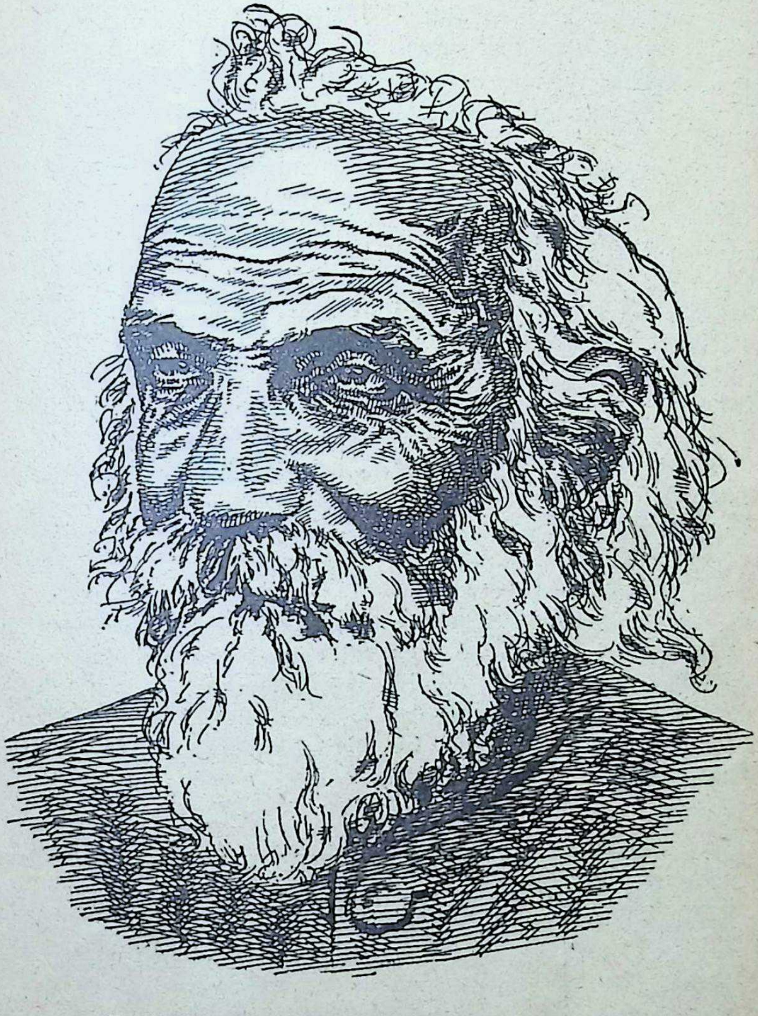


DR. BIDHAN CHANDRA ROY

[*b.* July 1, 1882; *d.* July 1, 1962]

"A great man, a giant among men,...he faced the terrible problems of Bengal after the partition and gradually overcame them. He was indeed the stout pillar of modern Bengal and indeed of the whole of India."

—Jawaharlal Nehru



RAJRISHI PURUSHOTTAMDAS TANDON

[*b.* 1882; *d.* July 1, 1962]

"His life of sacrifice and services for the country and devotion to Indian culture will long remain an inspiration to us all."

—Rashtrapati Radhakrishnan

returns of the energies it generates in others; the more it expends itself, the greater are the returns that replenish its expenditure. In this sense it is a form of energy that is almost inexhaustible (like the energy of intra-atomic friction), an energy that sometimes actually grows through its expenditure. The more love expends itself the stronger it becomes. Herein lies the fact, noted above, of the majestic, gigantic power of love and gentleness, of the power of the great incarnations of love like Buddha and Jesus, St. Francis and Gandhi. Even from a strictly "positivistic" standpoint, the influence exerted by these apostles of love upon the whole of human history far exceeds the influence of the mighty conquerors, rulers, empire builders, and seeming controllers of millions of soldiers and subjects. Hence a scientific prescription. The most effective and most accessible way to acquire the maximum of constructive power is to love truly and wisely. The kingdoms built by the apostles of love prove to be more enduring than those built by hate and coercion.

Finally, the love experience is equivalent to the highest peace of mind and happiness. Beginning with the somewhat puny "peace of mind" of Freudians and of our best sellers on "how to stop worrying," and the lollipop happiness of our dime-store hedonists and chamber-of-commerce utilitarians; passing through the short-lived "peace of mind" and "happiness" of contemporary sensual lovers; and ending with the unshakable peace of mind and unutterable bliss of an all-embracing, all-forgiving love: the love experience is the only experience that brings both of these graces of God —peace of mind and happiness—to their fruition. When love is slight and impure, peace and happiness are slight and fragile. When it is unbounded and pure, it is "the peace of God which passeth all understanding"; happiness becomes the ineffable *summum bonum.*

"Love for love's sake is the highest happiness." Without love there is neither peace of mind nor any sort of happiness. Hence, the best and most accessible path to real peace of mind and supreme happiness is to love (wisely guided by truth).

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OUR FRONT COVER

Hindu mythology and iconography have represented Dattatreya as a Being with three faces, one the face of Brahma, the other of Vishnu and the third of Siva of the Hindu pantheon. He has six hands, of which the three right ones hold respectively a trident, a rosary and a lotus-flower and the three left ones hold discus, conch and the ascetic's water-pot.

The three heads stemming from the same trunk represent the powers of creation, preservation and destruction which are present in the universe as being the functions that emanate from one and the same Reality although each function is designated differently.

The discus and the conch are associated with Vishnu, the trident and the ascetic's water-pot with Siva, and the rosary and the lotus with Brahma. These are the myths and symbols suggestive of the rich exuberance of India's philosophy, religion and art.

The trinity *(trimurti)* emanating from a unity *(ekam sat)* indicates the synthetic vision of unity of things which has given life to Indian philosophy down the ages.

The four dogs portrayed at the feet of Dattatreya represent the four Vedas which follow at the feet of the Lord as hounds of heaven and watch-dogs of truth, owned by Dattatreya, the Great Hunter for the souls of men.

The ochre-coloured garb of Dattatreya symbolizes *sannyasa*, the spirit of renunciation or detachment, without which realization of ultimate truth would only be a half-hearted effort and infructuous in the extreme.

—From *Dattatreya* by Sri Jaya Chamarajendra Wadiyar.

Sports In

U. Venkatakrishna Rao

THE value of sports, both indoor and outdoor, was properly stressed in Ancient India. The dictum '*Mens sana in corpore sano*'—a sound mind in a sound body—was fully recognised for the sake of humanity and this was given concrete expression to in the first hymn of the *Yajurveda* which declared:

> For your strength, for your vigour,
> So that you, Oh man, might live
> without disease.

Later, Kalidasa even declared that health was the very first prerequisite of Dharma or religion.

Pastimes or recreations were also in vogue and the word Vinoda, literally meaning dispeller of tedium, clearly emphasises the fact that our ancestors were fully alive to the necessity of such light diversions to relieve the heaviness of the head and tension weighing heavily on the mind.

The words Krita, Tretaa, Dvaapara and Kali, which now refer to the four different ages of the world, referred to the four different throws of the dice-coin used in the game of chess, which is now universally recognised as having originated in India alone.

The drama refers to the way in which a man loses his all by the 'Tretaa' throw and our national epic, the *Mahabharata* centres round a gambling episode in which Yudhishthira, the Pandava king, staked his entire property, even his brother and wife, only to lose in the end!

Ancient India

The gambler's lament in the *Rigveda* graphically describes the way in which he had brought about his own ruin.

It is all the more interesting for us to note how this game travelled beyond India into Persia only to be honoured as their national game! It was first known as Chaturanga from which the Persian name Shatrang was derived.

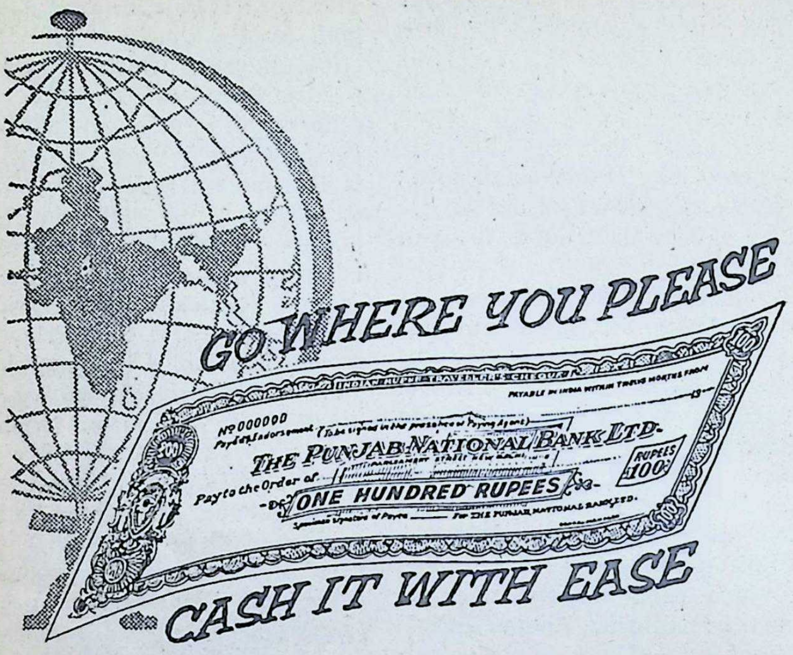
According to one legend, Ravana, the Lord of Lanka, was the originator of this game.

The name itself suggests that the four parts of the army, Ratha (=Chariot), Turaga (=Horse or cavalry), Gaja (=elephant), and Padaati (=footsoldier) suggested the clue for the playing of the game and the two opposite sides move their coins into the different squares in strategic positions exactly as in the battlefield. Alberuni (I P. 183) describes this game, but as the game proceeded to the European continent from Arabia *via* Spain, it added on special features of each country and is now being played in a completely different way. It also spread into the east and the Japanese also became fond of it, adding their own specialities thereto.

The *Maanasollaasa*, an encyclopaedia composed by the Chalukyan Emperor Someshvara in 1131 A.D., describes twenty different varieties of such militarised sports, calling the chapter *Vinoda-vimshati* (as the Sanskrit word for twenty is *Vimshati*.) The royal author, surnamed Bhulokamalla or the athlete of the world describes a game which is played with a stick and a ball from the back of a horse. It is, therefore, called *ashvakanduka kreeda* there and corresponds to the modern Polo. *Kanduka kreeda* or playing with a ball was a favourite pastime indulged in ancient India even by young princesses as is clear from Bhasa's *Svapnavasavadatta*, second act, where even Princess Padmavati, the junior heroine, plays that game. Curiously enough, one of the paintings in the British Museum, it is reported, illustrates this ancient game of *Chaugan*, identical with the modern Polo, played by four richly dressed ladies (princesses) in the Moghul Emperor Akbar's time.

Firdousi, the Persian poet, describes this game which remained their favourite even after their country was overrun by the Muslims, who carried it back into India *via* Afghanistan. Even now the people living in the Himalayan border in Tehri Garwal district in Manipur and Nepal are referred to as being very fond of this game. The *Encyclopaedia of Sport* wonders why a game that was once popular throughout India should have so utterly disappeared for sometime, to be reintroduced by the British native frontier forces in the last century.

Falconry was also a favourite pastime of the princes in Ancient India. Evidence shows that this was practised several centuries prior to the Christian Era in India and China. The Moghuls were devoted to hawking as a sport and this is clear from their paintings preserved for us in the va-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rious museums. This survives in the frontier province (now in Pakistan), Kashmir and the Punjab. The best known hawk is described as Basha in India. This bird seems to be a kind of sparrow which breeds in the Himalayas and in the hands of a skilled falconer helps him cleverly in catching quails and partridges.

In the winter of 1210 A.D., *Qutbuddin Aibak*, the first Muslim king of India, played *Chaugan* on a maidan about 300 yards in length and 60 yards in breadth. The lovely picture illustrating *Firdausi's Shahnama* providing us with the earliest written record of Polo (600 B.C.) adorns the article and the article proceeds to mention how the reign of Akbar remains a landmark in the history of this very interesting game.

Sport was called *Kreedaa* by Panini in the 7th century B.C. A sportsman was referred to as *Aakreedi* and the different parts of the play had their own names as *Anukreedaa*, *Samkreedaa*, *Parikreedaa*, and *Aakreedaa*. Panini also refers to a *Samajyaa* as signifying a place where people flock together. The Buddhist *Jaatakas* provide us the information that these *Samajyaas* (Pali word for *Samrajyas* were special gatherings 'in which crowds of men, women and children gathered together and witnessed various kinds of shows and performances like dancing, music, combats of elephants, horses and rams, bouts at quarter staff and wrestling' (R.S. Mehta, *Pre-Buddhist India* P. 355). Wrestling also was known as *Sangraaha* or gripping in wrestling. The Bharata epic refers to *Gadaa Yuddha* or fight with clubs by *Bhima* and *Duryodhana*. *Praharana*

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Kreedaa or pastime with weapons was also known. Boxing and *Daandaa* or Lathi play are also known in the *Kaashikaavritti,* a commentary on Panini in the 6th century A.D. hailing from Kaashi.

A *Saala Bhanjikaa* festival is described in Buddhistic literature. Several hundred thousands of men and women 'gathered *Saala* blossoms, played, made merry and roamed about.' Buddha's mother, it is reported, had come to sport in such a hilarious group. Rhys Davids describes that she stretched out her hand, held the branch of the *Saala* tree, and lo! her delivery pains came upon her. Vatsyayana in his *Kama Sutra* (about 2nd century B.C.) refers to some Deshya *Kreedaas* or local sports as *Sahakaara Bhanjikaa, Pushpaavachaayikaa* etc. The plucking of the flowers or fruits had to be necessarily done by the hand alone according to the commentator.

Hunting was also referred to, though Manu condemned it as a vice or *vyasana.* Kings of course were permitted to do this. Dicing or *Akshadyuta* is mentioned as a game even in the *Rigvedic* period. Panini (II. i. 10) refers to two distinct methods of this game, one played with *Akshas* or coins and the other played with *Shalaakaas* or little cubes (as represented for example in a *Bharhut* painting of a gambling scene. Kautilya states that the superintendent of Dicing shall supply both these *Akshas* and *Shalaakaas* in his gaming den to the players (III. 20 P. 198).

Though at present only two pieces are used, formerly the number of dice used were five as referred to in the *Taittireeya Braahmana* I.7. 10. These pieces were called *Aksharaaja, Krita, Tretaa, Dvaapara* and *Kali.*

Panini refers to an unlucky throw as *Chatushpari,* where the player lost as a result of the four coins falling in a particular way. The lucky throw might have been the *Aksharaaja* or the coin-king and this might have been the fifth coin falling in some peculiar fashion. Later the game seems to have been played on a plank with four squares and called *Chaupaar;* the essential thing here seems to have been the movement of the gamemen from square to square according to the results of the throws of rival players. The *Chaugan* also seems to have been designed after this.

Later still in India itself, the interesting game of cards originated from this game and was described by a very interesting name the *Dashaavataara* or Ten incarnations. It was also called *Ganjeephaa* (played with eight differently coloured coins and 96 cubes) and even small treatises describing this game were written by different connoisseurs in different parts of the country in the last century.

Perhaps the Spanish interested themselves in this game as the words 'hearts' and spade, derived from Spanish words meaning clergyman and sword (the latter being traced back to *Espada*) testify to. Diamonds referred to the citizens wearing ornaments or merchants selling them. Clubs denoted the peasantry who had to use these clubs and similar instruments for their living.

Our ancestors were as much alive to the importance of such light amusements, both indoor and outdoor, in the building of our body.

A Historical Story

K. S. Krishnamurthi

SENA

the barber

WE know Akbar the Moghul as a great ruler. Apart from what our school text-books tell us, such documents as *Ain-i-Akbari* give us an insight into the daily life of the Emperor as a man.

Among royal patrons of the universal religion, Akbar, to this day, stands foremost.

Every Thursday night, the Emperor used to summon learned representatives of all the prevailing religions (including Jainism and Christianity) and spend an hour or two listening to their discourses.

The appointment of Raja Todar Mall, a Hindu, as Revenue Officer of the State and the abolition of *Jazia* are instances of his tolerance.

One may also recall to mind that for the benefit of the Hindu sepoys employed in the army, a Hindu temple was built in the palace precincts and maintained in a state of perfect preservation.

Sena, a pious Hindu, was the court barber.

He came from a family of mystics; from his father he had learned the sixteen details of *Aradhan*, which include music and dance.

He was a Krishna Bhakta, and his wife came from a family devoted to Sri Rama; but this led to no clash between the couple.

On the other hand, the wife supplemented the daily worship by providing music and dance.

The morning worship used to start by 5 a.m. and finish between 7-30 and 8; after a light *chota-hazri*, Sena would leave his home and reach the palace at 9 a.m. sharp.

He would march to the hair-dressing chamber and, cap-a-pie, await the arrival of the Emperor at 9-30 a.m. The service included also anointment with scented oil, which was as cooling as it was fragrant; and he would retire by about 10-30.

Ever eager to learn everything from all good sources, the Emperor used to talk to Sena frequently, and thereby he learnt many a Yoga secret from

Sena who could tell things from his own experiences.

Needless to say that true to the words of Sri Krishna, who defined Yoga as skill in action, Sena was perfect in his work.

One morning, the wife's part of the *Aradhan* finished at a quarter to 8 and, as usual, she moved to the kitchen to get ready the breakfast.

Time passed and yet Sena did not turn up.

She slipped into the shrine-room and found him in deep *samadhi* with a resplendent halo over his head.

It was 9 a.m. and even then there seemed to be no near chance of Sena coming out of the trance. She got anxious.

It is true that the King was kind, but in a matter of neglect of duty, none can foresee the nature of the punishment.

The hand of God moves slow; but the mandate of a King would descend in a split second.

In despair, she wrung her hands; but on no account would she disturb her husband's meditation.

She heard some noise outside and rushed to the street to see what it was.

She saw some palace-sergeants, and all her fears rose in acute torment.

But she would not disturb her husband, come what may.

The bailiffs entered the house, and clamouringly demanded the surrender of Sena.

She prayed to them not to make noise, but this only infuriated them.

The devotee was disturbed. He rubbed his eyes, and soon realised what it was all about.

He called his wife and said to her, "O dear! All this is not my doing. It is His *leela*. I never used to go into such long trances. He is our refuge for all time. So, don't despair. Keep faith."

He then wended his way to the palace accompanied by the palace servants.

But what happened at the palace meanwhile!

The King had entered the hair-dressing room at the usual hour; Sena was there in his usual place and started his service.

But the moment the barber touched the King, a strange thrill, indescribably pleasant, filled the royal body, and the King was struck dumb as it were.

As the hair-dressing was going on the Emperor was experiencing a rare, exquisitely soothing pleasure.

Unable to control himself, he asked Sena how it was that his service that day gave him a unique joy of body, mind and soul.

Sena quietly replied that God alone would know about it.

After a time, the Emperor chanced to look at the plate of oil, and there he saw Sena's reflection. But lo, what a fascinating reflection! Was it Sena at all? It cannot be anyone else! But the reflection was not in the least like Sena; it was a glorious Divine Figure, blue-hued, and exceedingly charming.

He was puzzled and sat stupefied.

In the meantime, the barber had finished his work, and gone away.

The King woke up as from a dream and looked for Sena. He was not there.

He looked at the doorway, but it was bolted from inside. He rushed to the door, removed the latch, came out and shouted, "Sena, Sena."

The servants told the monarch hesitantly that they had sent bailiffs to fetch the truant!

The King was dazed; he returned to the chamber and wondered how anyone could have come in when the door was bolted from inside and how could Sena get out and lock the door from inside.

The devotee had by this time reached the palace and was rushed to the King's chamber.

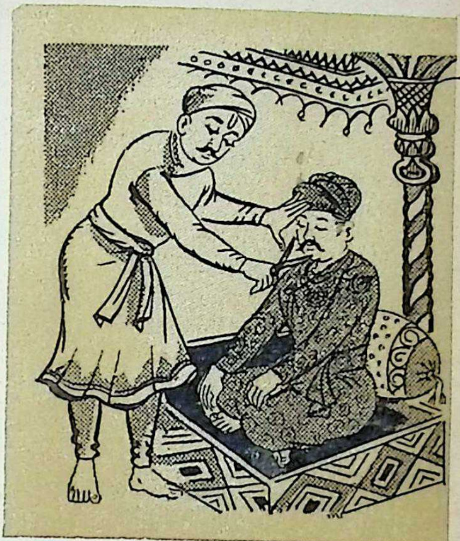
He shuddered from head to foot.

But the King welcomed him with a smile and asked, "What is the matter with you today, Sena? Why did you finish your work so quickly and leave the chamber without taking leave of me as usual? I was so anxious to see that beautiful reflection of yours in the oil basin for some time longer. Oh, it was so transcendently beautiful, what a charming blue hue and how it set off the yellow of the robe! I have never seen anything so arrestingly beautiful. Well, Sena, you must again show me that reflection in the basin of oil!"

Sena looked at the Emperor's face and found it shaved as usual and he saw also all the paraphernalia of hair-dressing spread out on the floor.

In a flash, Sena realised what had happened. His beloved Lord Krishna had taken his place and served the King as Sena, the barber!

He rushed to the King, fell at his feet and in ecstatic sobs told him, "My lord, you are indeed blessed, thrice blessed. It was not I who served you today but my Lord Sri Krishna himself."



He then explained the whole situation.

When the Emperor heard it, he was astounded, but he knew that Sena was speaking truth and nothing but truth.

He said, "Well, Sena, if Sri Krishna will do this for you, he will do anything for you. Can't you induce Him to give me the same *darshan* once again for a short while? I am so anxious to see that Form once again."

Sena told the Emperor that the Lord came because of the greatness and big heart of the Royal saint and not for the sake of the poor barber.

But the Emperor was insistent in his entreaty and in the end both Sena and Akbar prayed to the Lord.

And lo! they both saw the same reflection in the oil basin and it vanished after a while.

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Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1016

Sri H. N. Keshava Murthy, Hagare.

Q : *What are the marks of the cultured man?*

A : The marks of a cultured man are:—

(1) his words are true to his thoughts, and deeds true to his words ;

(2) his manners express self-restraint and refinement ;

(3) his relations with others are characterised by friendly understanding, if possible, by love ;

(4) his approach in general is dominated by an attempt to maintain purity of mind and body.

1017

Sri M. Sudheendranath, Mindupur.

Q : *Why does the sun always rise in the east? Why not in the south or north or in the west?*

A : Because the earth rotates from west to east, and it has been so rotating since it was created. Please study a little elementary astronomy before asking such questions.

1018

Sri V. Sreenivasa Sastry, Yanam.

Q: *Why did God grant boons to cruel Rakshasas knowing full well that they would utilise them for destruction?*

A: God grants boons to those who are devoted to Him. Once the boons are granted, every man has to work out his own *Karma* by using them in the way he possibly can, so that out of the struggle, truth may triumph. Scientists gave men the boon of atomic energy. Rakshasas make atom bomb out of it. The Devas use it for curing diseases.

1019

Sri T. S. Sundaram, Bangalore-3.

Q: *Why is fasting recommended on* Ekadashi *day?*

A: If you cannot control your taste and greediness for food all the days of the month, better fast on the two *Ekadashis*. The fast, however, should be total ; or if you can't do that, take only milk and fruit diet. *Ekadashi* on starchy food is worse than *Ekadashi* with rich feasting.

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1020

Sri Meeran Mohiuddin, Cuddapah.

Q: *Man is the highest in the scale of creation. When that is so, how is it that he worships God in the idol? Is it not against the law of nature?*

A: Please don't tell me that Hitler or the murderer, the cheat or the blackmarketeer, or the sex-obsessed cinema-star is the highest in the scale of creation. Man, as he is, is not the highest in the scale of creation; he has, given the right attitude, only the potentiality of reaching perfection, and can, if he so wills, attain the highest position in the creation.

Idol, as the symbol of God, is necessary to enable imperfect men to reach perfection.

To worship an idol is not against any law of nature. The law of nature requires that anything which helps us in the onward spiritual progress should not be neglected or discarded.

1021

Sri K. Sambasiva Reddy, Venkatapuram.

Q: *Between love of husband and affection for children, which has greater power?*

A: Each kind of love, properly developed, has equal power. If one is driven to an unfortunate choice between the two, it depends upon the nature of each woman whether the love for a husband is to prevail over the love of children. Ordinarily it does, unless the woman finds that the husband is unfair or cruel towards the children.

RIDDLES

57. *What is that for which I wait,*
You wait,
Mother waits,
And father waits.
But it does not wait for anyone?

58. *What is the difference between a school master and a station-master?*

59. *What is the first thing that I put here when I arrived?*

60. *What two spoil the face and character?*

61. *Which is that thing, that was, and will never come again?*

62. *Who are the four brothers who have existed from the beginning?*

63. *Who always beats the iron for gold?*

64. *A man had ten rupees; he spent two rupees for buying something; the others he lost out of his pocket.*
What remained in his pocket?

65. *The doctor and his wife were there.*
The priest and his sister were there.
Only three loaves were served.
And yet each had a loaf. How?

66. *Reeds on this bank of the river—*
Reeds on that bank of the river;
And they quarrel always.

67. *I went to a country and there I saw a tree. It had a loaf and a glass of water.*

68. *In her childhood she wears her clothes;*
In her adolescence she is naked.
When she reaches old age, she wears her hair long.

69. *When the black cow roars,*
All the world trembles.

70. *It is green like a parrot, brown like a swallow and white like a heron;*
the man who brings this, is my beloved.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES
(Bhavan's Journal, June 24, 1962)

(38) Light in a dark room. (39) Eyes. (40) Umbrella. (41) Papaya. (42) Door or window. (43) Water. (44) Coal. (45) Cat or dog. (46) Breath. (47) Match. (48) Salt. (49) Umbrella. (50) Your name. (51) Cocoanut. (52) Spinning wheel. (53) Hair. (54) Bat. (55) Name. (56) Eyes.

71. *The parrot came out of the wood,*
With a red handkerchief on its head.

72. *Little Miss Etticoat*
In a white petticoat and a red nose,
The longer she sits,
The shorter she grows.

73. *During the day she is naked;*
At night she wears her skirt.

74. *The giant has become angry (nobody knows why);*
He oomes roaring over the land.
All the kings of the world
Have failed to pacify his anger.

75. *A king's son is lying dead—there is nobody to mourn!*
The big garden of the king is lying uncared—there is nobody to tend it.
So many flowers are lying in bloom —there is nobody to pluck them!

76. *It hangs on high;*
Its colour is green; its flesh is as sweet as honey;
You eat it only in the summer.

77. *What is that? I see it but you don't see it. It is just over your head.*

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PART III

Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

Rawa Tripathy (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

Radharaman Dalal :—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

Sheela :—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

Uday Solanki :—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

Rajba :—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

Majiba:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

Hanskunverba :—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

Samar Sinh :—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

Rowji Sheth :—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

Bhagwandas :—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

Nirmalaben:—His wife.

Jagjivan :—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and their [illegible]. His [illegible] dies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

The intrigues of Rowji Sheth and Hanskunverba bring about the death of the latter's mother in Bombay in an apparently accidental fire. Bheem, Uday's younger brother, a flippant youth, runs away from home with a servant-woman. Uday returns home from Europe.

CHAPTER 79

Memories of Paris

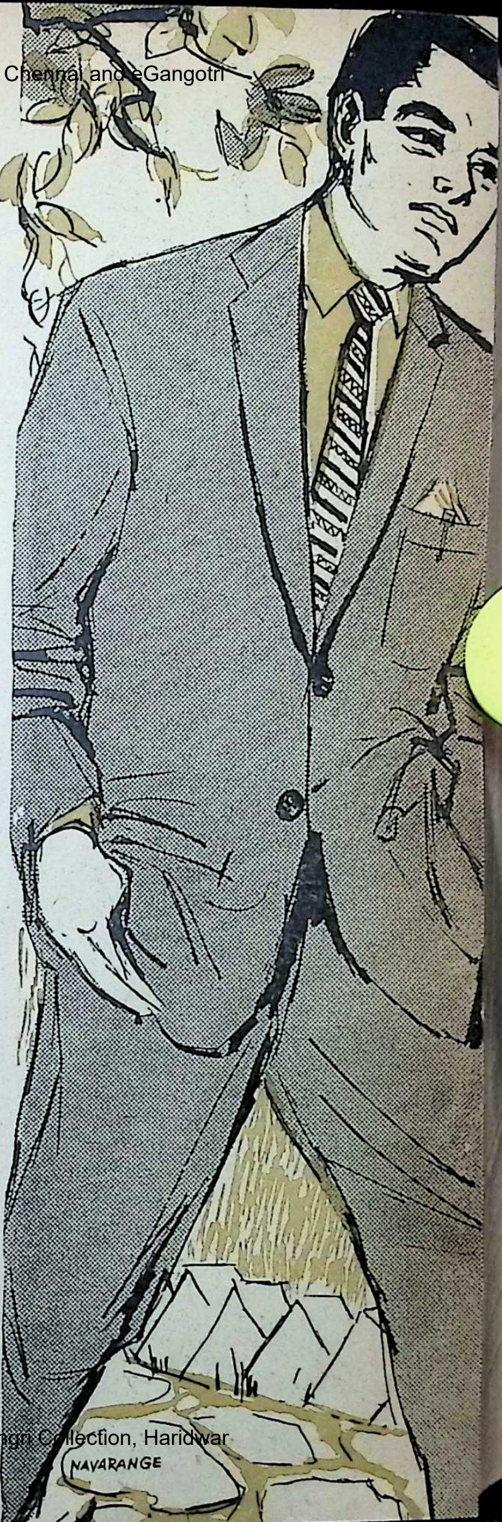
ON an early morning in December, Sheela stood on the deck of s.s. Britannia as it approached Ballard Pier. She was returning home, but now home or exile meant the same thing to her. Her stay in Europe had been like a fearful dream and she was not unhappy at having left it. There was only one thought which still made her return to India attractive to her—that she might have the chance of seeing the one face that had become so dear to her. It was that face which was to her like the sun, distant and bright, but incapable of instilling any warmth or life in the creatures it bathed with its rays. Her thoughts kept turning to Uday—would he be well, in spite of his deep despair; would he have regained his peace of mind; would he have resumed his professional work, and would he be as keen about it as before? These were the thoughts and questions which kept revolving in her mind.

She looked at Radharaman reclining in the deck chair by her side. He had aged rapidly during the last six months: he looked twenty years older than his age. There was not one black hair now upon his head. He could scarcely walk unaided. His hands shook all the time and his face was drawn and pale. Only his eyes still retained their former brilliance, but they looked unusually large now.

Sheela had undoubtedly saved his life. He had indeed become wholly dependent on her. And now the daily routine of Sheela's life was made up of various duties, all connected with Radharaman—how to make certain that he should not again take to drink, to see that he took his medicine regularly, to be careful that no strain was put upon his weakened heart, to keep him as cheerful as possible. The doctors in Paris had told her that the slightest shock might affect his heart, which had been weakened by two attacks. He was unable to stand up without assistance. Excessive drinking had at last inexorably begun to take its toll. But despite the careful nursing, peace of mind still eluded him. He kept a watch on Sheela like a hawk: he was afraid she might start corresponding with Uday, might leave him altogether.

Sheela was thus literally tied to a living corpse; to her misfortune, the corpse was eaten up with jealousy. There was no escape for her now till death parted them. It had become her prime duty to see that her husband lived and to ensure that, she had to devote all her time to his service. She had not even the courage to invite her own death, for, were she not to be alive, what would happen to this helpless husband of hers!

Only one person could remove from Sheela her feeling of frustration and make her look at life with joy, but it was impossible for her even to dream of any contact with that person, by word or deed. It was as if she had to keep her doors shut tightly against the sun when it rose. Sheela remembered well the point of time when this state of desperation had started. Not a day passed without that whole scene passing before her eyes as if she were witnessing a cinema film. Many a time, she would wake



up from her sleep, all a-tremble, as her sub-conscious mind suddenly brought it up!

After leaving Uday, she had gone from Interlaken to Paris. She had been afraid lest she would be told on arrival at the Grand Hotel that Mr. Dalal had died. Had that happened, in spite of her having been a faithful wife, she would have had to carry with her for the rest of her life the feeling that she had in some way been responsible for her husband's death.

Impatiently she took the lift to the fifth floor. When she knocked, the door was opened by a nurse who invited her in on her announcing that she was Mrs. Dalal. Sheela found Radharaman lying in bed almost unconscious, hardly capable of breathing, and kept alive with the help of oxygen. The nurse had warned her that her husband should not be excited in any way. Burning with a deep sense of guilt and remorse, Sheela sat by his bedside and began slowly to stroke her husband's hand.

After a little while, Radharaman opened his eyes and as soon as he saw Sheela, there began an astonishing change in him. He kept whispering to her his thanks, but his whisperings were no longer of a dying man. Slowly the fog that had enveloped his mind began first to thin and soon thereafter to vanish. His lungs began to work normally. He was not going hereafter to lose Sheela and so all the time that he was awake, he would not let Sheela go anywhere out of sight!

Within a week, Radharaman regained a little of his strength and was even able to sit up in bed. One day he asked the nurse to leave him alone with his wife for his first heart-to-heart talk with her. Sheela shuddered involuntarily. She could not imagine what Radharaman wanted to say to her. Would he lash her with his tongue? She was afraid only because that might give a shock to his heart. She felt completely tongue-tied. Like a clockwork toy gliding forward, she found herself getting closer to her husband in response to his beckoning. He took her hand in his own feeble hand, lifted it and touched it with his lips as he murmured, "Thank you." Then he closed his eyes.

Sheela could scarcely bear his touch upon her hand. She felt she would faint, so she sat down on a chair. Yet, she could not help feeling sorry for the bag of skin and bones that was Radharaman. The once famous and powerful lawyer lay like a trapped animal. Could he be the same person who had so often pleaded eloquently for hours on end in defence of an accused? Sheela promised to herself that she would do everything that lay in her power to help this helpless creature.

"Sheela, Sheela," muttered Radharaman.

"Please do not excite yourself. You are now improving and if you excite yourself, there might be a relapse."

"You will not go away and leave me to myself? Promise?" Somehow Radharaman found the strength to say these words and as he said them, tears streamed forth from his eyes.

"Do not worry yourself. I will not leave you. In any case where would I go? Do not excite yourself," repeated Sheela, as she gently continued to caress his forehead.

"I have had to do without you for so many days. Now there will be no relapse. Everything happened because you left me." Radharaman was breathless by the time he had finished speaking.

Sheela's heart was wrung. She was anxious to console Radharaman, and although his very touch aroused in her a feeling of disgust, she took his hand firmly between her hands. Quite unconsciously she muttered, "Shyam, Shyam!" an endearment which had once so moved them both. Before Sheela could say anything more, Radharaman burst into tears.

"Sheela, Sheela," said Radharaman as he pressed her hand to his chest. "I could not have lived without you. I am so glad you came back." Shaking his head in extreme helplessness he seized Sheela's hand and pressed it to his eyes.

Sheela undoubtedly had suffered much. There had been incidents in the past which had caused her so much pain that when she thought of them, she felt even at that moment as if they were fresh! What she was now going through, however, was almost unbearable. She would have found it easy to bear Radharaman's anger. She could have withstood his raving at her. But she could not bear the hot tears that fell on her hand from his eyes, and his shaking hands moved her deeply. It was a long time ago that she had felt as much affection for him as she felt now, when she saw him weeping helplessly like a child.

Paradoxically this helplessness of his was also repulsive to her. Indeed for one moment Sheela felt like withdrawing her hand from his and telling him emphatically, "I do not wish to listen anything that you have to say. Please let me go my own way. Your very touch suffocates me." But what then? Supposing he became unconscious, supposing his heart succumbed, would it not amount to her having murdered this helpless husband of hers? Was she not herself responsible in a way because it was her own fastidiousness that had brought such a strong man to such a desperate pass?

He was a dying man. He was living only in order to pay the debts that he had incurred. Where were the 'Beckys' he loved to fondle? It was she, Sheela, without whom he was helpless. He firmly believed that if she left him he would die. These thoughts aroused deep pity in her heart. She allowed her trembling hand to remain in Radharaman's. She was convinced that it was her duty to stand by this helpless man. The maternal instinct which is so natural to a woman melted her heart. The emotion under which she had been labouring drained away all blood from her face and she was afraid that she might faint away.

She shut her eyes and began to pray with a humility which she had never before experienced: "Oh God, give me courage to bear whatever I have to bear." The more lothing she felt for her husband's weakness, the more she prayed for strength for herself. "I know very well what a difficult path lies ahead of me. As long as both of us live, there is no way out.

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"Sheela, forgive me. I cannot live without you. Do not forsake me."

"I will not leave you. I promise you, I will not go. Please go to sleep. All this excitement will bring about a relapse. Wait a moment. I will give you a stimulant." Sheela got up to give Radharaman a dose of medicine. Radharaman's eyes kept following her movements. Again he asked, "Sheela, you will not leave me, will you?"

"No, I will not leave you."

"And you will never mention that other person's name?"

Sheela stood up as though she had been suddenly bitten by a snake. Radharaman who had caused her so much misery still wanted her to drink this last cup of poison! But she had made up her mind. She would no longer hesitate. "Please control yourself. I promise you I will not have anything to do with Uday, will that do?"

Then began for Sheela a period of real torture. From morning to midnight she served Radharaman devotedly. Even that was not enough for him. If she left him even for a minute, he would call out like a spoiled child: "Sheela, Sheela." If she stayed silent by his side, he would beg forgiveness of her. If he suspected some aloofness in her manner, he would start sobbing. He wanted her to be by his side all the time. He wanted to enchain her to himself.

Radharaman spoke but little. Indeed he did not have much strength for speech. Nevertheless, Sheela was quite convinced that he was on guard all day and every day to make sure that she did not run away!

Sometimes Sheela's mind would be overwhelmed with doubts. "I wonder," she asked herself, "if this helplessness is not false—put on for my benefit, just hypocritical? Was he not one of the most skilful and talented lawyers in the country, who had always derived immense malicious pleasure from watching me struggle helplessly?"

CHAPTER 80 *Sheela in Bombay*

IT was in this extremely agitated and unsettled state of mind that Sheela saw Ballard Pier approaching nearer. Radharaman was much too shrewd not to realise that Sheela was all impatient to see Uday. As if he was determined to put off that moment as long as possible, he broke in upon her thoughts, asking her in an impatient tone to give him a caromine tablet.

While Sheela was engaged in finding the medicine, Radharaman cast his eye on the pier only to see that Uday was already there awaiting them. His lips trembled and his eyes became glazed with anger. Sheela had only to see the change in his facial expression, immediately to guess what had happened. She pretended to search for the caromine tablet, which she had already found, and did not look up, even though she was most anxious to do so and her heart was beating fast at the very thought of Uday's proximity. For fear of upsetting Radharaman, she forced herself to continue to pretend to look for the tablet.

As the steamer anchored and the gangway was fixed, visitors and porters came up. Some of the latter lifted up Radharaman's deck chair and as they did so, Radharaman called out to Sheela to hold his hand. As Sheela grasped his trembling hand, he made her feel still more uncomfortable by fixing his gaze pointedly and silently at her. When they came down, they were met by Ranchhodji, manager of Radharaman's household. He had come with a nurse and a wheel chair.

Sheela rushed at Rajba and embraced her. Her face had become so red with anger and frustration that she felt she must somehow keep it hidden from Radharaman. She greeted with folded hands Uday along with Master, Jagjivan, Ravi and others who had come to receive them.

Radharaman, however, was not inclined to leave her alone. He called out to her in a plaintive voice which made Sheela shudder. He refused to let the wheel chair be pushed unless Sheela was by his side.

As they moved forward, Sheela cast one parting glance at Uday. He looked very much browner than when he was in Interlaken. He seemed to be looking at her with an affectionate and grave expression. This was too much for Sheela. She withdrew her eyes immediately and turned towards her husband, only to find that he had been watching her like a hawk.

Bhagwandas, His Highness, Raojisheth and a few other friends garlanded Radharaman and Sheela.

Uday deliberately kept himself in the background, but Radharaman called out to him and invited him to accompany them in his car. Sheela was certain that this was done out of malice. Radharaman quite clearly wanted to put the two of them to the test right away. Or it might well be that he wanted to gloat over their misery, at having to be so close together and yet so far apart.

As the car was driven away with the three of them, Uday kept up his end of the conversation with Radharaman about law suits in the Court. Not once throughout the journey did he look at Sheela, nor did Sheela turn in his direction. She kept her eyes glued to the floor of the car until they arrived at their house. This was not, however, a home to which she was returning. She looked upon it rather as a tomb in which all her hopes, her aspirations and her enthusiasms were going to be buried deep.

Radharaman was taken straight to his bedroom, and Uday took leave of him immediately. Radharaman asked Sheela to accompany Uday to the door. This made Sheela very angry. Why should her husband thus want to torture her? There must be some limit of cruelty, be it physical or mental. Neither Sheela nor Uday spoke one single word until just before leaving the house Uday asked very humbly to be forgiven. He was so overwhelmed with emotion that he could not utter one word more, and hastily bidding farewell, drove off in his car.

Sheela's eyes welled over with tears. The sad expression on Uday's face and his final request to be forgiven brought back vividly before Sheela's mind Como and the last words she had addressed to him.

"Oh God, what have I done?" she

said to herself, and she felt as if she was about to faint. She managed to drag her footsteps back to Radharaman's room. She was unable to recollect afterwards how and when she gave him his medicine, how soon thereafter he fell asleep and when she came back to her own room.

It was only after she had flung herself on her bed that she could regain some control over herself. Her imagination evoked all manner of different images before her and made her realise for the first time the terrible truth that for months she had been deceiving herself. She now woke up to the reality that she had fallen in love with Uday from the day they were in Matheran and had gone for a walk together in Rambaugh. There was no doubt whatever that Uday would remain hers, and she his, in this world and the next. It was impossible for her to forget him. For fear of social stigma, in order to act in strict conformity with conduct expected of a married Hindu *wife* and for fear that she might be blamed if anything happened to her husband, she had perforce to keep herself away from Uday. Her instinct for self-preservation had led her to allow Uday to shoulder blame publicly, to the point of wrecking his own life. Not content with that, she had even had the temerity to say that she did not care for his company. She had indeed been a curse to him.

She realised how selfish she had been in going to him for help in Europe when she was miserable and unhappy. He had risen to the occasion and had done his best to console her, but at what cost to himself! And she for her part, had done nothing whatever to reduce an iota of his agony. In order that her ungrateful husband should not be unhappy, in order that he may somehow continue to live, she had accepted a life of misery for herself and had dragged along with herself Uday also, compelling him to face the same miserable life. She had not even the courage to encourage her beloved with a smile or a pleasant word or even a grateful glance. Her heart longed to shout out aloud: "Uday I am yours, you are mine. I cannot forget you ever!"

Her mind kept returning to the terrible charges she had levelled against Uday at Interlaken. How wicked had been her conduct and with what contempt she had spoken to him! The picture of utter desolation that Uday presented when he left her in the hotel still troubled her. She had called him selfish and unworthy, and he had accepted that evaluation.

Sheela had gone off to Paris to save her husband. She did succeed in saving his life and she still continued to serve him devotedly. But what was to happen to Uday who had sacrificed everything for her sake? Was she not pushing him too far into the arms of death?

Alas, now she was no longer free to do what she liked. As long as he lived, she must serve her husband, and when he died, for years afterwards, her husband's continuous call, "Sheela this and Sheela that" would keep ringing in her ears. There was nothing that she could do to help Uday.

After a long time, Sheela stood up, washed and freshened herself, and then put through a call to Rajba, ostensibly to ask after Majiba's health.

"Majiba has had a paralytic stroke," replied Rajba.

"Good heavens, how terrible! How is Karan?"

"He is doing very well."

"Would it be all right if I come tomorrow morning at 9-30 to see Majiba?"

"Certainly."

"I hope you will all be at home?" asked Sheela with her heart beating fast.

"Of course."

As she put the receiver down, a servant came and told her that Radharaman wanted her. Sheela ran down to Radharaman who called out to her and stretched out his arm to catch hold of her hand. Overcoming her dislike, Sheela took his hand in hers and gently stroked it.

Radharaman opened his eyes to ask, "Whom were you talking with on the telephone?"

"Rajba. Majiba has had a stroke. I shall go and ask after her tomorrow."

Radharaman's eyes showed that he was angry but somehow he controlled himself and merely said, "Certainly. Go wherever you wish to. You will feel better. If you like, you can call all of them here. But come back soon."

"Will you promise that you will go to sleep?" asked Sheela.

"No. I cannot give you that promise. Sleep will be denied to me until you return. Sheela, will you please take Ranchhodji with you? I shall arrange to send some presents for Uday and his sister. There is something very attractive about his sister. If you can take him with you, please do."

Ranchhodji! Was he being sent to spy upon her? Sheela was deeply hurt.

[*To be continued*]

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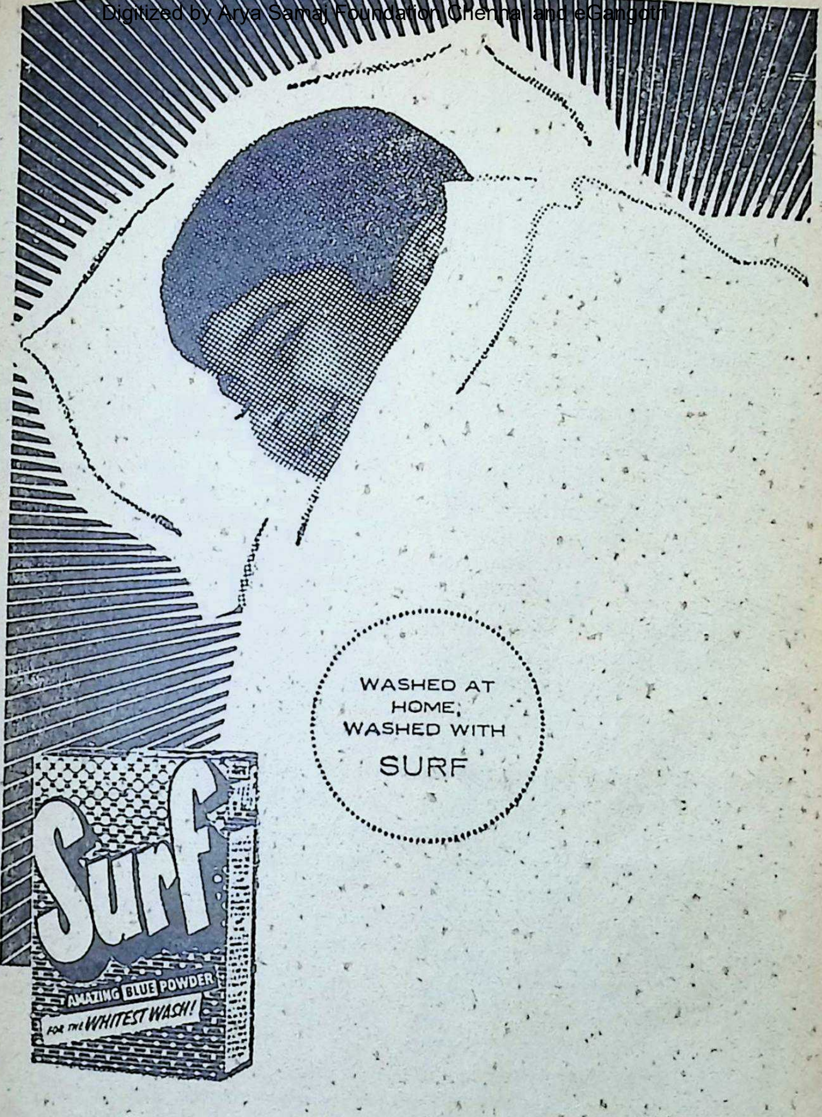
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Story of King Pururavas

The Family Disintegrates

WHEN fear seizes a person, there is no knowing where it will lead him to. The first casualty under its strain will be reason, and once reason is on the way out, there will be nothing to distinguish him from a brute. Now what will an animal at bay do? Man in the grip of fear will do that exactly.

Seth Navakoti reached the end of his tether when he saw the tell-tale box lying before him foursquare, upsetting every strategem he had woven from his fertile brain. The thought uppermost in his mind at the time was that with the box before him, the King would most assuredly arraign him in the docks for the murder of the woman. He thought furiously as to how to spirit the box away and was rewarded with a brainwave. If the fire could not burn the box, water could certainly conceal it. He therefore decided to consign it to the bosom of the sea and thus wipe out all traces of the woman.

With this plan, he instantaneously booked his passage for a small island where he had business connections and included the tell-tale box in his luggage and sailed overnight.

While however trying to unload the box midstream, the woman inside the box said: "Sethji! You are under the impression that by throwing me into the sea you can wipe me out. You are wrong. I am under a vow. Neither water, fire, nor air can touch me. This vow will last for 7½ years and during its pendency I cannot see anybody's face and that is why I chose to hide myself in this box. At the completion of that period the box will automatically open. Nothing can undo me till then!"

Sethji found himself thoroughly confounded. He stopped his operation killing and thought again as to how to dispose of the precious luggage.

He was in two minds: one was to ignore the warning just given by the woman and the other was to keep the box under surveillance and see her die of her own inside it during those 7½ years.

Having considered the pros and cons of both the steps, the Seth determined to stay in the island for all the 7½ years and let her die in peace. This isolation would further give him the temporary immunity which he badly needed in the then state of his mind.

So the Seth landed at the island and made arrangements for his stay for the rest of the vow period. As he stayed, on the one side the Sethji strained his ears day after day without avail praying that the woman's breathing would cease and on the other he increased his business in the island by leaps and bounds—a variant of piety with profit.

Readers may be reminded here that Sage Vedavyasa is narrating to Yudhishthira the story of Pururavas in the Kamya forest. Now, Yudhishthira, who had been listening to the story with great interest, asked Sage Vyasa, "Lord! I am greatly moved by the misfortune that overtook Jayaprada; but you have not told me what happened to King Pururavas and his children, after the disappearance of Jayaprada. Please tell me about them too!"

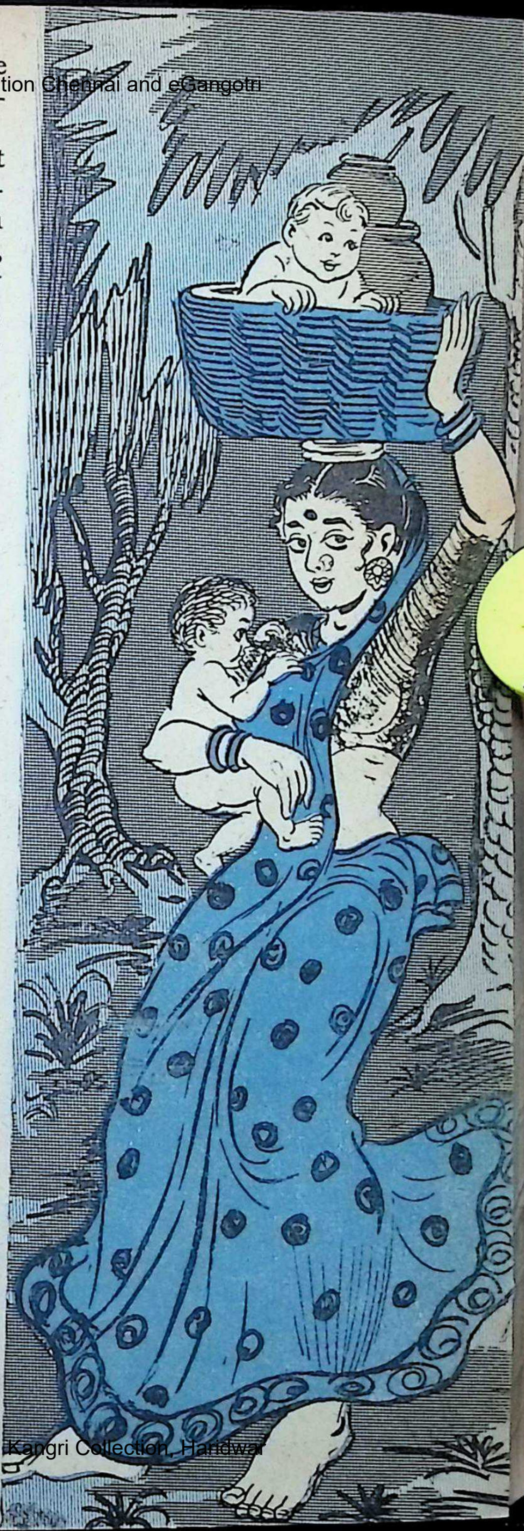
"It is quite natural for you to feel anxious about the King and his young children. I shall presently come to them," replied the sage and continued.

Returning home after the day's work that day Pururavas, the worker, played as usual with his children and waited for his wife to return from the Seth's house with his salary, as was the wont.

On that day, however, his left eye and hand had often throbbed. As it was late and Jayaprada had not returned, Pururavas became anxious and taking both his children with him he went to the Seth's house looking for her.

Seeing the servants seated outside he asked them about his wife.

Said they "The Seth had kept your salary on his table and your wife went to collect it. I was the one to usher her in. But unfortunately, before she returned with the packet the house had caught fire and everything inside was burnt. Possibly your wife was also burnt. Greatly worried the Seth —he was not there at the time—has gone abroad seeking solace and he is not likely to return for some time."



This news fell on the ears of Pururavas like thunderbolt. "O God! My Jayaprada! What shall I do with these two children, now?" he wept. He dragged himself home and finding that the little peace of mind which he had so far enjoyed was at an end, he threw up the two children on his shoulders and walked along a forest path like a mad man.

Sani Bhagavan who had met with a measure of success in his efforts to put the King on his mettle, now found his opportunity in the new mood of the King, since the man had completely broken down under the impact of his blow.

Sani Bhagavan now wanted to separate the King from his two children too. With that object he created a storm, followed by thunder, lightning and torrential rain as the King was traversing the forest terrain. A deep river in spate came his way and it had to be crossed. While the King could do it by himself with one child at best, he could not carry both of them at the same time. So he tied back one child to a tree with a creeper and carried the other across with him. Reaching the other bank, he tied that child similarly to a tree and swam back to the first bank to carry back the other child. But while coming, a swirl swept him off and he clung to a jetsam desperately as he cried: "O God, please save my children at least, now that I and my wife are almost gone!" and drank mouthfuls of water.

All the time the King was not unaware that his misfortunes were the result of Sani Bhagavan's intentions, but he consoled himself that he alone must answer for his sins in a spirit of prayerfulness.

The river which was in spate took him over a long distance and as the current eddied he lost consciousness and thought he was dying, when a band of shepherds seeing his predicament rescued him, gave first-aid and thus brought him back to life. When he was fit enough to speak, they asked him who he was and what made him to be carried away by the flood. He replied: "I am a shepherd; my name is Ananda the Shepherd; I was grazing my flock of sheep when the floods took me by surprise. I was washed away from my kids."

The rescuers were favourably impressed by the looks and story of Ananda. They took pity on him and gave him not only food but a job to keep his body and soul together, namely tending their flock of sheep in that part of the country.

Thus, after a spell of turmoil, King Pururavas managed once again to snatch some peace of mind in the midst of these innocent shepherds.

Let us have a look at the two children who were left behind.

Soon after the floods subsided, a shepherdess came the way of that ford where they were left. Hearing the cry of a child, the shepherdess ran to the spot. Finding a glorious-looking child tied to a tree,—she was childless—she first thought that its parents might be somewhere about. However, she undid the creeper that tied the child to the tree and fed it with the milk and curd she was carrying on her head.

As no one, however, seemed to come for it, she carried it on her basket along with the pot of curd on her head.

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The water-level had come down and so she had little difficulty in crossing it. When, however, she came to the other bank, she heard the cry of another child. Carrying the first child, she searched for the other and she was surprised to see another child in similar condition. She rescued that child too and took them both to her home in great spirit and fed them well and looked after them carefully, of course with the intention of handing them over to their rightful owners should they come asking for them. But no one turned up and they grew in the home of the shepherdess as her children.

When the children were 6 and 5 respectively, she sent them into the woods to look after her cattle. While they tended the cattle, the woman was surprised to note one day that they had made bows and arrows out of forest twigs and were playing with them.

Being a shrewd woman, she concluded that they should be of royal origin, and so put them under the custody of a master of archery and had them taught all the arts and science that belonged to the royal house.

Under the loving care of this woman the two children were growing up like heroes.

With Jayaprada in the innocuous keeping of the Seth, Pururavas looking after the sheep and eating the frugal meal, and the two boys finding a good home, there was comparative peace in the Pururavas family, the only snag being that they were all separated from each other, and also, of course, not leading royal lives. And Sani Bhagavan was chagrined to find all his efforts once again proving a damp squib.

He, therefore, decided on intensifying his persecution of Pururavas.

The city where Pururavas was staying was called Siddha Pattana and a King by name Siddha Raja was ruling it. Now one night a gang of dacoits entered the palace and after rummaging the zenana, broke open the safe of the Queen and succeeded in running away with the jewel-box of the Queen which contained jewels worth millions. But as their ill-luck would have it, the Queen was awakened by a bad dream and had all but seen the thieves escaping.

She raised an alarm and the police gave hot chase to the dacoits.

In those days there were experts who could trace thieves by the footprints. Now these dacoits coming to know that the police were hot on their trail, wanted to save their skins. As they looked about for a way out, they saw at the outskirts of the town inside of a field a man snoring loudly by the side of his flock. The ruffians walked smoothly to that spot and placing the jewel-box stolen from the palace by the side of the sleeping man, ran away.

The police who gave hot chase to the gang, traced their footprints to the spot where they left their precious booty.

When they saw the jewel-box shining by its lustre by the side of the sleeping shepherd, the head-constable shook the sleeping man by the collars.

The man was no other than Ananda, the new shepherd.

[To be continued]

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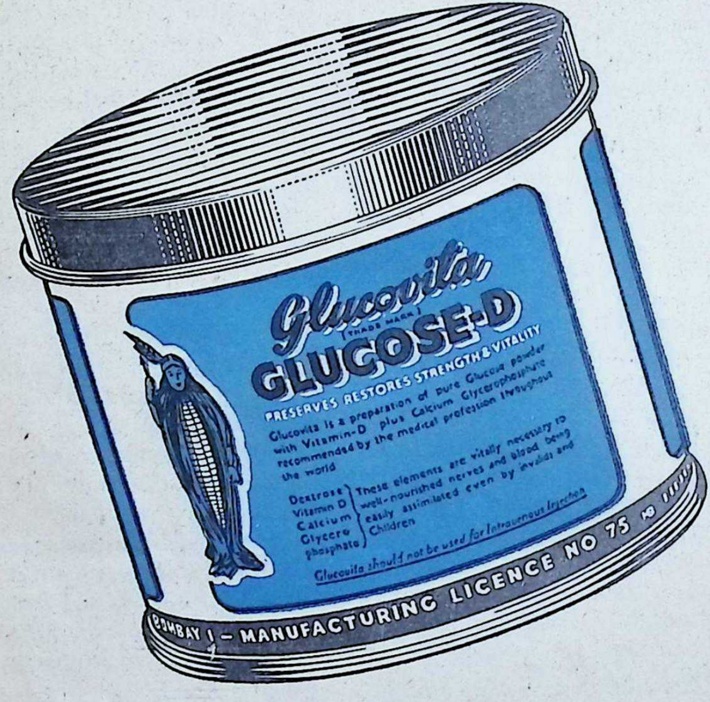
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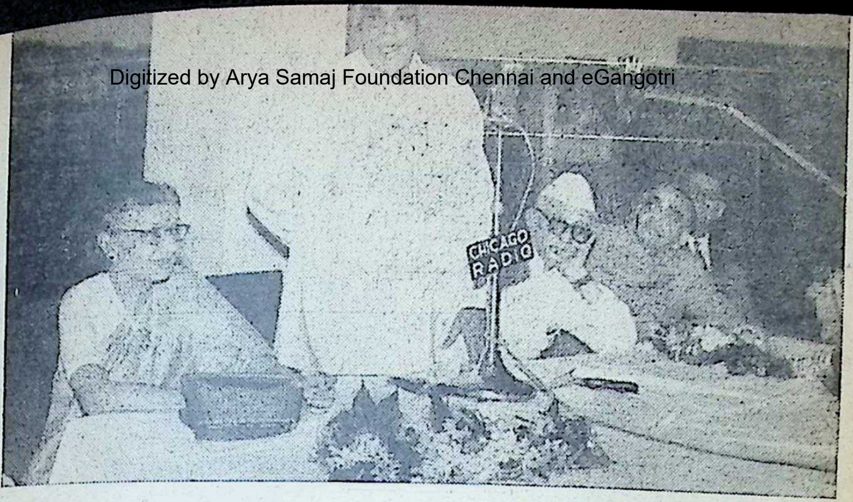

Dr. P. Subbarayan addressing the Greater Bombay Writers' Conference on the 5th inst. at the Bhavan.

Notes & News

GREATER BOMBAY WRITERS' CONFERENCE:

FOLLOWING is the text of the Welcome Address delivered by Smt. Lilavati Munshi at the Greater Bombay Writers' Conference organised by the Bhavan on the 5th of this month.

"On behalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, I have great pleasure in welcoming His Excellency Dr. P. Subbarayan and the President of this Meeting Dr. Munshi, as well as all of you this evening. Dr. Subbarayan, as you know, has come only recently to Bombay, but in such a short time, he has shown keen interest in all that is going on in this city. I believe he is a student of literature and very much acquainted with the present-day literature which is being published in such a voluminous manner.

"Dr. Munshi is the President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and his literary activities all of you know. About him, I need not say anything more. I am sure the presence of both these eminent men this evening will give great impetus to this conference.

"You would like to know how the idea of this conference was conceived. Probably you remember that in September 1959 we had a Women Writers' Conference. A great deal of enthusiasm was shown by the women writers at that time. The conference lasted for two days; many papers were read by women writers of different languages; resolutions were passed about children's literature and so on; we put up even some sub-committees, but there it ended. Nothing of permanent value came out of the conference. However, calling of such a conference was good in itself, because we came to know a good number of women writers of different languages residing in Bombay. That also gave us an idea of calling a conference of all writers instead of only women writers.

"Besides, in this way we can develop contacts with each other and exchange ideas. Excepting English which is known to almost all the writers and to a limited extent, probably Hindi, it generally happens that writers of one language hardly know the writers and the trends of literature in other languages. However, I hope you will agree with me if I say that all languages are making progress on parallel lines.

"The Bhavan, as you know, is keenly interested in the intellectual activities going on in the country as it publishes books and journals on cultural, religious and educational subjects. Our idea is that young men and women of today should have choice of reading which may make them well-informed in matters of their own culture and religion.

"Now, let us have a look at the vast, unending, elegantly produced and printed matter that is put forth for public consumption. It is a matter of regret that the bulk of it only aims at providing light and coloured reading which very often tends to cater to the lower instincts rather than giving ideas of ennobling kind. It is neither formative nor informative. Is there any way to reverse the gear?

"What is the purpose of, language or literature? We are talking of integration on one hand, but generally the greater part of the literature which is being published nowadays is becoming increasingly a disintegrating force. Not only it encourages disintegration from the national point of view, but it disintegrates mind, personality, moral values and so on. Whatever gives stability to mind and character and steadiness is being increasingly disregarded. Somehow I feel that most of the writers are not giving a thought to this matter. There are many more people who write today than there ever were. However, all that is written and published can hardly be called literature.

"All literature emanates from minds of men. It is through literature human civilisation has advanced and progress made. It is the power of the word which makes a man noble or ignoble. These are some of the thoughts for calling this conference which I share with you. If the writers of all Indian languages can get together and stop this rot, much could be achieved.

"I do not want to stand between you and the eminent speakers who are going to address us today. I once again welcome all of you and hope that at least this conference may be able to suggest some concrete steps by which the present trend can be arrested."

CONTEMPORARY TRENDS—*Contd.*

more ready solutions and words of wisdom for Eliot's problems or rather the problems of his artificially drawn so-called sophisticated characters. The atmosphere of the play is made purposely mysterious, just to surround it with something other-worldly, something quaint, something unusual.

But it fails to serve any purpose which can be called worthy of Eliot. We long for even something less gigantic. Let's say something real yet delicate perhaps like Burns' song. But it's beyond the moderns to sing like Burns:

"My love is like a red, red Rose."

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Results of SHASTRIYA EXAMINATIONS Held in April 1962

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I Class : 34, 104, 127, 141.

IInd Class : 2, 6, 32, 36, 48, 49, 50, 52, 54, 55, 59, 62, 64, 76, 81, 83, 96.

105, 6, 7, 8, 35, 37, 39, 40, 42, 43, 45, 49, 51, 55, 66, 79, 80.

260, 73, 77, 79, 96.

408, 9, 11, 24, 25, 47.

IIIrd Class : 3, 27, 53, 82.

111, 28, 30, 34, 46, 56, 64, 93, 94,

276, 80, 82, 84, 85.

308, 13, 25,

410, 49, 50.

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Ist Class : 85 only.

IInd Class : 5, 9, 10, 12, 16, 18, 20, 24, 25, 29, 31, 51, 57, 65, 66, 70, 71, 78, 84, 88.

121, 22, 23, 33, 36.

234, 42, 51, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 66, 87, 91, 92, 94, 95, 98.

314, 18, 19, 21, 37, 44, 45, 58, 60, 61.

400, 2, 3, 6, 23, 26, 32, 34, 39, 41, 42.

IIIrd Class : 4, 7, 14, 15, 17, 19, 30, 35, 38, 58, 68, 69, 74, 79.

109, 10, 17, 20, 24, 25, 26, 53, 57, 58, 68, 70, 71, 75, 82, 87, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99.

200, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 19, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29, 33, 37, 38, 41, 46, 47, 48, 49, 52, 55, 63, 64, 67, 75, 81, 88, 89, 90, 93.

300, 3, 4, 5, 6, 17, 20, 22, 33, 36, 38, 40, 42, 43, 59, 65, 69, 72, 75.

404, 13, 15, 28, 29, 30, 31, 33, 36, 37, 40, 43.

PRIZES :

First Prize	No. 34	Savitadevi Tripathi, Tirva.
Second Prize :	No. 104	Savitridevi Shukla, Mandhana.
Third Prize :	No. 85	Haridas Sharma, Brindavan.

PURVA MADHYAMA

PASSED WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

IInd Class : 12, 32, 33, 34, 39, 40, 71, 74, 79, 82, 87, 88, 92, 94, 97.

103, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 35, 41, 46, 48, 57, 58, 59.

202 and 382,

IIIrd Class : 14, 27, 29 91, 93, 96.

109, 10, 15, 16, 17, 30, 43, 44, 49, 52, 53, 55, 60, 66, 77.

203, 4, 5.

358 and 389.

PASSED ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

Ist Class : 6, 7, 100, 308, 309, 327.

IInd Class : 5, 8, 10, 16, 20, 22, 24, 25, 49, 50, 58, 61, 62, 63, 65, 73, 83, 86. 89, 95.

122, 23, 38, 51, 56, 62, 73 86, 89, 93, 94, 96, 97, 99.

200, 1, 16, 17, 36, 50, 52, 55, 56, 57, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64, 65, 69, 73, 79, 87, 88, 90, 92, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99.

300, 1, 3, 4, 5, 10, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 59, 60, 61, 64, 66, 73.

IIIrd Class : 2, 3, 30, 42, 46, 47, 52, 54, 57, 60, 72, 76, 77, 80, 81, 84, 90.

120, 21, 24, 25, 27, 31, 36, 39, 40, 42, 45, 47, 50, 61, 65, 68, 69, 70, 75, 78, 83, 84, 85, 87, 88, 92, 95.

207, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 15, 19, 20, 21, 25, 29, 30, 35, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 44, 46, 47, 51, 53, 54, 68, 71, 72, 74, 75, 76, 77, 80, 81, 83, 84, 86, 93, 96.

313, 19, 63, 65, 75, 77 and 78.

UTTAR MADHYAMA

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IInd Class : 1, 2, 5, 8, 9, 11, 19, 20, 22, 35, 45, 46, 57, 61, 66, 70, 71, 89, 95.

105, 6, 12, 25, 34, 51, 52, 53, 57, 99.

202, 22, 33.

IIIrd Class : 10, 14, 21, 23, 24, 30, 31, 33, 40, 42, 58, 59, 60, 65, 68, 69, 73, 74, 76, 91, 92, 96.

107, 8, 16, 19, 20, 28, 29, 32, 33, 37, 38, 54, 55, 97, 98,

229, 30, 31.

PASSED ONLY IN SANSKRIT:

Ist Class : 126 Only.

IInd Class : 25, 29, 32, 49, 54, 67.

101, 2, 3, 13, 14, 43, 45, 56, 58, 59, 63, 68, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75.

200, 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 18, 19, 20.

IIIrd Class : 3, 12, 15, 16, 17, 43, 44, 48, 51, 52, 55, 56, 62, 63, 64, 86, 88.

104, 10, 17, 18, 21, 23, 27, 30, 35, 39, 40, 41, 46, 47, 48, 49, 64, 65, 66, 77, 87, 89, 90, 91, 93, 95.

228, 37.

PRIZES :

First Prize :	No. 94	Virendra Bahadur Singh, Mugarabadshahpur.
Second Prize :	No. 152	Dasharathlal Gupta, Pilikothi.
Third Prize :	No 126	Navinchandra Gor, Varanasi.

SHASTRI—I KHANDA

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9, 9A, 11, 14, 16, 18, 34, 35, 47, 71, 72, 74, 75, 77, 80, 90, 91, 96.

115, 17, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 97.

203, 6, 7, 8.

PASSED ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10A, 12, 13, 15, 17, 20, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 36, 38, 40, 41, 42, 45, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 61, 62, 63, 70, 78, 85, 86, 87, 88, 93, 94, 95, 98.

108, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 21, 22, 31A, 32, 40, 41, 42, 43, 47, 48, 50, 52, 53, 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 62, 63, 64, 66, 67, 69, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 96, 98.

209, 10, 11, 14.

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303, 365A.

IIIrd Class : 238, 40, 42, 361.

PASSED ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

Ist Class : 336 Only.

IInd Class : 226, 27, 28, 31, 43, 49A, 61, 63, 66, 71, 86, 88, 91, 92.

301, 4, 7, 8, 14, 21, 33, 34, 35, 46, 48, 51, 58 59, 63.

IIIrd Class : 234, 41, 46, 48A, 50, 68, 78, 79, 80. 83, 84. 85. 94, 95.

302, 13, 17, 18, 32, 44, 47, 49, 55, 56, 62, 64.

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PRIZES :

First Prize : No. 375 Ramashraya Tripathi, Pilikothi.

Second Prize : No. 336 Bhogilal Parikh, Shiddapur.

Third Prize : No. 363 Yadava Dixit, Bombay.

ACHARYA—I KHANDA

PASSED WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

7, 9, 13, 26, 27, 34, 50, 65, 69, 73.

PASSED ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

12, 17, 18, 19. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 31, 32, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 41, 42, 43, 45, 47, 48, 49, 52, 54, 55. 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 66, 67 68, 75, 76.

ACHARYA—II KHANDA

PASSED WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

102, 3, 14, 16.

PASSED ONLY IN SASKRIT :

82, 83, 84, 85, 90, 91, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99. 101, 4, 7, 8, 9, 12, 13, 15, 17 and 18.

ACHARYA—III KHANDA

PASSED WITH MODERN SUBJECTS :

IInd Class : 121, 36.

PASSED ONLY IN SANSKRIT :

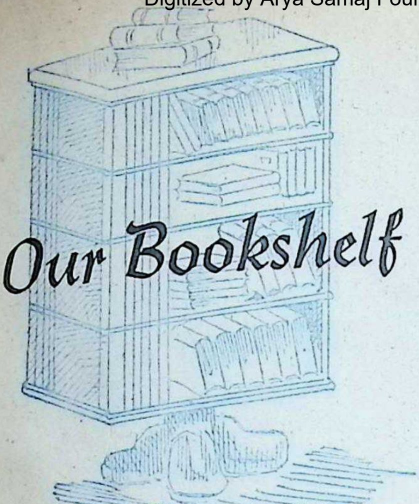
IInd Class : 122, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 37, 41, 42, and 44.

IIIrd Class : 139 and 143.

PRIZES :

Second Prize : No. 130 Rammanorath Tivari, Sujanganja.

Third Prize : No. 136 Munishvar Sharma. Bagada.



Our Bookshelf

THE INDOMITABLE SARDAR. By K. L. Panjabi. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1962. Price: Rs. 15/-.

THIS political biography of the hero of Bardoli discusses his life and activities up to 1939 in the first half of the volume (Chapters I to XIV), and the remaining chapters (XV to XXIII) are concerned with the achievement and consolidation of India's freedom since the Quit India Movement. This admirably written and eminently readable volume is also a vindication of the Sardar in the light of Maulana Azad's Autobiography. We are told that the exact date of Vallabhbhai's birth is not known, but "for the purpose of the matriculation certificate Vallabhbhai put it down as October 31, 1875. This occurred to him on the spur of the moment and he stuck to it" (page 6). The last chapter considers his statesmanship. The "London Times" said that his achievement of the integration of the Indian States would rank with that of Bismarck and probably higher . The 'Manchester Guardian' wrote: "Without Patel, Gandhiji's idea would have had less practical influence and Nehru's idealism less scope. Patel was not only the organiser of the fight for freedom but also the architect of the new state when the fight was over. The same man is seldom successful as rebel and statesman. Sardar Patel was the exception." (page 196). His consummate skill in statecraft was combined with stern realism, decisiveness and undeviating pursuit of objectives. Therefore the author compares him with Chanakya, Prime Minister of Chandragupta Maurya, who effected a revolution and built up the new State. (pp. 202-3). The volume contains ten illustrations, a select bibliography, a glossary, a skeleton index and Acharya J. B. Kripalani's Foreword.

—*Prof R. Sathianathaier*

DEVOURING LOVE. By Rabindranath Tagore. Published by East-West Institute, New York. Copies available from Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1961. Price: Rs. 2.50 nP.

THE birth centenary of Rabindranath Tagore was recently celebrated not only in India, but in various parts of the world. As a humble tribute to his memory and as a commemoration volume in honour of the centenary, the East-West Institute of New York has published *Devouring Love*—a lesser known play of his. It has been translated from the original Bengali into English by Dr. Shakuntala Rao Sastri and it is edited and published by Rev. Walter Donald Kring, one of the editors of the series.

Sumitra, princess of Kashmir, marries Vikramitra, king of Jullundar. The queen's relatives monopolise the high offices of the State, and bring the country to the brink of bankruptcy. The king, on account of his infatuation for the queen, neglects the affairs of the State and rejects even the queen's prayers to set matters right. The queen plots, with the help of the king's high priest, to punish the evil-doers at the festival of Kalabhairava; but the rival of the high priest reveals the plot to the foreign officers. These rebel against the king. The queen's effort to pursuade the king to fight against the rebel nobles proved unavailing. Disguised as a man, she runs away to her father's kingdom, Kashmir and seeks the help of her brother Kumarsen, the crown prince.

Freed from the fetters of blind love, the king decides to put down the rebellion of his courtiers. The defeated nobles, after submission, played a trick and persuaded the king to punish Kumarsen. On the advice of his sister, Kumarsen without fighting against Vikramitra returned to Kashmir. But Vikramitra invaded Kashmir and went in pursuit of Kumarsen.

Kumarsen's uncle and aunt had evil designs to destroy him and get the throne for themselves. So they refused to help him and drove him and his sister into exile.

Kumarsen was engaged to Ila, daughter of the King of Trichur, who, on hearing of the defeat of Kumarsen, desired that his daughter should transfer her love to the victor Vikramitra. Ila rejected her father's advice and joined her lover in exile.

On the advice of his evil courtiers, Vikramitra invaded Kashmir and he set a price on the head of Kumarsen.

When Kumarsen heard that his loyal servant had been tortured to disclose his whereabouts, he decided to come out of his hiding, and he pleaded with his sister and made her agree to present his head to Vikramitra as a gift.

Vikramitra promised Ila to help her marry Kumarsen and rejecting the evil design of the uncle and aunt to deprive her of the throne took a vow that he himself would place Kumarsen on the throne of Kashmir.

Meanwhile the stage was set for the surrender of Kumarsen. Vikramitra eagerly awaited the arrival of Kumarsen.

Sumitra emerged from the litter and offered the head of Kumarsen on a golden plate, and after delivering it, she fell down dead.

Vikramitra cried in anguish that great and awful was the punishment meted out to him.

A truly pathetic end! The play gives us an insight into the life of kings, courtiers, and their intrigues at court, the part played by priests, the servants and the ordinary citizen, the ebb and flow of the tide of love as the main spring of human activities—a picture of the social life of the age in the pre-Muslim period of India as conceived by the dramatist.

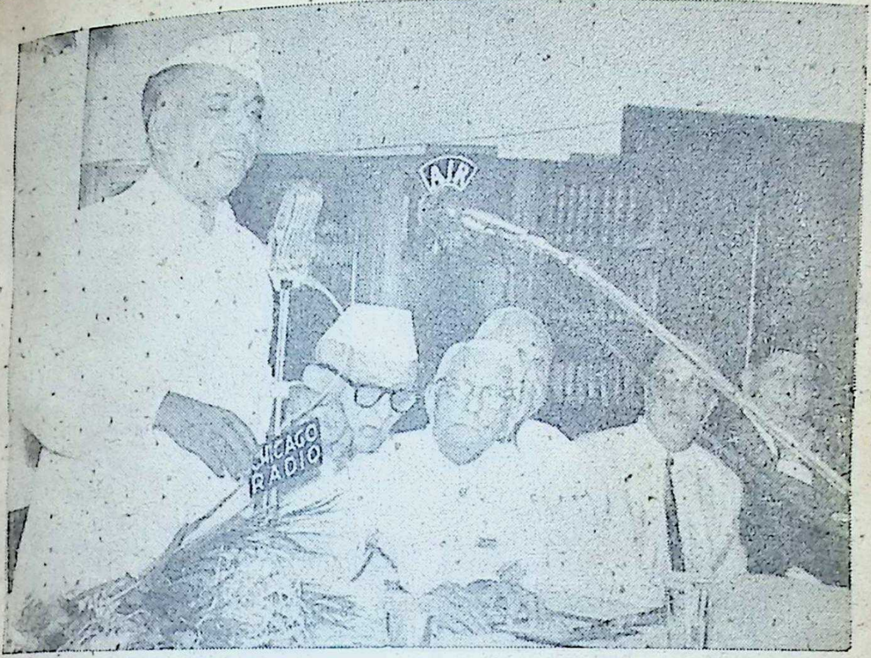
—*Sri S. R. Balasubrahmanyam*

BRITISH STATESMEN IN INDIA. By V. B. Kulkarni. Published by Orient Longmans Ltd., Bombay1-. pp. 550. Price: Rs. 20/-

WE have before us a remarkably balanced survey of British achievements and failures in India. Each of the 15 chapters deals with a Governor-General, the last 10 being also Viceroys. The introduction gives the historical background. Khati Khan is mentioned as the Court historian of Aurangzeb, though he finalised his work 26 years after the death of that emperor (p. 11). On page 14 it is said that the Maratha confederacy originated during the Peshwaship of Baji Rao, but it was his father who organised it. Clive is regarded essentially as a soldier and his administrative ability was unequal to his task. The author's estimate of Warren Hastings is perfectly satisfactory. In spite of his faults, he was an Olympian, his achievements being more substantial than spectacular. In fact, he worked for friendship and understanding between India and England. For his faults he deserved a public rebuke or repremand rather than an impeachment, which turned out to be a prosecution of the persecuting type. On page 59 there is a misprint in the 1st line of the second paragraph.

Wellesley could be regarded only as the conqueror of an empire for his country. Lord Hastings looked forward to a time when England would have to give up her dominion in India. In Bentinck's solicitude for the welfare of the people lay the foundation of India's progress on Western lines. That Dalhousie caused the Mutiny of 1857 is the verdict of angry men. The regime of Canning started a new era. Ripon's viceroyalty was a magnificent failure but it laid the foundations of India's independence. (pp. 214 & 220).

Curzon's achievements and failures



Sri Y. B. Chavan, Chief Minister of Maharashtra releasing the book "Indomitable Sardar" by K. L. Panjabi on the 27th of last month.

were gigantic; he thought that the British Empire would end with India's secession from it. The Minto-Morley reforms were devoid of any substance like the Arts of 1919 and 1935; a truly democratic constitution was achieved by India only after independence. Chelmsford is described as "the man who watched mighty happenings with unseeing eyes" (p. 315). Irwin left India, carrying with him the esteem of the Indian people, though he could not hasten India's independence. Willingdon's viceroyalty was not notable for his personal achievements. The seven years of Linlithgow's administration made the country more divided than it had been. The recall of Wavell might have brought him real relief; his failure was perhaps inevitable. Mountbatten earned the love and affection of the people.

To the volume is added a short account of India's achievements, political and economic, since independence. The author concludes that India has a vested interest in peace; she is desperately anxious to secure domestic peace and international tranquillity, so that her prospects as a great and prosperous nation may be guaranteed. The volume contains an extensive bibliography, and an index. Though we can pose the problem whether all the 15 Governors-General were statesmen and whether there were not British statesmen in India other than Governers-General, we are profoundly thankful to the author for his substantial gift, a readable and stimulating volume.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathier*

DEMOCRACY—DUMMY. By. Dr. N. Venkateswarlu, Markapur (A. P.) pp. 96. Price: Rs. 2/-.

THE purpose of this small book is to show that the democratic institutions of a country will not serve their avowed purpose so long as their functioning is not characterised by a high standard of efficiency and integrity. The author details the working of the various departments of our Central and State Governments and attempts to prove that laws governing them are in some cases defective so as to be abused by unscrupulous men, or are worked so inefficiently that they yield little public good. Corruption, procrastination and lethargy are likely to destroy the purpose of law and in such conditions the glamorous theories of democracy become farcical in practice. While giving praise where it is due, he suggests measures to effect improvement of what goes wrong, with an unbiased mind. As it is admitted on all hands that a representative government should keep the larger interests of the nation in view, one may say that a bold attempt like this to expose evil in whatever form it is present is really laudable.

—*P.V.*

TAMIL

AKKAPORE ANNASWAMI AIYANGAR. By C. R. Srinivasan. Published By Swadesamitran Pusthakalaya, Victory House, Mount Road, Madras-2. pp. 86 Price: Re. 1/-

THIS is a collection of short stories and articles which appeared in the *Swadesamitran,* of which the author was for many years the Editor. The publication we owe to the piety of his son. The stories are rich in humour and are written in plain, homespun Tamil.

Akkapore Annaviengar is a man who lives on his wits and all of us have met him. Equally familiar is the milk-vendor, who from honest poverty rose to riches and rank by ceasing to sell unadulterated milk. Pleasant vignettes all.

The articles which presumably appeared in the weekly *Swadesamitr* are marked by the light touch. On t whole, a book which will serve to r mind the world of Madras of a ve genial personality well-known newspaper and banking circles.

Professor T. P. Meenakshisundara Pillai has provided an appreciati introduction.

—*Cayenne*

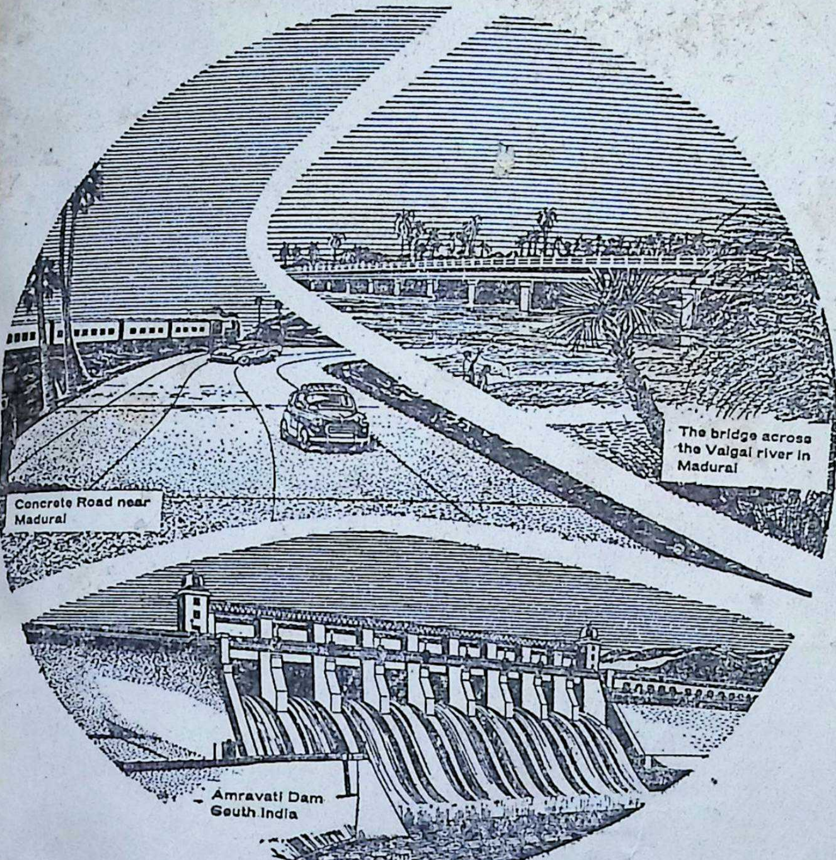
KANNADA

MADHUPURA: A Collection Essays. Compiled by K. Venkat krishnayya. Published by G Prakashana, Srirampete, Kasargo (Kerala State). pp. 236. Pri Rs. 5.50 nP.

IT is a tragedy of the highest degr nothing short of a travesty of fate, the people of that small and love strip of land called Tulunad in Sou Kanara (among whom the present viewer also happens to be one; thou luckily he does not belong to the fated Taluk) which has for centur past merged its culture with Kannadigas to be politically isolat from its erstwhile brethren and a liated with the Keralites for wh they have no sympathy whatev Kasargodu, Kumble, Manjeswar these names themselves are proof the fact that there is no Kerala tin or vestige about them; the history the holy spots, their ancient cultu and particularly the Yakshagana the Field Drama which has no part lot with the Chakkiar or the Kathak —silent drama—various writers ha focussed their searchlights on th different aspects of the distincti features of what might be termed Tu Art—Bhoota cult. the Paddanas, e some articles like those of re-d ing to the vowels in the Tulu la guage have a high philological intere Altogether a very nice publication.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna R*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhav
at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Arthur Road, Bombay-34. Mg. Editor: J. H. Da
Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.


The bridge across the Vaigai river in Madurai
Concrete Road near Madurai
Amravati Dam South India

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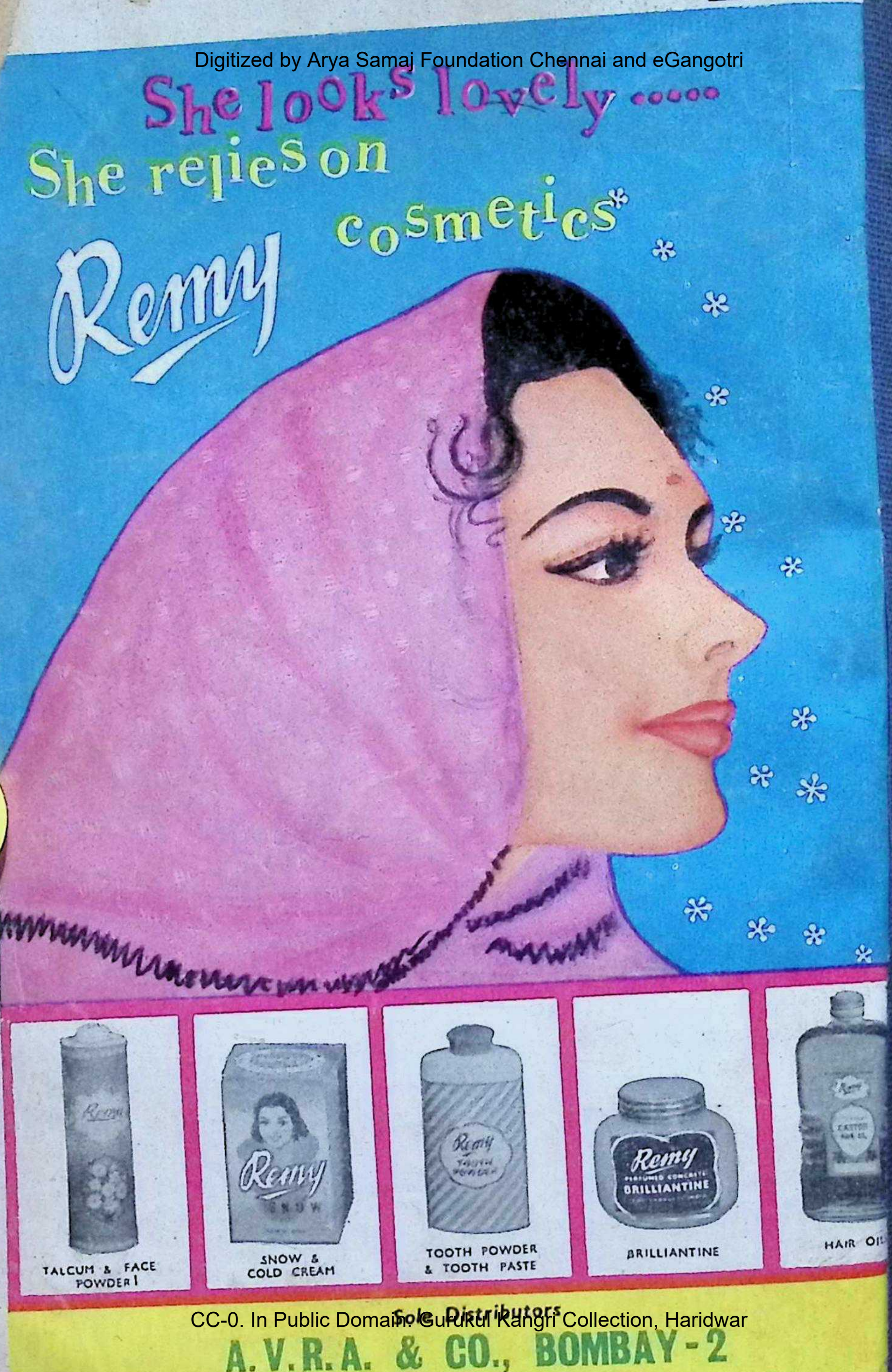
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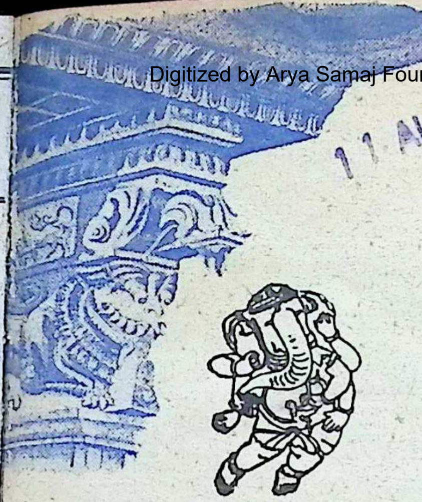

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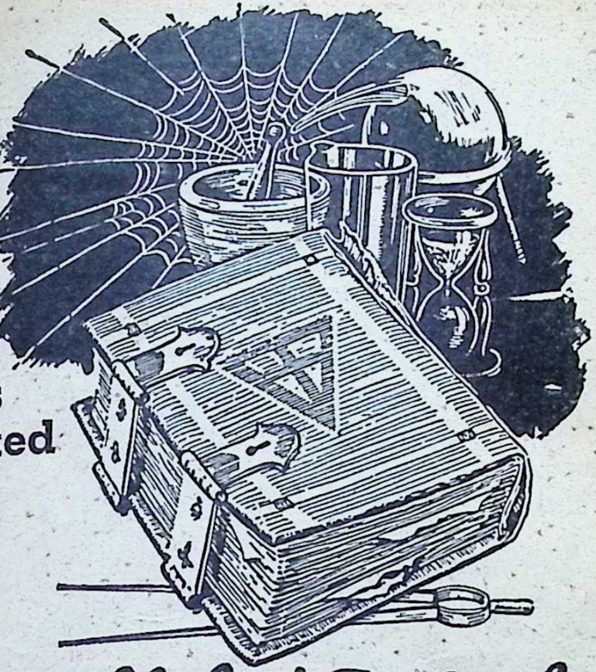

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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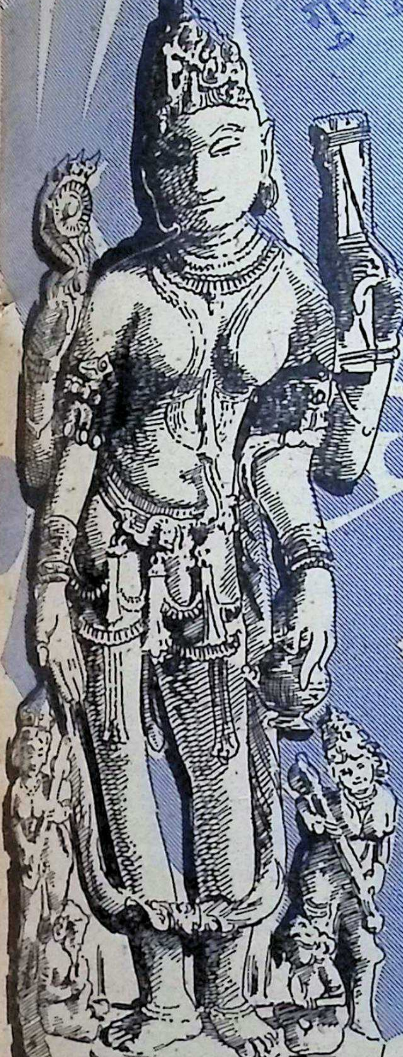

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धीनामवित्र्यवतु ॥
यस्त्वा देवि सरस्वत्युपब्रूते धने हिते ।
इन्द्रं न वृत्रतूर्ये ॥
त्वं देवि सरस्वत्यवा वाजेषु वाजिनि ।
रदा पूषेव नः सनिम् ॥

May the divine Saraswati, rich in her wealth;
protect us well,
Furthering all our thoughts with might;
Whoso, divine Saraswati, invokes thee where the prize is set,
Like Indra when he smites the foe.
Aid us, divine Saraswati, thou who art strong
in wealth and power:
Like Pushan, give us opulence.

—*Rigveda* VI, 61-4, 5, 6.

Vol. IX, No. 1

kulapati's message

ONE more year has been added to the purposeful life of the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL. It now enters its ninth year.

The BHAVAN'S JOURNAL has continued to be the mouthpiece of the Bhavan which stands for Indian Culture re-integrated to suit modern conditions. In its journey, the JOURNAL has made many friends and entered tens of thousands of homes.

Soon after the entry of the JOURNAL into its ninth year in August, the Bhavan will also complete its twenty-five years in December of this year. The Bhavan has prospered not in the sense of acquiring more money, but in the sense of fulfilling its mission in an increasing measure. The Bhavan's family does not comprise merely its members and workers, but the large number of readers of the BHAVAN'S JOURNAL, its Hindi version BHARATI and its Gujarati version SAMAR-

PAN, who run into several hundred thousands, who are bound in an allegiance to the values for which the Bhavan stands.

To them all, I offer greetings on this occasion and remind them of what I stated last year:

"Let me once more set forth the Bhavan's faith for which the JOURNAL stands: it stands for the re-integration of Indian culture. In a world falling to pieces under the impact of an amoral technological avalanche, it tries to hold fast to the fundamental values for which our culture stands—RITA, SATYA, YAGNA and TAPAS: Faith in God Who in-forms the Cosmic Order; Truth which is accord between mind, word and deed; Dedication which offers all movements of life as an offering to God; Sublimation which purifies the body and mind and transmutes instincts, passions and emotions into things of beauty. This, regardless of forms and doctrines, is Dharma, the three-fold aspects of which are SATYAM, SHIVAM, SUNDARAM—Truth, Love and Beauty.

"For these values, our forefathers lived and died. So did Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Swami Dayananda, Swami Vivekananda, Gandhiji and Sri Aurobindo, among the moderns. They are embedded in our national outlook. We command the respect of the world because of them. We can look forward to the future with confidence only because they have the vitality which can give the power to vindicate their validity even in this fear-and-avarice-ridden age of ours".

We, the Bhavan's family, whether it is the smaller one or the larger one, must make every effort in restoring an awareness of these values in personal and collective life.

I thank all the readers, advertisers and news-agents, and particularly my loyal and indefatigable co-workers, but for whom the JOURNAL and the Bhavan for which it stands, would not have seen this day.

K. M. Munshi

वाचनालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

Kulapati's Letter

ON LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 263

★ *THE TRUTH AS I SEE IT* ★ *EXISTENCE AND THE PROCESS OF TRANSFORMATION*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
AUGUST 5, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WILL speak to you of the truth as I have seen it. It has come to me out of whatever little I have studied and thought of, above all, through faith which comes of experience and grace.

First, I speak to you of EXISTENCE which is one and indivisible. It was so seen by the seers of old. 'All that is moving and unmoving is enveloped by God,' said one seer. 'All is Brahman,' said another. 'Only EXISTENCE, dear one, was in the beginning,' said Sage Yajnavalkya to Maitreyi.

These words, however, have acquired diverse implications in the course of centuries. If any word of classical significance has to be used, I would prefer the word 'V*aa*sudeva'—the 'Abode of All.' "V*aa*sudeva (That) is All," says the *Bhagavad Gita*.

There is nothing that is excluded from EXISTENCE. Non-existence, *abhaava*, is only a concept. But the human mind is subject to severe limitations and finds it difficult to take a synoptic view of this unitary, total EXISTENCE. It demarcates it into the realms of the lifeless and the living, of matter, mind and spirit. Having so divided *Vaasudeva, that is All*, it tries to view each realm in terms of distinct characteristics, often mutually exclusive, sometimes as opposites.

The *Upanishads* speak of the One that *was* in the beginning, which thought and willed to become many. This One includes all forms of existence, material, vital, mental and spiritual. But to visualize EXISTENCE as encompassing All, one has to develop a higher perception through long training and strict discipline. For lack of such perception, matter is treated as different from the Spirit, and on this distinction a plethora of thinking has been built up as different schools of philosophy.

The emphasis on the spirit and matter as mutually exclusive, has led to the dogma that the Spirit is real and the material world an illusion. This dogma ignores the fact that EXISTENCE being total, Spirit is necessarily involved in matter, and matter, however gross, is the expression of the Spirit.

To quote from my book *Bhagavad Gita and Modern Life*:

> I could never come to believe that the world of matter and mind is born of a gigantic illusion; if it were, suicide or escape to a cave in the Himalaya would appear to be the only honest course.
>
> The world is about us, as real as real can be, though its reality is passing through or rather is in a state of flux; it is an expression of something very real and abiding. And if this something is the Spirit, it must somehow or other manifest itself in the world of mind and matter; whether it descends as an *avatar* or manifests itself in highly sensitive human instruments is a matter of little consequence.

At the same time there can be no material interpretation of life or history as the modern materialists believe, as there can be no exclusive spiritual interpretation. There is no world of matter governed solely and universally by physico-chemical laws. Life and mind are not the accidental products of these forces operating on matter. To attribute the power of love or the attraction of beauty or the effectiveness of truth to such forces stumbling upon accidental release of power, is to be blind to facts.

To distinguish between the natural and the spiritual, therefore, is to submit to the superstition of this so-called scientific age. Nature, that is the physical aspect of things, is not a denial of the Spirit, nor is the spiritual a breakaway from nature. The laws of Nature are as integral parts of the Spirit as the spiritual laws are of those of Nature. The Spirit sleeps in the womb of Nature. It lies inert in the stone, wakes up in the plant, perceives in the animal, develops self-consciousness in man and becomes manifest in the *yogi*.

Hence arises the supreme truth which must never be forgotten. In all conscious efforts towards evolution or to find self-realisation, the natural must be made spiritual, and the spiritual must become natural. The ascetic who ignores or tortures his body, hinders self-realisation as much as the materialist who thinks that his body is his sole concern. So does everyone who thinks of nature without the Spirit or of the Spirit without nature.

There is no matter so gross as is not impregnated with the Spirit, and nothing which can be called spiritual if it has no affinity with matter. Energy and matter, life and mind, conscience and spirit, are all of the stuff of Reality. Of them all is EXISTENCE made.

●●●

Secondly, I speak to you of RITA, the Cosmic Order. EXISTENCE is self-regulative. The Vedic rishis called this regulative force *Rita*. It is the all-pervasive, omnipotent, inviolable Cosmic Order. All things in nature, in animals, in men and gods move and have their being in and through this Cosmic Order, which operates as much upon matter and life, as upon the mind and the Spirit.

There is no power that can function, no self that can seek self-realisation apart from or in violation of the Cosmic Order. When translated in terms of the norm, it becomes

Truth, *satya*. *Asatya*, untruth, is *anrita*, negation of the Cosmic Order. That is why the Vedic rishi says that *Rita* and *Satya*, Order and Truth, which make for the stability of Existence, are the twin aspects of the Supreme.

Truth is not the only aspect of this Cosmic Order. Beauty is another. The Vedic rishi saw rightly when he discovered the dawn beautiful and the noble thought blissful because of *Rita*.

It is because of *Rita* that Existence throws up its aspects which the seers have called Reality, Consciousness and Bliss (*sat, chit, anand*).

But human mind, even when it is tempered to a point when knowledge becomes spiritual insight, cannot encompass all its aspects. It may have many more aspects which we are never destined to know or which other beings in other parts of the universe may have the opportunity and the means of knowing.

* * *

Thirdly, I speak of the process of transformation. The way of EXISTENCE under the operation of the Cosmic Order as we see it, is a continuous process of transformation. This process is a sort of flowering of the Cosmos from the primeval energy and matter through rudimentary life, to conscious existence, both individual and collective; and then, through such existence, to moral certitude and spiritual insight, when the Spirit, reversing the earlier process, releases creative power which begins to penetrate and uplift the earlier stages.

First, physical energy is transformed into matter. From matter, life is evolved. Once life comes into being, it is driven along by the Basic Reactions—*raga*, *dvesha* and *bhaya*—attachment, repulsion and fear. These reactions give life its primary activities: self-preservation, reproduction and growth. These urges are instinctive and so essential to life that they play a vital role in the survival, both of the individual and the race. They distinguish the living from the dead.

* * *

Fourthly, I speak to you of the Collective Organism of life.

A little over two billion years ago, in the early pre-Cambrian period, the non-living proteins began to be transformed into the simplest living system. Ever since then the most intimate relation has subsisted between the living organisms on earth and their environments comprising both the physical and the biotic factors.

Acting collectively and simultaneously, they create the collective organism on the globe. This Collective Organism in which life is rooted, like EXISTENCE, is unitary and total.

This organism has for its physical basis, the geographical and climatic conditions created by the sunshine and the soil, the river and the mountain, the climate and the rain of every area on earth. It forms part of the larger organism made up of the physical, vegetable, animal and human elements of the globe: this again, through a series of larger organisms, forms a part of the cosmic organism.

As I stated before, the stuff of EXISTENCE is made up of energy and matter, life and mind, conscience and the spirit. The Collective Organism being no more than its microcosm on earth, mind, the moral sense and the spirit are all involved in this organism.

It has a collective consciousness too, regulated by the Cosmic Laws which operate on the supraphysical plane.

Throughout the Cosmos, the process of transformation prevails, the Spirit unfolding itself through gradual stages of matter, life and mind, ultimately to flower as the fundamental aspirations in man. Through the creative power of the higher mind of man, they find fulfilment in upholding the moral and the spiritual aspects of the Cosmic Order expressed through Truth and Love, Faith and Joy and Beauty.

* * *

Every act which disturbs the equilibrium of the Collective Organism violates the Cosmic Order and retards the Process of Transformation. If, for instance, the balance between the vegetable and the animal life is not maintained, fertile lands will be converted into howling deserts, destroying life. This truth is illustrated by the fate which overtook the Mayans of North America.

These Mayans were a powerful and ingenious race. As described by a historian, 'they were the most brilliant aboriginal people on the planet.' They built huge palaces and temples; they knew mathematics and astronomy. Their material achievements are attested by the magnificent ruins they have left.

They have disappeared from the face of the Earth. Their mighty edifices are a colossal wreck. In the words of Shelley:

> Round these ruins, boundless and bare,
> The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Why? asks the ecologist. The Mayans discovered the maize, the finest and the richest foodgrain in the world. They intensively cultivated it for centuries. They flourished; they multiplied with vigour; they lived with happy hearts.

But the soil, so rich once, has no top-soil left now; it is a stretch of bare lime-stone rock.

We must never forget the lesson of the Mayans. Their land had no domestic cattle; they had therefore no need for hay and therefore no use for crop rotation. There was no manure either and no forests; nothing to replenish the soil.

In a thousand years the Mayans ate up the corn; the corn-fields ate up the forests; the corn ate up the top-soil; and all that was left was death and an endless, empty scrub-jungle.

I repeat that the climate and the land and those who live in it form a single inseparable Collective Organism.

* * *

The rudimentary mind, as it evolves out of life, is incapable of appreciating the unitary nature of the Collective Organism and the physical, moral and spiritual laws by which it is governed. At that stage, it is exclusively under the sway of the Basic Reactions—greed, fear and hate.

It goes out through the sense organs, finding satisfaction in sensual delight, or in withdrawing from whatever was dreary and dreadful; or in trying to destroy whatever stands between its desires and their satisfaction. In the result, life is bestial or brutish.

With the Basic Reactions—greed, fear and hate—driving his mind along, man, when he emerged on the earth, began actively to disturb the balance of the Collective Organism. He destroyed forests; inaugurated the butchery called wars; enslaved millions; created conditions under which the collective consciousness was often smothered. As a result, the evolution of the Higher Mind, with its moral sense and fundamental aspirations—the next stage of transformation—was retarded.

When the higher mind begins to develop and man is in this developing stage, he is no longer content to be the passive victim of external factors. He develops the urge to make conscious changes in the collective organism. However, his moral sense is undeveloped and his fundamental aspirations inarticulate.

In ignorance of the total nature of the Collective Organism and the forces operating therein, he believes that the natural resources, human as well as non-human, are capable of being indefinitely exploited for human ends. It has not been brought home to him that the natural resources can serve the ends of transformation only if the total life of the Collective Organism is maintained in harmony and vigour in conformity with the Cosmic Law.

He exhausts the soil and calls it farming; he pollutes the air, creates slums and calls it civilization; he destroys the forests to feed furnaces and calls it advancement.

In this stage—and we are not still out of it—we isolate matter from the Spirit in producing a soulless materialism, when man remains no better than a wicked animal playing with the atomic energy to set the world on fire.

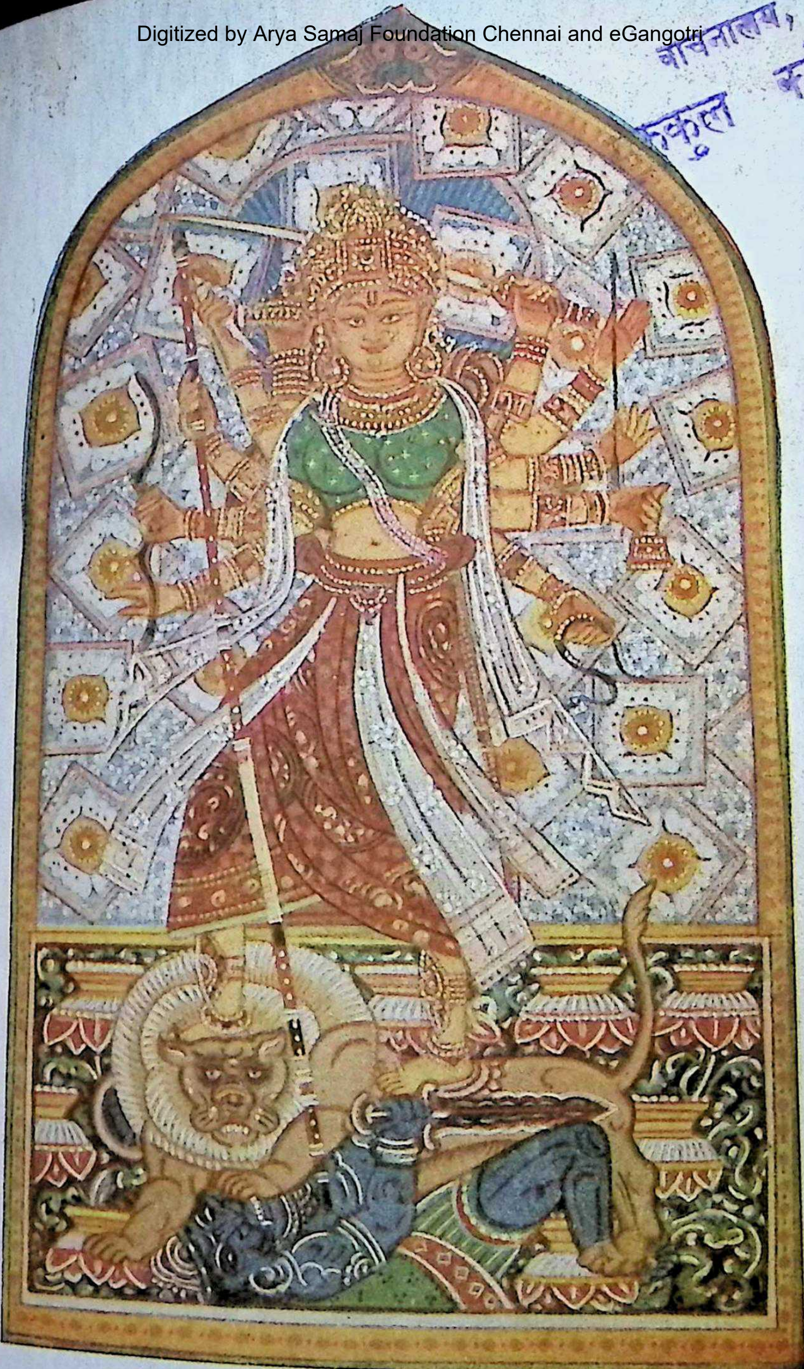
> I believe that humanity shall accept as an axiom for its conduct the principle for which I have laid down my life—the right to investigate. It is the credo of free men—this opportunity to try, this privilege to err, this courage to experiment anew. We scientists of the human spirit shall experiment, experiment, ever experiment. Through centuries of trial and error, through agonies of research. . . Let us experiment with laws and customs, with money systems and governments, until we chart the one true course—until we find the majesty of our proper orbit as the planets above have found theirs . . . And then at last we shall move all together in the harmony of our spheres under the great impulse of a single creation—one unity, one system, one design.
>
> —Roger Bacon

There is also the tendency to isolate and emphasise the Spirit to the disregard of the Collective Organism. As a result, we have high-souled ascetics, but life remains barren and the world tends to become a wilderness.

I will take up this matter again in a future Letter.

Yours sincerely,

वाचनालय,
कुल कांगड़ी



तामग्निवर्णां तपसा ज्वलन्तीं वैरोचनीं कर्मफलेषु जुष्टाम् ।
दुर्गां देवीं शरणमहं प्रपद्ये सुतरसि तरसे नमः ॥—*Khila.*

Purusha Sukta

THOUSAND-HEADED PURUSHA, thousand-eyed, thousand-footed—he, having pervaded the earth on all sides, still extends ten fingers beyond it.

Purusha alone is all this—whatever has been and whatever is going to be. Further, he is the lord of immortality and also of what grows on account of food.

Such is his greatness; greater, indeed, than this is Purusha. All creatures constitute but one quarter of him, his three quarters are the immortal in the heaven.

With his three quarters did Purusha rise up; one quarter of him again remains here. With it did he variously spread out on all sides over what eats and what eats not.

From him was Viraj born, from Viraj evolved the Purusha. He being born, projected himself behind the earth as also before it.

When the gods performed the sacrifice with Purusha as the oblation, then the spring was its clarified butter, the summer the sacrificial fuel, and the autumn the oblation.

The sacrificial victim, namely, Purusha, born at the very beginning, they sprinkled with sacred water upon the sacrificial grass. With him as oblation the gods performed the sacrifice, and also the Sadhyas (a class of semi-divine beings) and the **rishis** (ancient seers).

From that wholly offered sacrificial oblation were born the verses (**rc**) and the sacred chants; from it were born the meters (**chandas**); the sacrificial formula was born from it.

From it horses were born and also those animals who have double rows (i.e., upper and lower) of teeth; cows were born from it, from it were born goats and sheep.

When they divided Purusha, in how many different portions did they arrange him? What became of his mouth, what of his two arms? What were his two thighs and his two feet called?

His mouth became the **brahman;** his two arms were made into the **rajanya;** his two thighs the **vaishyas;** from his two feet the **sudra** was born.

The moon was born from the mind, from the eye the sun was born; from the mouth Indra and Agni, from the breath (**prana**) the wind (**vayu**) was born.

From the navel was the atmosphere created, from the head the heaven issued forth; from the two feet was born the earth and the quarters (the cardinal directions) from the ear. Thus did they fashion the worlds.

Seven were the enclosing sticks in this sacrifice, thrice seven were the fire-sticks made, when the gods, performing the sacrifice, bound down Purusha, the sacrificial victim.

With this sacrificial oblation did the gods offer the sacrifice. These were the first norms (**dharma**) of sacrifice. These greatnesses reached to the sky wherein live the ancient Sadhyas and gods.

—From **Rigveda**

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Krishnan works in a small hotel in Bombay. "My wife and two children live in Kerala", he said. "We have a little land there, and I send home a little money every month." Last year floods ravaged his property. His bullocks were washed away. His house was damaged. He *had* to go home to set things right and to save his only possessions from ruin. Money was needed urgently.

"I got the money from the L.I.C.", said Krishnan brightly. He had taken a policy* for Rs. 1,000 in 1941, when he was earning just Rs. 25 a month. The policy matured and he got the money in a lump sum. "Thank God I had the wisdom to take a policy at that time," he said. "If I hadn't, I do not know what I would have done."

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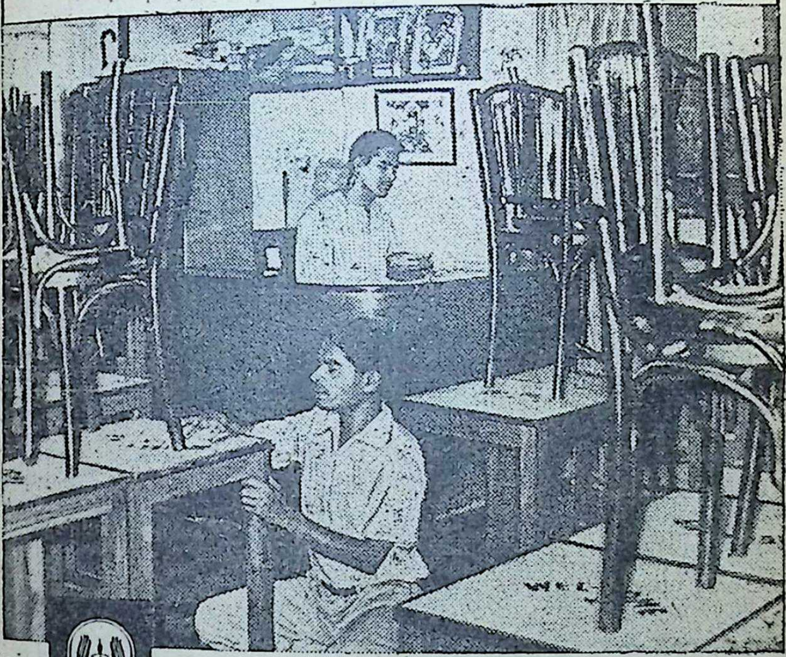
* *Endowment Assurance Policy without profits*



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वाचनालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

THE REAL SELF

“THE SELF (*atman*) who is free from evil, free from old age, free from death, free from grief, free from hunger, free from thirst, whose desire is the Real (*satya*, or truth), whose intention is the Real—he should be sought after, he should be desired to be comprehended. He obtains all worlds and all desires, who, having found out that Self, knows him.” Thus, indeed, did the god Prajapati speak.

Verily, the gods and the demons both heard this.

They said among themselves: “Aha! Let us seek after that Self—the Self, having sought after whom one obtains all worlds and all desires.”

Then Indra from among the gods went forth unto Prajapati, and Virochana from among the demons. Indeed, without communicating with each other, those two came into the presence of Prajapati with sacrificial fuel, in hand (i.e., as students willing to serve their preceptor).

For thirty-two years the two lived under Prajapati the disciplined life of a student of sacred knowledge (*brahmacharya*).

Then Prajapati asked them: “Desiring what have you lived the disciplined life of a student of sacred knowledge under me?”

They said: “ ‘The Self, who is free from evil, free from old age, free from death, free from grief, free from hunger, free from thirst, whose desire is the Real, whose intention is the Real—he should be sought after, he should be desired to be comprehended. He obtains all worlds and all desires, who, having found out that Self, knows him.' These, people declare to be the venerable master's words. Desiring him (the Self) have we lived the student's life under you."

Prajapati said to them: "That Purusha who is seen in the eye—he is the Self (*atman*)," said he. "That is the immortal, the fearless; that is Brahman."

"But this one, Sir, who is perceived in water and in a mirror—who is he?"

Prajapati replied: "The same one, indeed, is perceived in all these. Having looked at yourself in a pan of water, whatever you do not comprehend of the Self, tell that to me."

They looked at themselves in the pan of water.

Prajapati asked them: "What do you see?"

They replied: "We see here, Sir, our own selves in entirety, the very reproduction of our forms, as it were, correct to the hairs and the nails."

Then Prajapati said to them: "Having become well ornamented, well dressed, and refined, look at yourselves in a pan of water."

Having become well ornamented, well dressed, and refined, they looked at themselves in a pan of water.

Thereupon Prajapati asked them: "What do you see?"

They replied: "Just as we ourselves here are, Sir, well ornamented, well dressed, and refined...."

"That is the Self," said he. "That is the immortal, the fearless; that is Brahman."

Then they went away with a tranquil heart.

Having looked at them, Prajapati said to himself: "They are going away without having realized, without having found out the Self. Whosoever will accept this doctrine as final, be they gods or demons, they shall perish."

Then Virochana, verily, with a tranquil heart, went to the demons and declared to them that doctrine, namely: 'One's self (one's bodily self) alone is to be made happy here; one's self is to be served. Making oneself alone happy here, serving oneself, does one obtain both worlds, this world and the yonder.'

Therefore, here, even now, they say of one who is not a giver, who has no faith, who does not offer sacrifices, that he is, indeed, a demon; for this is the doctrine of the demons. They adorn the body of the deceased with perfumes, flowers, etc., which they have begged, with dress and with ornaments, for they think they will thereby win the yonder world.

But then Indra, even before reaching the gods, saw this danger: "Just as, indeed, the bodily self becomes well ornamented when this body is well ornamented, well dressed when this body is well dressed, and refined when this body is refined, even so that one becomes blind when this body is blind, lame when this body is lame, and maimed when this body is maimed. The bodily Self, verily, perishes immediately after the perishing of this body. I see no good in this."

With sacrificial fuel in hand, he again came back to Prajapati.

[Prajapati who admits its truth asks him to live as a student under him for another thirty-two years.]

Indra lived a student's life under Prajapati for another thirty-two years.

Then, Prajapati said to him: "He who moves about happy in a dream—he is the Self," said he. "That is the immortal; the fearless; that is Brahman."

Thereupon, with a tranquil heart, Indra went away.

But then, even before reaching the gods, he saw this danger: "Now, even though this body is blind, the Self in the dream-condition does not become blind; even though this body is lame, he does not become lame; indeed, he does not suffer any defect through the defect of this body. He is not slain with the slaying of this body. He does not become lame with the lameness of this body. Nevertheless, they, as it were, kill him; they, as it were, unclothe him. He, as it were, becomes the experiencer of what is not agreeable; he, as it were, even weeps. I see no good in this."

[Again Indra returns to Prajapati with his objection. The latter admits its truth but asks Indra to be his student for another thirty-two years.]

Then Prajapati said to him: "Now, when one is sound asleep, composed, serene, and knows no dream—that is the Self," said he, "That is the immortal, the fearless; that is Brahman."

Thereupon, with a tranquil heart, Indra went away.

But then, even before reaching the gods, he saw this danger: "Assuredly, this Self in the deep sleep condition does not, indeed, now know himself in the form: 'I am he'; nor indeed does he know these things here. He, as it were, becomes one who has gone to annihilation. I see no good in this."

[Indra once more retunrs to Prajapati, who promises to tell him the final truth after another five years of stndentship.]

Indra lived a student's life under Prajapati for another five years. The total number of these years thus came to one hundred and one; thus it is that people say that, verily, for one hundred and one years Maghavan (Indra, the Rewarder) lived under Prajapati the disciplined life of a student of sacred knowledge.

Then Prajapati said to him: "O Maghavan, mortal, indeed, is this body; it is taken over by death. But it is the basis of that deathless, bodiless Self. Verily, the Self, when embodied, is taken over by pleasure and pain. Verily, there is no freedom from pleasure and pain for one who is associated with the body. The wind is bodiless; cloud, lightning, thunder—these are bodiless. Now as these, having risen up from yonder space and having reached the highest light, appear each with its own form, even so this serene Self, having risen up from this body and having reached the highest light, appears with its own form. That Self is the Supreme Person (*UTTAMA PURUSHA*).

—*Chandogya Upanishad.*

The spacious imagination, the majestic sweep of thought, and the almost reckless spirit of exploration with which, urged by the compelling thirst for truth, the Upanishad teachers and pupils dig into the 'open secret' of the universe, make this most ancient of the world's holy books still the modern and most satisfying. —C. Rajagopalachari.

Greed, the Poison

श्रीराम उवाच–
हार्दान्धकारशर्वर्या तृष्णयेह दुरन्तया ।
स्फुरन्ति चेतनाकाशे दोषकौशिकपङ्क्तयः ।।
अन्तर्दाहप्रदायिन्या समूढरसमार्दवः ।
पङ्क आदित्यदीप्त्येव शोषं नीतोऽस्मि चिन्तया ।।
मम चित्तमहारण्ये व्यामोहतिमिराकुले ।
शून्ये ताण्डविनी जाता भृशमाशापिशाचिका ।।
वचोरचितनीहारा काञ्चनोपवनोज्वला ।
नूनं विकासमायाति चिन्ताचणकमञ्जरी ।।
अलमन्तर्भ्रमायैव तृष्णातरलिताशया ।
आयाता विषमोल्लासमूर्मिरम्बुनिधाविव ।।

Sri Rama continued:

Heaps of vices, like flocks of owls here soar up in the firmament of our mind under the intensely dark and unending night of our greed. Anxieties have parched me up even as the solar rays do the clay, depriving it of its moistened softness and giving it an internal heat. My mind is like a huge wilderness covered by the darkness of delusions in which the demoness of greed dances about incessantly. Just as dew causes the golden-hued blossoms of the bean in the garden to bloom, so do my wailings and tears enhance my anxieties. Avarice by raising hopes generates inner commotion, as do the huge, stormy waves in the ocean.

उद्दामकल्लोलरवा देहाद्रौ वहतीह मे ।
तरङ्गतरलाकारा तरत्तृष्णातरङ्गिणी ।।
वेगं संरोद्धुमुदितो वात्ययेव जरत्तृणम् ।
नीतः कलुषया क्वापि तृष्णया चित्तचातकः ।।
यां यामहमतीवास्थां संश्रयामि गुणश्रियाम् ।
तां तां कृन्तति मे तृष्णा तन्त्रीमिव कुमूषिका ।।
पयसीव जरत्पर्णं वायाविव जरत्तृणम् ।
नभसीव शरन्मेघश्चिन्ताचक्रे भ्रमाम्यहम् ।।
गन्तुमास्पदमात्मीयमसमर्थधियो वयम् ।
चिन्ताजाले विमुह्यामो जाले शकुनयो यथा ।।

Within the rock of my body flows the stream of greediness with precipitate force (in my actions), and loud resounding waves (of my speech). The mind is driven away by foul avarice from one place to another as the dry straw is blown off by wind and as the Chataka bird flies about afflicted by thirst. What all good qualities I have diligently cultivated, all those greediness destroys as the mouse the strings (of a musical instrument). We turn about on the wheel of our cares as do the dry leaves on the water, or the dry straws in the wind or the autumnal clouds in the sky. We are rendered incapable of reaching self-perfection, entangled as we are in the web of our anxieties, as birds in a snare.

तृष्णाभिधानया तात दग्धोऽस्मि ज्वालया तथा ।
यथा दाहोपशमनमाशङ्के नामृतैरपि ।।
दूरं दूरमितो गत्वा समेत्य च पुनः पुनः ।
भ्रमत्याशु दिगन्तेषु तृष्णोन्मत्ता तुरङ्गमी ।।

जडसंसर्गिणी तृष्णा कृतोर्ध्वाधोगमागमा ।
क्षुब्धा ग्रन्थिमती नित्यमारघट्टाग्ररज्जुवत् ।।
अन्तर्ग्रथितया देहे सर्वदुश्छेदयाऽनया ।
रज्वेवाशु बलीवर्दस्तृष्णया वाह्यते जनः ।।

By the flame of greed, O Sire, am I consumed, and I feel doubtful if even nectar would assuage this inflammation. The heated mare of desire carries me farther and farther, then nearer and nearer, jerking me all over in the ends of all quarters. In the manner of a bucket tied to a rope, so are we pulled up and cast down at every turn, being attached to greed that is base and full of evil. His body being inextricably attached to desires, man is controlled by them, as the bullock by the reins.

पुत्रमित्रकलत्रादितृष्णया नित्यकृष्टया ।
खगेष्विव किरात्येदं जालं लोकेषु रच्यते ।।
भीषयत्यपि धीरं मामन्धयत्यपि सेक्षणम् ।
खेदयत्यपि सानन्दं तृष्णा कृष्णेव शर्वरी ।।
कुटिला कोमलस्पर्शा विषवैषम्यशंसिनी ।
दशत्यपि मनाक् स्पृष्टा तृष्णा कृष्णेव भोगिनी ।।
भिन्दती हृदयं पुंसां मायामयविधायिनी ।
दौर्भाग्यदायिनी दीना तृष्णा कृष्णेव राक्षसी ।।

As the huntress spreads her net to entrap birds, so does our affection for sons, wives and friends bind us up ever in this world. This dark night of greed terrifies even the courageous, blindfolds the keen-sighted and depresses the happy. Wicked and soft to feel and full of deadly poison like a black serpent, greed bites us as soon as felt. She is like a miserable, dark demoness deluding men by sorcery and piercing their hearts bringing them ill-fortune.

तन्त्रीतन्त्रिगणैः कोशं दधाना परिवेष्टितम् ।
नानन्दे राजते ब्रह्मन् तृष्णा जर्जरवल्लकी ।।
नित्यमेवातिमलिना कटुकोन्माददायिनी ।
दीर्घतन्त्री घनस्नेहा तृष्णा गह्वरवल्लरी ।।
अनानन्दकरी शून्या निष्फला व्यर्थमुन्नता ।
अमङ्गलकरी क्रूरा तृष्णा क्षीणेव मञ्जरी ।।

O Brahman, this body reigned over by avarice appears like a worn-out lute, covered by strings of arteries and with no pleasing sound. She is like the long-fibred, juicy and intensely black Katuka plant that grows out of mountain caves and intoxicates men (on being tasted). She is like a dry branch (of a tree)—unpleasant, shadeless, fruitless, vainly-grown, inauspicious and fierce.

अनावर्जितचित्तापि सर्वमेवानुधावति ।
न चाप्नोति फलं किंचित्तृष्णा जीर्णेव कामिनी ।।
संसारवृन्दे महति नानारससमाकुले ।
भुवनाभोगरङ्गेषु तृष्णा जरठनर्त्तकी ।।
जराकुसुमितारूढा पातोत्पातफलावलिः ।।
संसारजंगले दीर्घे तृष्णा विषलता तता ।।

She behaves like an old woman who, though not capable of attracting men, courts everybody without gaining her end. She is like an old actress in the vast theatre of worldly enjoyment trying to please every taste of her huge audience of worldlings. In the vast wilderness of worldly existence, greed is a poisonous creeper whose blossoms are old age and infirmity, and fruits pleasure and pain.

यन्न शक्नोति तत्रापि धत्ते ताण्डवितां गतिम् ।
नृत्यत्यानन्दरहितं तृष्णा जीर्णेव नर्तकी ।।
भृशं स्फुरति नीहारे शाम्यत्यालोक आगते ।
दुर्लङ्घ्येषु पदं धत्ते चिन्ताचपलबर्हिणी ।।
जडकल्लोलबहुला चिरं शून्यान्तरान्तरा ।
क्षणमुल्लासमायाति तृष्णाप्रावृट्तरङ्गिणी ।।
नष्टमुत्सृज्य तिष्ठन्तं तृष्णा वृक्षमिवापरम् ।
पुरुषात्पुरुषं याति तृष्णा लीलेव पक्षिणी ।।

पदं करोत्यलङ्घ्येऽपि तृप्तापि फलमीहते।
चिरं तिष्ठति नैकत्र तृष्णा चपलमर्कटी॥

Greed is like an old danseuse who in spite of her inability yet continues to dance, without joy. The fickle pea-hen of our thoughts often reach inaccessible heights soaring high under the mist (of ignorance) while dropping down in the light (of wisdom). Greed is like a river whose rolling waves quickly swell up in the rainy season while lying low for long at other times. She is like an inconstant female bird who has several mates and who losing one tree leaves for another. Greed like a flouncing monkey saunters up to impassable spots, longs for fruit even when satiate and rests long at no place.

इदं कृत्वेदमायाति सर्वमेवासमञ्जसम्।
अनारतं च यतते तृष्णा चेष्टैव दैविकी॥
क्षणमायाति पातालं क्षणं याति नभस्थलम्।
क्षणं भ्रमति दिक्कुञ्जे तृष्णा हृत्पद्मषट्पदी॥
सर्वसंसारदोषाणां तृष्णैका दीर्घदुःखदा।
अन्तःपुरस्थमपि या योजयत्यतिसंकटे॥
प्रयच्छति परं जाड्यं परमालोकरोधिनी।
मोहनीहारगहना तृष्णा जलदमालिका॥
सर्वेषां जन्तुजातानां संसारव्यवहारिणाम्।
परिप्रोतमनोमाला तृष्णा बन्धनरज्जुवत्॥
विचित्रवर्णा विगुणा दीर्घा मलिनसंस्थितिः।
शून्या शून्यपदा तृष्णा शक्रकार्मुकधर्मिणी॥

Avarice is like the divine action which though ever on the alert, does things often absurdly. She is like a black-bee sitting on the lotus of one's heart darting in a moment up above and down below, and in all directions. Of all worldly evils, greed alone is the source of endless woe and she brings to grief even the most secluded man. Like a cluster of clouds, avarice creates dullness, obstructs the light of wisdom and is fraught with a thick mist (of delusion). As with a tether, greed binds up the minds of all animate creatures engaged in worldly pursuits. Like the Iris avarice has attractive colours, stretches herself long, is without quality, resting on vapour, vacant and unsubstantial.

अशनिर्गुणसस्यानां फलिता शरदापदाम्।
हिमं संवित्सरोजानां तमसां दीर्घयामिनी॥
संसारनाटकनटी कार्यालयविहंगमी।
मानसारण्यहरिणी स्मरसंगीतवल्लकी॥
व्यवहाराब्धिलहरी मोहमातङ्गशृङ्खला।
सर्गन्यग्रोधसुलता दुःखकैरवचन्द्रिका॥

She devastates our virtues as the thunderbolt the plants; creates disaster as the autumn sprouts the grass; numbs our intellect as the frost freezes the lotuses and enhances our ignorance as winter prolongs the night. She is an actress on the stage of worldly life; a bird that flies about in the cage of worldly affairs; a deer that frolics in the wilderness of our mind and a lute for the song of Cupid. She is the stormy wave of the ocean of our cares, the chain that binds us to elephantine delusions, the source of the spreading tree of creation, and the moonlight that makes the white lotus of woes bloom.

जरामरणदुःखानामेका रत्नसमुद्रिका।
आधिव्याधिविलासानां नित्यं मत्ता विलासिनी॥
क्षणमालोकविमला सान्धकारलवा क्षणम्।
व्योमवीथ्युपमा तृष्णा नीहारगहना क्षणम्॥
गच्छत्युपशमं तृष्णा कायव्यायामशान्तये।
तमो घनतमः कृष्णा यथा रक्षोनिवृत्तये॥
तावन्मुह्यत्ययं मूको लोको विलुलिताशयः।
यावदेवानुसंधत्ते तृष्णां विषविषूचिकां॥

She is the sole seat of the miseries of decrepitude and death, always revelling madly in the wake of distress and disease. For a moment greed appears pure as light, then foul as darkness; now she is as clear as the Milky Way and again as obscure as the mist. When physical urges are avoided desires subside, as fear of goblins recede when the intense darkness of night disperses. As long as they are subject to the poisonous cholic of greed, so long men remain bewildered, dumb and bereft of senses.

लोकोऽयमखिलं दुःखं चिन्तयोज्झितयोज्इति ।
तृष्णाविषूचिकामन्त्रश्चिन्तात्यागो हि कथ्यते ॥
तृणपाषाणकाष्ठादिसर्वमामिषशङ्कया ।
आददाना स्फुरत्यन्ते तृष्णा मत्स्यी ह्रदे यथा ॥
रोगार्तिरङ्गनातृष्णा गम्भीरमपि मानवम् ।
उत्तानतां नयत्याशु सूर्यांशव इवाम्बुजम् ॥

This world will get released from entire sorrow when free from anxieties. Abandonment of worries is said to be the remedy for the sickness of avarice. As the fish do in water, so the greedy lay hold on everything, be it wood or stone or straw, deeming it their prey. Desire like a sickly pain excites even the gravest of men to motion as the rays of the sun do the lotus flower.

अन्तःशून्या ग्रन्थिमत्यो दीर्घस्वाङ्कुरकण्टकाः ।
मुक्तामणिप्रिया नित्यं तृष्णा वेणुलता इव ॥
अहो बत महच्चित्रं तृष्णामपि महाधियः ।
दुश्छेदामपि कृन्तन्ति विवेकेनामलासिना ॥
नासिधारा न वज्रार्चिः न तप्तायःकणार्चिषः ।
तथा तीक्ष्णा यथा ब्रह्मन् तृष्णेयं हृदि संस्थिता ॥

Hollow inside, knotty and full of long, thorny prickles, greed resembles the bamboo plant that is loved for its pearly substance. Even so, it is a great wonder that high-minded men cut this almost unseverable desire with the glittering sword of reason. O Brahman, neither the edge of the sword nor the flash of lightning nor the sparks from red-hot iron is powerful enough to break through the deep-seated desires of our heart.

उज्ज्वलाऽसिततीक्ष्णाग्रा स्नेहदीर्घदशा परा ।
प्रकाशा दाहदुःस्पर्शा तृष्णा दीपशिखा इव ॥
अपि मेरुसमं प्राज्ञमपि शूरमपि स्थिरम् ।
तृणीकरोति तृष्णैका निमिषेण नरोत्तमम् ॥
संस्तीर्णगहना भीमा घनजालरजोमयी ।
सान्धकारोग्रनीहारा तृष्णा विन्ध्यमहातटी ।

Greed is like the flame of a lamp, bright, blackening and with a burning end; fed by the oily wicks of attachment, shining and untouchable for heat. Even the best of men, though steady, stout-hearted, and highly learned, is reduced to straw if subject to greed in an instant. She is like the valley of Vindhya hills, impenetrably deep, awesome, full of snares and filth, dark and thick with the mist (of delusion).

एकैव सर्वभुवनान्तरलब्धलक्ष्या
दुर्लक्ष्यतामुपगतैव वपुःस्थितैव ।
तृष्णा स्थिता जगति चञ्चलवीचिमाले
क्षीरोदाकाम्बुतरले मधुरेव शक्तिः ॥

To fulfil desire is the sole object of all the worlds. Though seated in the body of everybody, she is imperceptible. Her power remains in this world as sweetness in water that is pervasive, wetting and noisy and full of unsteady waves.

वाचनालय, कांगड़ी

GRATITUDE

The value of an act of help is not rated by its size; even a small one is of inestimable worth. Rather than size, its timeliness and spontaneity are its true desiderata. Indeed such a service is impossible of repayment, even with the earth and heaven put together.

The bounty of mother earth is well-known, but even there, the yield of crops for instance, is dependent on the season and other factors. Not so the ever ready with their help to the needy. In this respect they outshine even mother-earth.

Nay, their nature is even grander than the mighty ocean which although benefiting humanity with its huge resources of water through clouds, yet manages to get them back in other ways. But the votaries of ready help have little thought of reward when they succour.

How should one esteem a spontaneous help? The palm tree is a shining example. Despite her scanty resources of water, she raises her head aloft in the sky and is versatile with her uses.

Just as one should never give up the friendship of the noble of character, one should never forget too the help rendered at a needy moment. It is said that the great ones carry their gratefulness through all their seven lives.

Even as it is obligatory to be grateful for helpful act is it essential to forget a harmful act, instantaneously. It becomes all the more necessary because, once a benefactor, for ever a benefactor. Not even a subsequent harmful act on his part could make him different. Indeed in such an eventuality, the grateful remembrance of the original benefaction has the magic touch of transforming the later harmful acts into benefic ones.

Finally, expiations for transgressing other norms of conduct are known to exist; but there is none whatsoever for ungratefulness.

. . . to despair is to deny God . . .

FAITH IN GOD

Mahatma Gandhi

GOD never fails His devotees in the hour of trial. The condition is that there must be a living faith in and the uttermost reliance on Him. The test of faith is that having done our duty we must be prepared to welcome whatever He may send—joy as well as sorrow, good luck as well as bad. We will, then, feel like King Janaka who, when informed that his capital was ablaze, only remarked that it was no concern of his. The secret of his resignation and equanimity was that he was ever awake, never remiss in the performance of his duty. Having done his duty, he could leave the rest to God.

And so a man of prayer will, in the first place, be spared mishaps by the ever-merciful Providence; but if the mishaps do come, he will not bewail his fate but bear it with an undisturbed peace of mind and joyous resignation to His will.

Man is born to live in the midst of dangers and alarms. The whole existence of man is a ceaseless duel between the forces of life and death.

God makes crooked straight for us, and sets things right when they seem to go dead wrong.

* * *

If we have faith in God, we simply would not care to know beforehand how He may dispose of us. It is enough for us to hold ourselves perfectly in readiness for whatever happens. We are not allowed to know what tomorrow has in store for us, and our best conceived plans have a knack very often of going awry. The highest wisdom, therefore, is never to worry about the future, but to resign ourselves entirely to His will.

If we have trust in God, we should not worry even as we would not when we have a trustworthy door-keeper or guard. And who can be a better door-keeper or guard than God—the never-failing. It is not enough that we sing about such things or have a mere intellectual grasp. It is necessary to feel the thing within. Feeling is exactly like feeling pain or pleasure. It admits of or needs no argument. Who can argue us out of our experience?

Feeling is of the heart. It may easily lead us astray unless we would keep the heart pure. It is like keeping house and everything in it clean. The heart is the source from which knowledge of God springs. If the source is contaminated, every other remedy is useless. And if its purity is assured, nothing else is needed.

You must not work yourself into anxiety. If we simply make ourselves instruments of His will, we should never have anxious moment.

Yes, there is no calm without a storm, there is no peace without strife. Strife is inherent in peace. We should not know it without. Life is a perpetual struggle against strife, whether within or without. Hence, the necessity of realizing peace in the midst of strife.

Sri Ramakrishna was once questioned: "Do you believe in God, Sir?"

"Yes," the Master replied.

"Can you prove it, Sir?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Because I see Him just as I see you here, only very much more intensely."

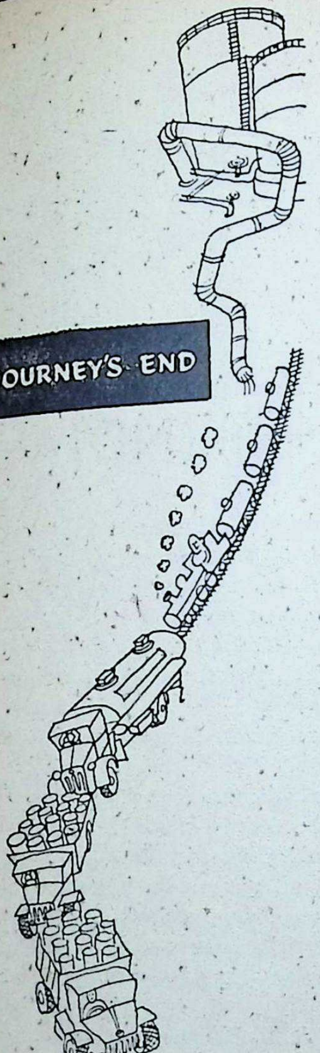
We do not know God's hidden ways. If we only submit to Him, He makes us do many things even unconsciously to ourselves. It will be such a joy to me if you never find yourself in the Valley of Despair, for, to be there, even for one moment, means lack of faith in a living God.

We are all in God's hands. Not a blade moves but by His command. If we had all our own ways, the world will go to pieces. It is perhaps as well that our wishes are often frustrated. It is the test of our loyalty to God that we believe in Him, even when He refuses to fulfil our wishes. I want you, therefore, to enjoy perfect peace even while things seem to you to be all going wrong.

God does not always allow us to do what we think is the best. I suppose we don't always know what is best.

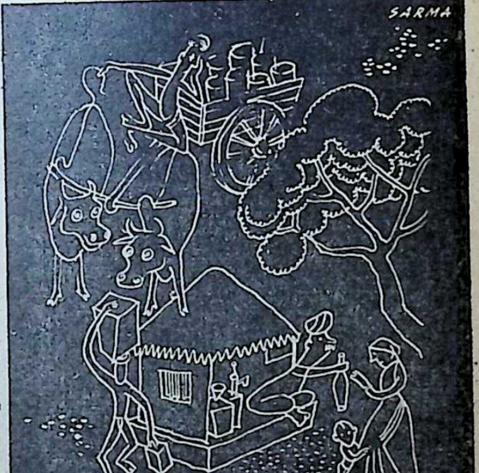
Remember that God takes the burden of all our cares on His broad shoulders, if we will but let Him.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust*]

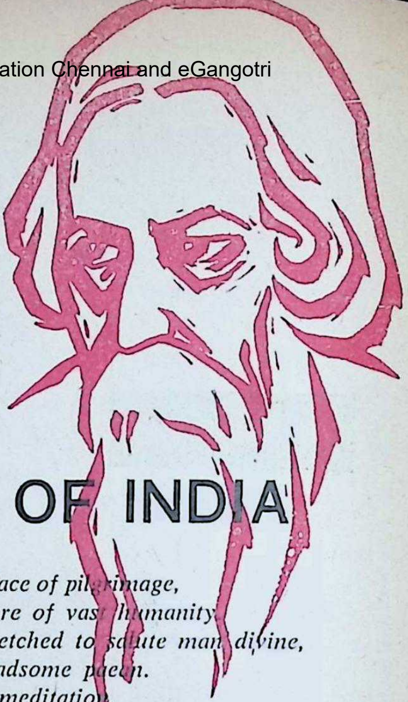


JOURNEY'S END

“The provision of sufficient quantities of the required products in the right place and at the right time often produces serious problems and to solve these necessitates a careful but flexible organization, an elaborate system of transportation, storage and distribution. There are more than 3,000 Burmah-Shell petrol dealerships and over 1,600 kerosine agencies, besides nearly half a lakh kerosine sub-dealers in India's 5½ lakh villages”



...and BURMAH-SHELL deliver the goods



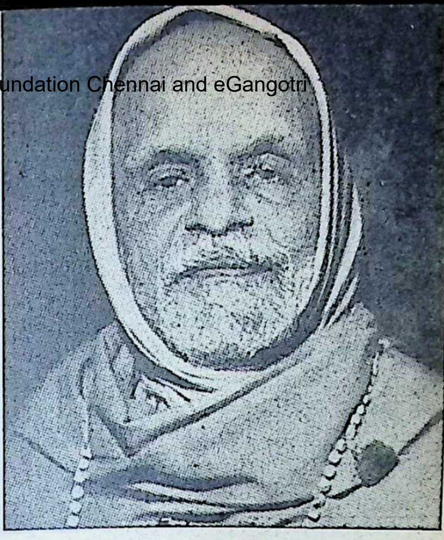
THE SONG OF INDIA

Heart of mine, awake in this holy place of pilgrimage,
In this Land of India, on the shore of vast humanity.
Here do I stand with arms outstretched to salute man divine,
And sing his praise in many a gladsome paean.
These hills that are rapt in deep meditation,
These plains that clasp their rosaries of rivers,
Here will you find earth that is ever-sacred;
In this Land of India, on the shore of vast humanity.

We know not whence and at whose call, these myriad streams
Have come rushing forth to lose themselves in this sea—
Aryan and non-Aryan, Dravidian and Chinese,
Scythian, Hun, Pathan and Moghul, all merged into one body.
Now the West has opened her doors, bringing their offerings,
They will give and take, unite, and will not turn away,
In this Land of India, on the shore of vast humanity.

Come O Aryans, come non-Aryans, Hindu, Mussalman come,
Come ye Parsees, come O Christians, come ye one and all,
Come Brahmins, let thou be hallowed by holding all by hand.
Come ye all who are shunned, wipe out the dishonour,
Come to the crowning of the Mother, fill the sacred bowl
With water that is sanctified by the touch of all
In this Land of India, on the shore of vast humanity.

—Gurudev Tagore



H. H. BHARATI
KRISHNA TIRTHA

THE SPIRITUAL APPROACH TO WORLD PEACE

EVEN the meekest and most unegotistical human being regards man as the crown of creation. It is taken for granted, whether consciously or unconsciously, that we are superior to all other sentient creatures.

Now, having come to birth as a human being, it behoves each of us to think over this matter and to ask himself: "What is the truth about it? Is the belief well-founded or is it prompted merely by vanity?" If it is true that man is God's noblest handiwork, he should endeavour fully to express his uniqueness. If man's assertion of pre-eminence is false, he should cease to make it and should regard himself as being on the same level as the brutes.

Persons having the question put before them at once rebel against the idea that the belief is false and that man is no more than an animal. If their attitude is correct, it is based not on conceit but on a real, historical, and psychological truth. What is the quality in which man's greatness, his superiority, resides?

Even with regard to small things of a worldly type, of a material character, when we come across something that has a special value, that possesses some important superiority, we try to put it to its utmost use and to take the highest advantage of it. Similarly, if there is an element of greatness within us that really makes us the crest-jewel of creation, we ought to realize it and determine to utilize it in all conceivable directions.

Considering merely the physical side of man, the belief that he is the greatest in the universe cannot be supported. Elephants, rhinoceroses, and a number of other animals surpass man in hugeness of body and in physical strength. In regard to numerous other considerations, we could take up one point after another and would have to admit that in these respects, also, man is not superior to other forms of creation.

Finally we would have to say that the one and only way in which man transcends other creatures is in his spiritual and intellectual qualities. Intellect not in the sense of acuteness or cunning but intellect motivated in all its activities by a spiritual urge is the high privilege and the special qualification of mankind, as such.

How far have we been able to employ our unique gifts for the benefit of all—not merely for ourselves as individuals but for the races, nations, communities, and groups of the world? In what way have we rendered our intellect and our spirit of use to ourselves and humanity?

If we go into this question we will have to admit with sadness (and not merely with sadness but with a sense of shame; with our heads bowed down) that we have not done justice to ourselves as human beings.

Quoting a few words of my own from another context, I will say: "Strange and stirring, critical and epoch-making are the times." The transition period in which our lot is cast has brought us tremendous conflicts between ideologies, frames of mind, and modes of life. We have come to a point of immanent nightmare, of apprehension that war drums may be heard at any moment. There is trouble everywhere. And man, with all his intellect, with all his ingenuity, has not yet been able to face the actual historical fact of the situation.

Things are going in a direction that all people, desiring the welfare of the human race, are deploring. Leaders of different schools of thought, of different systems of religion and culture, agree on this point. It may be that the details are different, that we have our differences of opinion as regards the path to the goal; but that the aim of humanity is the attainment of peace and joy is admitted by all. Our religions may be different; our denominations, our sects, our subsects, and our sub-sub-sects are there in plenty, with great differences marking one group of humanity from another. All these counterdistinctions being present, we cannot hesitate to say that on such and such points we differ. But so far as the goal is concerned, there is no difference at all.

What is the goal? If we put it in philosophical terms, as found in the *Upanishads* (the *Vedanta* of the Hindu scriptures), the goal of mankind is *perfection*. Physical perfection? Yes. Material? Yes. Political, educational, intellectual, and spiritual? Yes. All-round perfection is what man seeks.

Every person desires a strong, healthy physical body and is unwilling to have it tainted by any weakness or disease. Man craves perfect health and strength not merely for the body but for the mind also. No one wants any kind of lopsided development. The word *perfection* does not admit of any qualifying, any limiting adjective at all. We want complete, all-round perfection.

This is the goal we are after. That we are unable to fulfil our aspirations and to attain perfection in physical strength, intellectual power, and spiritual insight is a matter deplored by all of us.

What have we done, what are we doing, to justify our nature with its unique endowment of reason and spirituality? Physically, mentally, educationally, artistically, culturally and so on, we have got many of the various things we desire. But at the end of it all, as the resultant, the consequence of it all, what a world situation we see before us!

From time to time we have the urgent feeling that something should be done to avert the threatened calamity. World peace is desired by all because prosperity is dependent on peace. We talk about prosperity in various senses. There may be physical health, there may be economic strength, there may be military power. All sorts of resources may be available to us, at our disposal. And yet so long as there is no peace we cannot derive true satisfaction from these advantages and facilities.

This being the case, we have to think of the matter from the standpoint of spirituality, co-ordinating all the various parts that go to make up what you might call our physical, intellectual, and spiritual "build". The body is there; the intellect is there; and the motivating spirit behind them. We possess these gifts; and what use are we putting them to?

If there be an honest, introspective study of this particular point, we should be able to arrive at conclusions of benefit to humanity. It behoves every thinking person to take all the facts and factors of the situation into account, to weigh the pros and cons, and to offer solutions calculated to lead humanity on farther and farther in the direction of real progress, with no "ifs" or "buts" to spoil the whole meaning of all that we have been acknowledging as not merely man's rights but man's duty. Man's prerogative is there; and at the same time man's responsibility is there.

We can look at this matter from the standpoint of religious study, the examination of various religions. We are told, for example, in the first book of the Old Testament that man is God's noblest creation, that God created man in His own image. Other texts in the Bible say the same thing.

In the Indian scriptures we find similar passages. "Man is the highest in creation." Verses after verses, chapters after chapters in the *Vedas* describe man's superiority and consequent responsibility. He has facilities and advantages that none else in creation has. And responsibility naturally follows facility. Every advantage we possess is, *ipso facto*, a reason for our further responsibility. And insofar as we are loyal to the performance of our duty we justify the greatness that the scriptures ascribe to us.

When we go into this question the first thing to do, as in the case of

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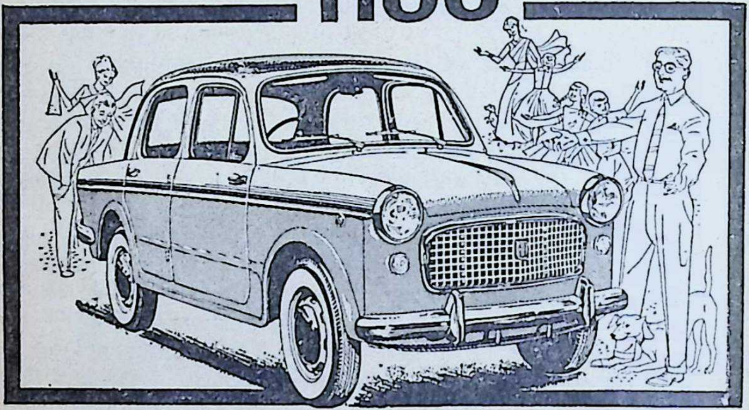

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treatment of an illness by a doctor, is to diagnose the disease. There is something ailing humanity. Every person, from the most religious to the most atheistic, from different schools of thought, admits that something is wrong with the world and that conditions require rectification.

Reconstruction is necessary. Not that we propose to construct something superior to that which God created; that's not the idea. But when a house that has been splendidly built becomes dilapidated, we repair or rebuild it. We rectify matters and try to bring them to their proper state. Anything in our life that is an aberration, a deviation from normalcy, may be regarded, in doctors' language, as a disease.

In diagnosing man's ailment, we have first to consider the factor that distinguishes him from the other parts of creation. That is his Divinity within, his potentiality for the highest development possible. Such a potentiality is there. And that potentiality has to be brought out, to be manifested, to be given full scope so that the world may benefit by it. And we ourselves, as individuals, automatically benefit by whatever helps society on to further and further progress.

Diagnostic discussion is first necessary because in most cases one must know the root cause of the trouble before he can take steps to eradicate it; the cure automatically follows. In certain cases some additional treatment must be given, but generally the removal of the root cause of the disease is sufficient to restore one to health. That is why careful diagnosis is given such a prominent place in medical science.

One of the gravest factors in the present world situation is a lack of true religious understanding. How many wars have been fought in the name of religion! During the 11th to 13th centuries Europeans conducted the Crusades. People imagined, they were told by interested parties, by bigots, by fanatics with exclusive notions of all sorts, that loyalty to one's own Lord was incompatible with permitting other people with different ideas to thrive, nay, to live. So for centuries, in the name of God, the Crusades continued.

In the history of England we are told about King Richard I and the great part he played in the Crusades. It was taken for granted by him, as by thousands of other persons, that it was a religious duty to exterminate the Saracens, not to let them live under the same sun, and so on. That kind of idea was there. It was not based upon anything intrinsic to spirituality nor to anything basic and fundamental in the moral law. It was an attitude adopted merely from the standpoint of exclusiveness, of self-laudation, as I have called it, and of the superiority complex that causes men to say: "We are entitled to passports for heaven. We are not satisfied with assigning ourselves to heaven; we cannot rest until we have consigned the people of all other religions to hell."

Peter the Hermit preached the "Holy War," and the kings and the people of various parts of Europe followed his advice and carried on the Crusades. But two things gradually became clear. One: that the war was a waste of effort. The mere inutility of it from the standpoint of success, and the utter futility of it impressed itself upon the people concerned. They came to the conclusion that it was not possible for them to achieve victory within any length of time whatsoever. That was the first thing. And the second thing was that they—not merely saying we cannot redress matters, we are unable to change things, we must bow to the inevitable—came to know a real change of heart.

That change of heart was exemplified in the case of King Richard I as a personal experience. He knew that in England and other countries the name of Saladin was uttered by parents to troublesome children as a threat to enforce obedience. Saladin was regarded as a monster of cruelty, an embodiment of everything evil. That was the idea which King Richard himself entertained about the personal character of Saladin.

During his campaign King Richard suffered from a malady that his own physicians were unsuccessful in treating and that they regarded as incurable. Saladin, who besides being a great warrior was also a great physician, learned about the condition of the enemy. He went in disguise into the camp of King Richard, treated him, and cured him of the disease. The impression produced on the King's mind was naturally one that we would expect from a person of Richard the Lion-Hearted's noble character.

He said: "Is this the person who is considered a fiend, whose name is sufficient to make little children fearful lest he come and take them away, spirit them away, and eat their raw flesh, not waiting even to boil it? Is Saladin this kind of person? He enters the enemy camp. He does not seek to injure me in any way. And he treats my illness. He comes disguised because in his own personal role as Saladin there was no possibility of his being allowed to enter and treat the enemy king. He must be a man of extraordinarily philanthropic instincts and benevolent activities. If hell is the only destination for such a person, I'll have to change my views as to where I myself would like to go."

Richard revised his ideas to that extent, because he knew his own foibles, his own weaknesses, his own vanities; and was aware of the defects of his associates in the Crusades —the Duke of Austria and others whose characters could not be described as morally edifying. When Richard came to realize what kind of enemy he was dealing with, he did not feel justified in continuing the war.

After the Crusades, troubles arose between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. During the Spanish Inquisition there was not merely heart-burning, there was body-burning, burning of living persons. That too was regarded as man's duty to his Lord, Master, and Saviour. Bigots said: "If we do not fight heretics to the death, fight to the finish, then we are disloyal to God." And what was all the trouble, the conflict, about? About things which few on either side properly understood.

For example, amongst the doctrines and the dogmas that were in dispute was the theory of transubstantiation. What is transubstantiation? Most of the people arrayed in battle on the two sides knew nothing about the subject. Yet thousands of them were dragged into the war to defend or attack this or that interpretation of transubstantiation. They fought on account of difference in faith, difference in intellectual grasp, difference in the inclination, the taste, and the capacities of persons of various backgrounds.

As time went on, people began to think about the matter further, and concluded that it is not wise, it is revolting to common sense to go to war over articles of faith, creeds, dogmas, and doctrines. Even in the secular world, where man deals with objective facts—shapes, sounds, smells, and so on—even with regard to these, unanimity of opinion is not to be found.

For example, if you go to an art gallery and see the various paintings that are newly come for exhibition, you may find that your taste inclines you to admire only certain particular pictures. An eminent art critic may describe a certain new canvas as beautiful, splendid, angelic, perfect, and so on; while another person, equally renowned as an authority on art may express a different opinion: "It is utter rubbish." This kind of extreme language is often used by both sides. Similarly, with regard to music, what attracts and fascinates me, what captivates me, may be detested to another.

Such differences in opinion are present even with regard to purely physical matters, in which one may justly say: "It is not a subjective affair, coloured by my mind and my emotions; it is something connected with objective Nature around us." The values of material things can be assessed by means of our five senses of perception: sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch. But, even there, wide differences of opinion exist among people, even with regard to matters that many men take for granted as being incontrovertible.

Leaving aside questions of this type and going into something more intellectual, let us consider courts of law, in which fundamental principles of jurisprudence and justice are discussed. Even there the same trouble is found. For example, in a case of a person accused of murder, two judges sit to review the evidence. Not a judge of a lower court and a judge of an appellate court, but two judges sitting on the same bench, in the same Supreme Court. They hear the same evidence, the same arguments; they read the same documents; and they are guided by the same principles of jurisprudence, so far as textbooks on law can advise them.

Yet often the two judges will give dissenting opinions. Sometimes they agree, and sometimes they totally disagree. One may say that it was a cold-blooded, pre-meditated murder; and the other judge may hold that legally it should not be considered a murder at all.

There are such tremendous differences in men's capacity to understand things and to decide wisely. I am not talking of persons of corrupt character, men who take bribes and render wrong judgments for that reason, but of sincere, earnest judges who desire to see justice served, who wish to fulfil the responsibilities of their high office with the utmost conscientiousness. Even in persons of such honourable intent, we find differences of opinion.

Therefore it is unwise to make differences of opinion a ground for conflict, especially a conflict in which the risks involved, the consequences involved, are not of a temporary character, are not of a trifling nature, but are serious things relating to matters of life and death in this world and to punishment or reward in hell or heaven after the departure of the soul from the physical body.

Unanimity of opinion is unobtainable even with regard to secular things; let alone in matters relating to the world beyond, about which there is no possibility of agreement. Yet that demand is often made in the name of religion.

Religious feuds, denominational feuds, sectarian feuds, and so on are not justified from the standpoint of common sense. But the persons who encourage such conflicts allege that they have no option in the matter, that their sense of loyalty to the Lord and to the particular religion they believe in demands of them that intolerant attitude. Yet, in my opinion, *no* scripture supports any such view.

In the sacred texts of all the various religions in the world, the fundamental and basic principles are of an ethical character. The foundation is moral. The stress is on personal goodness, purity of heart, and so on. These are the things emphasized.

Other matters, where differences are to be found, concern ritual, ceremonial, and other externals. And these externals vary. They are bound to vary so long as human minds are differently constituted. And that will be the case until the very end of the world. There are different inclinations, different tastes, different capacities; therefore differences of opinion are inevitable. Any attempt to rule, to dictate, on matters where faith is the chief element involved is unreasonable.

I am not putting myself in the position of a critic who studies texts in order to pick holes here and there; I am a student of religion. As a reader of the scriptures of the various religions in the world, I have been noting from time to time not merely the clear parallelism, the close harmony between the teachings of one religion and another so far as fundamental ideas go, but much more than that. It is practically perfect identity, with regard to basic matters. The principles are the same; the foundation is the same. The whole groundwork is ethical.

For example, Christ said: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." In another context he told us: "In my Father's house are many mansions"—an informative rather than an ethical statement. One may interpret the latter passage as meaning there are different kinds and gradations and degrees and intermediate degrees and sub-degrees of level in regard to the various heavens. But in the passage: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God," there is no qualification, no implication that non-Christians are unable to see God or that they are consigned to an inferior heaven—one that might be supposed to be the proper place for an inferior kind of candidate for heaven.

Jesus tells us that "seeing" God, that is to say, the actual experiencing of God's presence and not merely faith in His existence, is possible for *all* men who are pure in heart.

Christ thunders forth his fulminations against the Sadducees and the Pharisees because they had no sincerity of faith, no purity of heart, but engaged in religious pomp and ceremony merely for the purpose of "showing off."

Similar texts against hypocrisy are found in all other scriptures. The *Bhagavad Gita* speaks of the religious impostor, one whose professions of belief are high but whose personal life is low—an insult to the Deity within him.

Nowadays men use the words "religious toleration" constantly in their talks, in an effort to show that they are superior to the medieval bigots. "We are not like those who fought the Crusades or who permitted the Spanish Inquisition," they say. But I feel that the idea of religious toleration is not of a satisfactory character.

When we talk of religious toleration, what do we mean by it? We are not burning living bodies, as people did centuries ago. Are we therefore superior? Well, that may be granted. We have to be thankful even for small mercies, when they come. And from that standpoint we may say that the present attitude of religious toleration is better than the fanatical spirit of the past.

But is not the word "toleration" itself an insult to people of all religions not our own? What do we generally "tolerate"? It is what is evil, what is injurious; we don't say we tolerate a good thing. And when we speak of religious toleration as the proper description of our feelings toward adherents of other faiths, we offhand and beforehand condemn their religions as inferior to our own. We like to think that we are "broad-minded" enough, "civilized" enough, and "cultured" enough to tolerate other religions.

The Hindu *Vedas* state that it is not passive neutrality, it is not toleration, that is wanted; it is something more. What is that something more? Positive co-ordination and co-operation with people of other religions and denominations.

I frequently say, in my discourses and writings: "I have no quarrel with any religion, any denomination, any sect, or any sub-sect. My only quarrel is with quarrelling, and quarrelling in the name of religion." Religion, which ought to be a unifying force, has so often in history acted just to the contrary: as a disintegrating force, causing bloodshed and so on. Our texts say that a religion which comes into conflict with other religions in the name of faith is not a true religion; it is a pseudo religion.

Just as each of us claims the right to follow his own path, to have freedom of worship and freedom of thought in religious matters, so we should grant to others a similar liberty. Matters of discussion are on a different plane. If we find that a person is thinking along wrong lines, there is nothing objectionable about our attempting to persuade and convince him by means of argument and exposition. But to insist that what I have come to as the right decision in a certain matter must be accepted by all, at my dictation, is tyranny, is a denial of liberty to others.

The greatest philosophers and the greatest scientists in the world today are not yet agreed even about the continuance of the soul after its departure from the physical body. As regards the existence of God, the existence of the soul, the existence of heaven and hell, and future rewards and punishments, there are vast differences of opinion. Even a person who has the highest moral conviction, who is completely satisfied that he is in the right in such and such a respect, will have to tell you that at the last moment there is at least one little step or perhaps a series of steps to be got over; a gulf to be bridged. And that bridge must be supplied by faith.

Often a sacred text admits of two or more interpretations. Each person, according to his own intellectual calibre, his own tendencies, trends, and associations, forms his own opinion. If I am asked if *that* is the right one or if *this* is the right one, I may say that both seem to be quite consistent with the central doctrine of the scripture in question. Both views appear to be equally permissible; but I may prefer or believe in one interpretation rather than the other. This is the undogmatic attitude the philosopher and the scientist take.

The philosopher and the scientist, convinced as they may be of the rightness of their views, will not tell you that there is no element of faith required at all. The element of faith *is* required. And when that element of faith comes into the picture, it automatically means that differences of opinion are bound to arise.

It is not as between one religion and another, but as between different sects of one religion and different sects of another religion. For example, in the Hindu scriptures, we have three paths given for spiritual aspirants. Each man follows a particular path, one that is most suitable to himself. The individual bias, the personal temperamental idiosyncrasy, is taken into consideration. We call these paths *Karma Yoga*, *Bhakti Yoga*, and *Jnana Yoga*.

Westerners may have the idea that these three paths are peculiar to Hinduism, characteristic of the Vedic religion only. But, as a matter of fact, we find that counterparts of these three paths are found in the New Testament. Christ's own evangelists, St. James and St. Peter, were exponents of what we call the *Karma Marga* or the Law of Karma—the path of works, the performance of this and that duty, religious rituals, and so on.

St. John emphasized *Bhakti Yoga*, the path of faith, devotion, and love. "God is love." That is how John described the Creator.

St. Paul stressed *Jnana Yoga*, the path of wisdom and illumination, in which the devotee transcends the small joys and sorrows of ordinary life and is conscious only of God. In this path all actions are done with quietness and calmness, as duties that have fallen upon the devotee, and are performed without passion, excitement, dislike, partiality, and so on.

The Lord's own apostles make use of different kinds of arguments; sometimes it seems as if the evangelists differed in their views. But that is a wrong notion. I will tell you how I have explained to myself the differences in the teachings of St. James and St. Peter on the one side, St. John on a second side, and St. Paul on a third. The differences are called forth by the varying *needs* of the persons to whom the evangelists are addressing themselves.

The preacher has to prescribe for his patient just as the doctor prescribes for his patient. Conditions have to be taken into account; the exigencies and requirements of the situation may be different in various places, with different groups of people, and so on; and such conditions have to be catered to by the evangelist. Just as a doctor prescribes certain medicines and a certain diet for a heart-disease patient, and a different regimen for a man afflicted with diabetes, so each evangelist takes into account the diagnosis he has made of the condition of his patient. He considers all the factors and decides his plan of treatment accordingly. There is no question of antagonism between one and another spiritual regimen; each is prescribed for a different condition.

The case is similar with science and religion. Nowadays we hear much about a supposed division between them. There is no reasonable ground for any quarrel. A person who, in the name of theology or philosophy, tries to ignore the values of science automatically dubs his own religious thought as unscientific and therefore unacceptable to thinking people. The greatest disservice one can do to religion is to divorce it from the secular side of life.

The Hindu scriptures state that every branch of knowledge including the positive sciences, is an integral part of a religious education. The *Vedas* instruct us in anatomy, physiology, hygiene, sanitation, medicine, surgery, engineering, military science, music, art, architecture, law, physics, astronomy, the highest branches of mathematics, and so on. All these come in under the name of religious education. There is no opposition between science and religion; all knowledge is one.

Similarly, with regard to tribe and tribe, race and race, East and West, and so on—all differences between them can be adjusted by wisdom. Sometimes Christian missionaries, talking in the name of Jesus, denounce the peoples of China, Japan, India, and other Eastern countries, and an expression often used is the "wily Oriental." The preachers evidently forget the historical fact that Christ, their Lord and Master and Saviour, was an Oriental. Sweeping generalizations about races and religions are responsible for much of the misunderstanding on earth today.

So, when we think of attaining world peace and world prosperity, we should remember that there is no inherent conflict between one religion and another religion, between science and religion, or between East and West. All men are component parts of the same whole; there is no possibility of divorcing one from another.

We find that the spiritual and the temporal are inextricably intertwined. The temporal, that is, matter, is the medium through which Spirit manifests itself, and Spirit is that which manifests itself through the medium of matter. There can be no quarrel between the two; they are interconnected.

It is for us to think carefully, to avoid prejudices and prepossessions, all kinds of partialities and hatreds, and to attune ourselves to the Infinite Lord of the Universe, He who is both transcendent and immanent. If we make our approach on spiritual lines like this, the difficulties that are brought forward from other standpoints will be easy to overcome. The obstacles will be quickly surmounted. We will sit together with the determination to achieve peace. Where there's a will there's a way, and we can find that way. It is our duty to find it.

If we do not succeed, the responsibility is not ours. If we perform our duty, and fail, we will still have the satisfaction that we did the best we could under the circumstances: there would be no reason for any kind of regret, self-accusation, and so on. Such are the comforts of a spiritual approach.

I frequently give the example of a tree and of the human body to indicate how we should co-ordinate and co-operate with one another. In the seed are found all the various portions relating to the tree: the trunk, the branches, the leaves, the flowers, and the fruit. Each is different in size, in position in shape, in colour, in functions, in therapeutical qualities, and so on. And yet, behind all the diversity is this unity: they are parts of the same tree. Similarly with regard to the human body; it possesses many parts, many limbs and organs, having different locations, sizes, shapes, colours, and functions. But they are not, therefore, antagonistic to one another. They form one beautiful and harmonious whole.

If human beings recognize their essential harmony and interdependence, the chief source of trouble on earth will be eliminated. By such recognition of the truth, men will awaken within themselves the fount of wisdom that will dissolve all their difficulties.

The message of the sages of India is *Shanti, Shanti*, *Shanti* (Peace). Christ also said: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." The world will have peace only when peoples of all faiths work together for the same purpose: each contributing its quota, its own quality and distinctive genius, according to its highest capacity, for the enduring welfare of the world.

We have reached a state just now, with regard to nuclear weapons, in which it is not a question of this or that particular race or nationality or tribe or country: it is a question of humanity itself. Man, with all his past achievements, his present glories, and his future potentialities, is in imminent danger of being wiped off the face of the earth.

That is the state of affairs to which we have come. If our intellect, which gives us our superiority over other sentient beings, can take us no farther than our present situation, it is a shameful admission, one that will leave us responsible for an utter catastrophe.

We should make up our minds that we are going to achieve peace. If we are determined to do it, God will surely bless our efforts and crown them with success.

[*From a lecture at the Central Connecticut State College, U.S.A.*]

His Holiness Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

OUR COMMON HERITAGE

REALIZATION of the universality of all cultures, the culmination whereof is religion, is the greatest service which one can render to oneself, to humanity and to God.

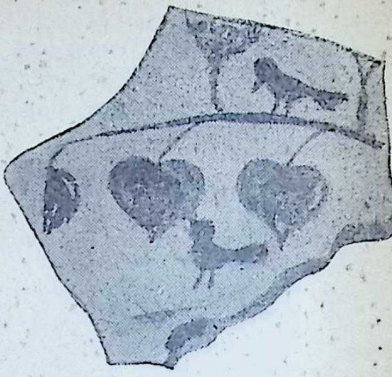
The numerous shrouds which man unconsciously has wrapped around himself much to his own disadvantage could best be lifted only through the realization of this truth.

The enumeration of the days of the week, the culmination of numbers in ten, and the traditions relating to cosmology and deluge, are some of the common features of the one-world heritage of which we are all heirs.

The traditions regarding creation recorded in the *Old Testament* which is the fountain-head of the three great Semitic religions, Judaism, Christianity and Mohamedanism, have their counterpart in the Upanishads which constitute the source of the other two great religions of the world, the Vedic Religion and Buddhism.

The Vedic passage reads: "Two birds of beautiful plumage closely united in friendship reside on the self-same tree; one of them eats the fruit thereof; the other shines resplendent without eating."

This allegory has all along been interpreted by successive saintly



Mohenjodaro Seal

द्वा सुपर्णा सयुजा सखाया
समानं वृक्षं परिषस्वजाते ।
तयोरन्यः पिप्पलं स्वाद्वत्ति
अनश्नन्नन्यो अभिचाकशीत्ति ॥

—*Mundaka*

---

teachers of Hindu religion as illustrating the truth of the soul and God residing in the same body (the tree of knowledge of the *Old Testament*).

The soul identifies itself with the body and is addicted to the enjoyment of the fruits of Karma while the other remains resplendent through its non-attachment to the fruits of Karma.

Creation itself, according to the Vedic revelation, is due to the Karma of the soul brought through successive births.

The word 'Pippala' in the Vedic verse has its synonym the word "Bodhi-druma" (Tree of Knowledge) under the shade of which Buddha attained enlightenment or Buddhahood.

Recent excavations in the Indus Valley and in Saurashtra in the west of the Indian Continent have brought to light some seals depicting the purport of this Vedic verse with a picture of the peepul tree and its two occupants.

Even today the fruit of the peepul tree is regarded as a forbidden fruit in India.

Such fundamental coincidence of religious traditions among the scriptures of the ancient world should be brought home to every man living in different climes and practising seemingly different religions, so that he might awaken himself to the realization of the common heritage extending far beyond narrow nationalisms and historic epochs.

Conscious of this underlying spiritual unity, every true and sincere aspirant to spiritual realization should record his experiences not merely for his own benefit and guidance but also for the benefit and guidance of others who tread the path to spiritual realization.

It is, therefore, in the fitness of things that a Journal such as this should render this signal service to humanity by bringing home to all mankind the common spring of all cultures.

Above all, the realization of the presence of God (the divine spark within ourselves), not only curbs the tendency to err, but also helps us in due course to enjoy the ocean of Bliss that dwells and swells within us.

76078

THE BULLETIN of THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

THE BULLETIN serves as a mirror for The Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture which, established in 1938, has a threefold field of work:

(1) The interpretation and appraisal of Indian culture and its full implications in the modern context; (2) The promotion of better knowledge and understanding and cultural relationships between India and other countries; (3) The promotion of the study of the cultural heritage of mankind-as-a-whole as a background to the individual cultures of the world.

The **Bulletin** is issued monthly to carry news of the activities of the Institute to all parts of the world. Its contents mainly consist of lectures and addresses given at the Institute, book reviews, international news, and comment upon matters of cultural significance.

A NEW REGULAR FEATURE

Swami Ranganathananda's weekly discourses on the Upanishads will be reproduced as a regular feature of the **Bulletin** from the August 1962 issue, under the general title 'Our Spiritual Heritage'. These discourses, in English, are given on Saturdays at 6-30 p.m.

Vol. XIII AUGUST 1962 No. 8

OUR SPIRITUAL HERITAGE
Swami Ranganathananda

THE MESSAGE OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA
A. R. Wadia

A MESSAGE THE WORLD AWAITS
Humayun Kabir

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Satchidananda Bhattacharyya

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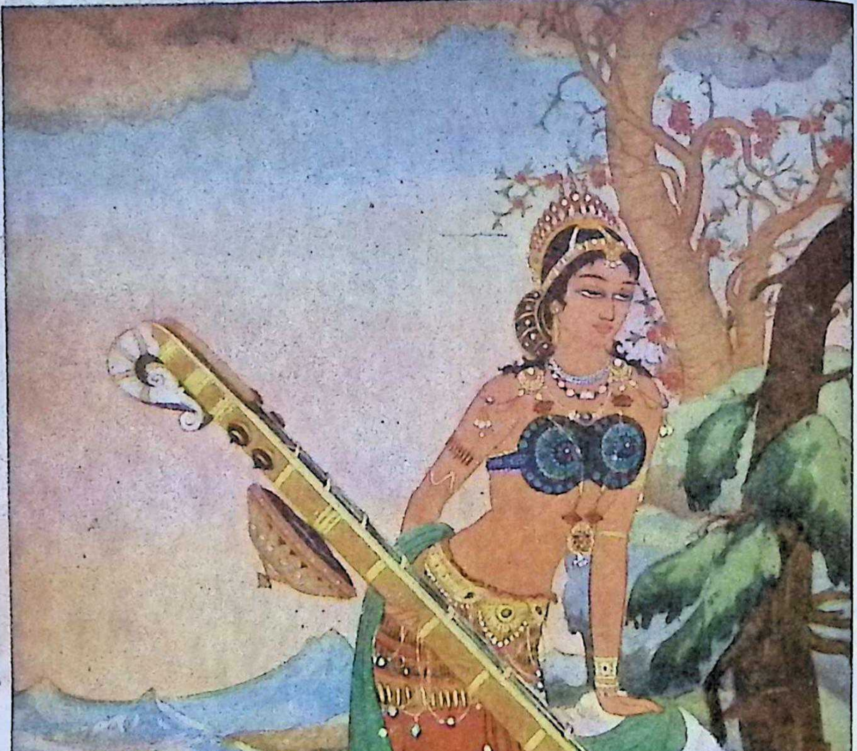
Rajahmundry, 1961.

APSARAS (AFTER KALIDASA), KUMARA SAMBHAVA—I, 4.

Artist: M. Suryanarayana

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Dwaraka

यज्ञेन वाचः पदवीयमायन् तामन्वविन्दन् ऋषिषु प्रविष्टाम् ।
तां आभृत्या व्यदधुः पुरुत्रा तां सप्त रेना अभिसंभवन्ते ।

Rigveda, X, 71-3.

SANSKRIT: ITS SUPREMACY

SANSKRIT is called the Deva Bhasha or the language of gods for two reasons: first, it is the most ancient of languages; secondly, the Vedas, God's own revelations, are couched in that language.

The oldest extant world records show that it prevailed from Central Asia to the Pacific Archipelago. Consistent with our concept of the word as "Shabda-Brahmam", it had been the most pervasive influence on the lives of enlightened humanity, elevating them to the heights of ethics, morality and spirituality.

The use of the name Sanskrit or Samskrita for this language connotes that it is the purified or finished langauge. How true it is! It is unrivalled in its richness and variety. It has the flexibility of Greek, the brevity and accuracy of Latin, the strength of Roman and the divine afflatus of Hebrew. It can express the most abstruse philosophic truths effortlessly. Compared with our philosophy, in point of age, the lessons of Pythagoras are but of yesterday. In point of daring speculation, the boldest of Plato's efforts are comparatively tame and commonplace.

Sanskrit literature allows us an insight into a stratum of thought deeper than any we have known before and appeals to the deepest sympathies of the human heart. Sanskrit is the treasure-house of all our fundamental concepts, most natural of all religions,

> **Classical Sanskrit literature is entitled to rank among the great literatures of the world.**
>
> —A. B. Keith.

the Sanatana Dharma, the most transparent of mythologies, the most subtle of philosophies and the most elaborate laws.

Its Vedic literature fills a gap which no literary work in any other language could fill. They open to us the vista of the education of the human race, to which there is no parallel anywhere else. They constitute the most sublime concept of the great highways of humanity.

The Upanishads rise to the highest point of metaphysical thought to which mankind can rise. Its prose rises to the highest point of oratory. Its preaching is charmingly transcendental, so much so, Schopenhauer exclaimed: "O Upanishads! You will be the solace of my life and the solace of my death."

Sanskrit poetry rules all over India. Indeed it is Sanskrit poetry that lends this country its form, colour and charm even to the most abstract science. Yes; even to religion.

Although Sanskrit can boast of but two great epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, to compare them with the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* would be comparing the Ganges with the streams of Thenali. But for Sanskrit, where could we find the immortal *Bhagavad Gita?*

Sanskrit literature has sensitiveness to sound variations to which few literatures of the world can afford a parallel. Their delicate combinations are a source of never-failing joy. Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti, Jayadeva and Bhartruhari and a host of others are names to conjure with in its annals.

The Devanagari alphabet is the original source whence the alphabets of Western Asia were derived. By its remarkable philosophical and phonological precision, it has been of considerable help to later development of the science. As one writer puts it, the creation of the consonants in Sanskrit is a unique example of human genius.

To say that a language with such a hoary tradition and culture is out of date, is the height of foolishness. So far as India is concerned, Sanskrit is India and India is Sanskrit. It runs in every Indian's blood in a strong or diluted manner.

It is Sanskrit, again, that has kept the soil of India alive all these centuries; she is the ghee feeding her flame.

Sanskrit has been knitting the North with the South, East with West of India and each with the other in myriad ways. Her rivers are gods and

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gods are rivers. Every day you have to recite their holy names wherever you are. The well water becomes Ganga, Yamuna and Godavari. Thus Sanskrit has been the greatest unifying influence in this country, if not physically, at least intellectually.

Now that we are an independent nation, there can be no excuse whatsoever for all of us for ignoring the Mother of all our languages. Study of Sanskrit is a vital need not merely to keep the country together but to recapture the ideals set before us by our ancestors, the great *rishis*, and to shine as an example to the ailing West in moral and intellectual standards.

As a result of recent Governmental and quasi-Governmental efforts, a fillip is sought to be given to the study of Sanskrit. But these will bear fruit only when the national consciousness awakes to its need in sufficient intensity. The complex that the Sanskrit-educated is in any way inferior to the English-educated should disappear from this country. Towards this end the Government can do a lot by putting all Sanskrit educated persons on a par with others in matters of service and other openings. Traditional *Gurukula* type of education must be encouraged.

Finally, let me assure one and all of you that Sanskrit is very easy to learn, easy to write and easy to speak. It is a true passport to success in the world here and the world hereafter.

देवानं भद्रा सुमतिः ऋजूयतां
देवानां रातिः अभि नो निवर्तताम् ।
देवानां सख्यं उपसेदिमा वयं
देवा न आयुः प्रतिरन्तु जीवसे ।

Rigveda I. 89-2.

———*———

A MIND
that is off its hinges is
INSANE

- Strangeness in dress and habits
- Vacant Looks
- Sadness and gloom
- Failure of Memory
- Clouded Judgement
- Lack of self-control
- Illusions, Obsessions, Hallucinations

are symptoms of
INSANITY
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भर्गोदेवस्यधीमहि धियोयोनःप्रचोदयात्।

ALL ABOUT GAYATRI

SWAMI SIVANANDA

"Om bhur bhuwah swah tat savitur varenyam bhargo devasya dheemahi dhiyo yo nah prachodayat."

"Let us meditate on Ishwara and His Glory who has created the Universe, who is fit to be worshipped, who is the remover of all sins and ignorance. May he enlighten our intellect."

THE aspirant prays to Mother Gayatri "O Beloved Mother! At the present moment I have taken my body as the self owing to Avidya or ignorance, through my impure intellect. Give me a pure intellect which will enable me to know my real nature. Give me light and knowledge."

This is the Brahma-Gayatri Mantra.

Gayatri is the 'Blessed Mother' of Vedas. There is no milk superior to cow's milk. Even so there is no Mantra superior to Gayatri.

As Omkara or Pranava is for Sannyasins, so is Gayatri for Brahmacharins and householders.

The fruits that are attained by meditation on Omkara can be attained by meditation on Gayatri.

The same goal that is reached by a Paramahamsa Sannyasin can be reached by a Brahmacharin or a householder by meditating on Gayatri.

Get up at 4 a.m. in Brahmamuhurta and start Japa and meditation on Gayatri (Panchamukhi or five-faced Devi seated in lotus flower), sitting on Padmasana, Siddhasana or Virasana, facing north or east. Burn incense in the room. In summer you can take a bath. In winter you can simply wash your face, hands and feet and do *achamanam* only. Continue the Japa for two hours or more. Have another sitting at night between 7 and 8 p.m. Constantly feel that you are receiving light, purity and wisdom from Gayatri. This is important.

Keep the image of the Gayatri at the Tirukutee, the space between the eyebrows by closing the eyes and concentrate there, or keep the image in the lotus of the heart and concentrate there. You will have Darshan of Gayatri.

It is better if you do Japa of Gayatri 3000 to 4000 times daily. Your heart will be purified rapidly.

If you are not able to do this number, you can do 1008 times daily. If you find it difficult to do this number also, do at least 108 times daily, 36 times at sunrise, 36 times at noon, 36 times at sunset.

There is special, mysterious spiritual force or wonderful magnetic power at *Sandhi* or junction of the time, sunrise and sunset. The mind will be elevated quickly. It will be filled with Sattwa. Concentration will come by itself without any effort at this time.

If you find it difficult to get up at Brahmamuhurta, get up before sunrise. That man who fails to do Gayatri at the *Sandhies* fails in the discharge of his daily duties. He becomes a *Bhrashta* or fallen man. He loses vigour, vitality and *Brahma-tejas*.

In the Gayatri Mantra there are nine names viz., (1) *Om*, (2) *Bhur*, (3) *Bhuvah*, (4) *Swah*, (5) *Tat*, (6) *Savitur*, (7) *Varenyam*, (8) *Bhargo*, and (9) *Devasya*. Through these nine names the Lord is praised.

Dheemahi is worship of the Lord. *Dhiyo Yo Nah Prachodayat* is prayer. Herein there are five halts or stops viz., '*Om*' is the first stop ; '*Bhur Bhuvah Swah*' the second ; '*Tat Savitur Varenyam*' the third ; '*Bhargo Devasya Dheemahi*' the fourth ; and '*Dhiyo Yo Nah Prachodayat*' the fifth.

While chanting or doing Japa of the Mantra, we should stop a little at every stop or halt.

Savita is the presiding deity of the Gayatri Mantra, Fire (Agni) is the mouth, Viswamitra is the Rishi and Gayatri is the metre.

It is recited in the investiture of sacred thread, practice of Pranayama and Japa.

What Gayatri is, the same is Sandhya and what Sandhya is, the same is Gayatri. Sandhya and Gayatri are identical.

He who meditates on Gayatri, meditates on Lord Vishnu.

A man can repeat Gayatri mentally in all states while lying, sitting, walking etc. There is no sin of commission and omission of any sort in its repetition. One should thus perform Sandhya three times with this Gayatri Mantra everyday, in the morning, noon and evening.

It is the Gayatri Mantra alone that can be commonly prescribed for all the Hindus. The Lord commands in the Vedas "Let one Mantra be common to all." "*Samano Mantrah.*" Hence the Gayatri should be the one Mantra for all the Hindus. "The secret lore of the Upanishads is the essence of four Vedas, while Gayatri with the three *Vyahritis* is the essence of the Upanishads." He is the real Brahmin who knows and understands thus, the Gayatri. Without its knowledge he is a Sudra, though well versed in the four Vedas.

THREE KINDS OF JAPA

Sandilya says in *Sandilya Upanishad*, "The Vaikhari Japa (loud pronunciation) gives the reward as stated in the Vedas ; while the Upamsu Japa (whispering or humming which cannot be heard by any one) gives a reward a thousand times more than the Vaikhari ; the Manasic Japa gives a reward a crore of times more than the Vaikhari."

GLORY OF GAYATRI

Says Manu,

"Brahma milked out, as it were, from the three Vedas, the letter A, the letter U, and the letter M; these form by their coalition the three triliteral monosyllable, together with three mysterious words *Bhur, Bhuvah, Swah,* or earth, sky, heaven.

"From the three Vedas also, the Lord of creatures incomprehensibly exalted, successfully milked out the three measures of that ineffable text, beginning with the world *Tat,* and entitled Savitri or Gayatri.

"And a twice-born man, who shall 1000 times repeat those three (or *Om,* the Vyahritis and the Gayatri) apart from the multitude (EKANTA) shall be released in a month even from a great offence, as a snake from his slough.

"The three great immutable words, preceded by the triliteral syllable and followed by the Gayatri which consists of three measures, must be considered as the mouth or principal part of the Veda.

"Whoever shall repeat day by day, for three years, without negligence, that sacred text, shall hereafter approach the Divine essence, move as freely as air and assume an ethereal form.

"The three triliteral monosyllable is an emblem of the Supreme, the suppressions of breath with a mind fixed on God are the highest devotion; but nothing is more exalted than the Gayatri; a declaration of truth is more excellent than silence.

"All rites ordained in the Veda, oblations to fire, and solemn sacrifices pass away; but that which passes not away, is declared to be the syllable OM, thence called Akshara; since the Japa should be finished before noon daily and should not be done in the afternoon. All the words should be repeated slowly without mutilation and Akshara Suddhi. You must not be hasty in the performance of the Japa. You must have always the meaning of Gayatri before the mind's eye. You must perform a Havan in the end to propitiate the Goddess. As a substitute for the Havan you can perform 6 lakhs of Japa. You can make as many Purascharanas as you like.

"Fruits of three kinds of Japa—The act of repeating Gayatri loudly (Vaikhari Japa), is 10 times better than the appointed sacrifice: a 100 times better when it is heard by no man (Upamsu-Japa), done in a whispering tone: and a 1,000 times better when it is purely mental (Manasic Japa).

"The four domestic sacraments which are accompanied with the appointed sacrifice, are not equal, though all be united, to a sixteenth part of the sacrifice performed by a repetition of the Gayatri."

By the sole repetition of the Gayatri a priest indubitably attains beatitude, let him perform or not perform, any other religious act.

BENEFITS OF GAYATRI JAPA

Gayatri is the mother of the Vedas and the destroyer of sins. There is nothing more purifying on the earth as well as in the heaven than the Gayatri. The Japa of Gayatri brings the same fruit as the recitation of all the four Vedas together with the Angas. This single Mantra if repeated three times a day brings good (*Kalyan* or *Moksha*). It is the Mantra of the Vedas. It destroys sins. It bestows splendid health, beauty, strength, vigour, vitality and magnetic aura in the face (Brahmic effulgence).

Gayatri destroys the three kinds of *Taapa* or pain. Gayatri bestows the four kinds of Purushartha viz., Dharma (righteousness), Artha (wealth), Kama (desired objects) and Moksha (liberation or freedom). It destroys the three Granthis or knots of ignorance, Avidya, Kama and Karma, Gayatri purifies the mind. Gayatri bestows Ashta Siddhis. Gayatri makes a man powerful and highly intelligent. Gayatri eventually gives liberation or emancipation from the wheel of birth and death.

The mind is purified by constant worship. It is filled with good and pure thoughts. Repetition of worship strengthens the good Samskaras. "As a man thinks, that he becomes." This is the psychological law. The mind of a man who trains himself in thinking good, holy thoughts, develops a tendency to think of good thoughts. His character is moulded and transformed by continued good thoughts. When the mind thinks of the image of Gayatri during worship, the mental substance actually assumes the form of the image. The impression of the object is left in the mind. This is called *samskara*. When the act is repeated very often, the Samskaras gain strength by repetition, and a tendency or habit is formed in the mind. He who entertains thoughts of Divinity becomes transformed actually into the Divinity himself by constant thinking and meditation. His *Bhav* or disposition is purified and divinized. The meditator and the meditated, the worshipper and the worshipped, the thinker and the thought become one and the same. This is *Samadhi*. This is the fruit of worship or Upasana.

GAYATRI PURASCHARANA

The Brahma-Gayatri-Mantra has twenty-four Aksharas. So, one Gayatri Purascharana constitutes the repetition or Japa of 24 lakhs of times of Gayatri Mantra. There are various rules for Purascharana. If you repeat 3,000 times daily, you should keep up the number daily all throughout till you finish the full 24 lakhs. Cleanse the mirror of Manas of its dirt and prepare the ground for the sowing of the spiritual seed. His grace is very, very important.

The Maharashtras are very fond of Gayatri Purascharana. There are in Poona and other places persons who have performed Purascharana several times. Shree Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviyaji was a votary of Gayatri Purascharana. The success in his life and the establishment of a grand Hindu University at Banaras, is all attributable to his Gayatri Japa and the benign Grace of the Blessed Mother Gayatri.

Swami Vidyaranya, the reputed

author of the celebrated *Panchadasi*, performed Gayatri Purascharana. Mother gave him Darshan and granted Vidyaranya a boon. Swami Vidyaranya asked: "Oh Mother! there is a great famine in the Deccan. Let there be a shower of gold to relieve the immense distress of the people." Accordingly there was a shower of gold. Such is the power or Shakti of Gayatri Mantra.

Yogins and pure-minded persons only can have Darshan of Gayatri by doing one Purascharana only. As the minds of vast majority of persons in this Iron Age are filled with various sorts of impurities, one has to do more than one Purascharana according to the degree of impurity of the mind. The more the impurities, the greater the number of Purascharana. The famous Madhusudana Swami did seventeen Purascharanas of Krishna Mantra. He did not get Darshan of Lord Krishna on account of the sins committed in killing 17 Brahmins in his previous births. But he had Darshan of the Lord when he was on half-way with the eighteenth Purascharana. The same rule applies to Gayatri-Purascharana also.

HINTS ON GAYATRI-JAPA

In days of yore, Hindu ladies also used to wear sacred thread (Yajnopavita) and repeat Gayatri. Manu was not in favour of this.

After the Purascharana is over, perform Havan and feed Brahmins, Sadhus and poor people to propitiate the Goddess.

Those who wish to do Purascharana may live on milk and fruits. This makes the mind Sattwic. One will derive great spiritual benefits.

There are no restrictions of any kind when you repeat a Mantra with Nishkama Bhav for attaining Moksha. Restrictions or Vidhis come in only when you want to get some fruits, when you do the Japa with Sakama Bhav.

When a Purascharana of Gayatri is done on the banks of the Ganges underneath an Asvattha tree or the Panchavriksha, Mantra-Siddhi comes in rapidly.

If you repeat Gayatri 4,000 times daily, you can finish the Purascharana in one year, seven months and twenty-five days. If you do the Japa slowly it will take 10 hours to finish 4,000 daily. The same number should be repeated daily.

You must observe strict Brahmacharya when you do Purascharana. Then you can have Darshan of Gayatri easily. Those who are unable to practise strict celibacy should be very moderate in family life as second best thing.

The practice of Akandha Mowna (unbroken silence) during Purascharana is highly beneficial. Those who are not able to practise this can observe full Mowna for a week in a month or on Sundays.

Those who practise Purascharana should not get up from the Asana till they finish the fixed number. They should not change the pose also.

Counting can be done through Maala, fingers or watch. Count the exact number that you can do in one hour. Suppose you can do in one hour 400 Gayatri Mantras, then Japa for

10 hours means 10 x 400=4,000. There is more concentration in counting through watch.

There are three varieties of Gayatri pictures for meditation in morning, noon and evening. These three pictures can be had from The Gita Press, Gorakpore. Many meditate on the five-faced Gayatri only throughout the day.

GLEANINGS

"Verily all this creation is Gayatri. Speech is Gayatri; by speech is all this creation preserved. That Gayatri is verily this earth. That Gayatri is verily composed of four feet, and possesseth six characteristics. The creations constitute the glories of Gayatri. That Brahman i.e. the being indicated in the Gayatri, is verily a space which surroundeth mankind."

—*Chhandogya Upanishad.*

"Verily man is Yajna (sacrifice). The first twenty-four years of his life constitute the morning ritual (Pratah savana). The Gayatri includes 24 letters and it is the Gayatri through which the morning ritual is performed."

—*Chhandogya Upanishad.*

CONCLUSION

In conclusion the repetition of Gayatri Japa brings the Darshan of Gayatri and eventually leads to the realization of the Adwaitic Brahman or unity of consciousness, or oneness (*Tanmyata, Talleenata, Tadrupata, Tadakarata* and the aspirant who asked for light from Gayatri, in the beginning, sings now in exuberant joy, "I am that Light of Lights, that gives light to Buddhi."

May Gayatri, the Blessed Mother of Vedas, bestow on us right understanding, pure intellect, right conduct and right thinking!

May She guide us in all our actions!

May She deliver us from the Samsaric wheel of birth and death!

Glory! Glory unto Gayatri, the creatress, the generatrix of this Universe!

Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache.

—Arthur Helps.

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सर्वधर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज।

SHARANAGATI

complete surrender to God

Swami Ramdas

वाचनालय, गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

THERE is the story in the *Mahabharata* about Draupadi, the wife of the Pandavas. She was a great devotee of Sri Krishna. When she was being dishonoured in the open court of Duryodhana, she called upon Krishna to come and protect her. But Krishna did not come. She called to him several times, but while calling she was also trying to protect herself. After some time, in despair she let go her hands and called on Krishna, utterly depending on Him. That very moment the Lord came to her rescue.

There is another story. A devotee of Shiva was passing through a forest. He had with him some valuable things. He saw a robber who was about to attack him and he got frightened. He called upon the Lord to save him. Shiva then started running towards His devotee. By the time He reached near this devotee the latter had taken a stone in his hand and was trying to fling it at the robber to save himself. Seeing this, Shiva turned back. Parvati, Shiva's consort, asked why He returned so soon. Shiva replied that His help was no longer required by His devotee as he was trying to protect himself, and so He returned.

Many people have no real faith in God, though they say they are His devotees. There is a Sloka in the *Bhagavad Gita*:

सर्वधर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं व्रज।

"Abandoning all actions, come to Me for shelter..." This is a state of perfect surrender to God—*Sharanagati*. Some people ask Ramdas why they should depend upon God when He has given them will-power, intellect and body. They think they have to put these to some use in attaining God. If not, what part has the intellect to play? Ramdas tells them that the function of the intellect is to know that it does not know anything. Ramdas is not a professor of philosophy. But he gives replies which will tickle you to some extent. If you bend your head down, you will see God in your heart, because heart is the place where God resides. By love we can realise Him. In all humility, place yourself in His hands, then you are saved.

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[Himself a mystic of no mean order, the author gives a bird's-eye-view of the contribution of some Hindi saints to mystical thought.—Ed.]

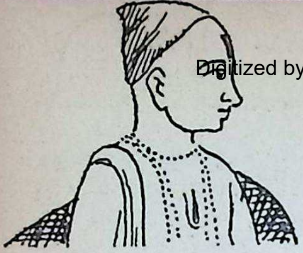
GREAT HINDI SAINTS

Dr. R. D. Ranade

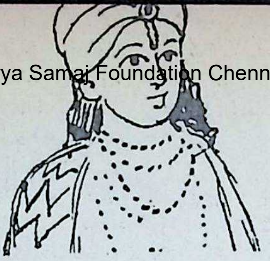
WE may conveniently divide these saints into the following groups for our treatment. We shall begin with the account of Kabir, Tulsidas, Surdas and Mirabai separately in that order, as these four constitute the major Hindi saints. After discussing the chief contributions to mystical experience which they have made, we shall proceed to another group, namely, that of Ramanand, Raidas and Nanak. Ramanand is evidently connected with Kabir, and Raidas was his disciple. Nanak comes in next, because he seems to have been influenced by the teachings of Kabir, as is evident from the large number of songs from Kabir which he has quoted in his *Granth-Sahib.* We next come to the continuance of the Kabirite teaching in Dharamdas, Charandas and Dadu each of whom seems to be revelling in his own form of mystical experience. We then proceed to the two great saints of the Natha School, Matsyendranath and Gorakhnath. These should have been taken up earlier, but we want to show first the development of the Kabirite tradition in a continuous way. Matsyendranath and Gorakhnath, of course, belong pre-eminently to the Yogic type, but they also make a distinct contribution to morality and mysticism. It is not unlikely that Kabir himself may have been influenced by their teaching. Among Muslim contributors to mystical thought, we have particularly to mention Mansur, the absolutistic philosopher, and Rahim, the poetical moralist, who have placed their imaginative and antithetical powers at the service of Mysticism. Finally, we shall allude to the mystical teachings of Gulal and Bahiro, who, though they may not be very much known to fame, yet make a distinct mystical appeal, as may be seen from their poems.

The greatest of the mystics discussed here is evidently Kabir, who combines in himself deep philosophical insight with heights of mystical experience. The doctrine of universal blindness, the enumeration of the seven stages in the journey of the soul after death, the description of man's helplessness before an inscrutable power which guides the destinies of the world, and the description of the funeral pyre, by looking at which he is filled to the brim with sadness, have been made with remarkable ability by Kabir. His insistence on the idea that the end of music should be the pro-

From *Pathway to God in Hindi Literature*, Bhavan's Book University.



Tulsidas



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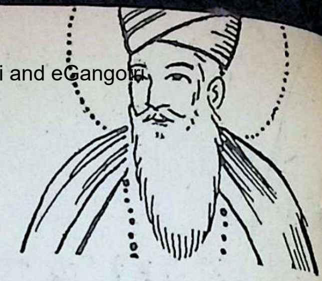


Nanak

pitiation of God, and not mere sensual or sensory enjoyment, his doctrine of limited human freedom in the manner of William James, his acute observations in regard to the question of the forefulfilment of a devotee's desires, and his suggestion that the Saint might be regarded as the Personal, and God as the Impersonal aspect of Reality, might easily be taken to be his chief contributions to a Philosophy of Mysticism.

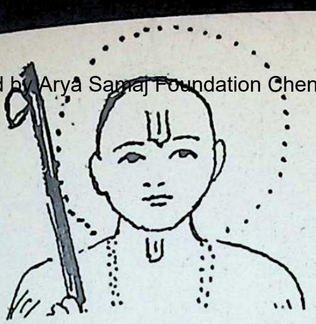
Kabir surpasses other Hindi saints in his description of the spiritual Teacher with his moral, mystical and social qualities. He has laid great stress on the importance of the Name of God. He would require us to meditate in silence and not call upon God in a loud tone; he would also advise us to meditate internally and by the help of the breath, and one of the tests for the reality of our spiritual development would, according to him, be that the Name would reveal itself before our vision or audition.

Kabir lays stress on intense concentration by the aspirant,—a point which he elaborates with many apt illustrations. In his account of the technique of meditational practice, he describes the spiritual Charkha, the sole intent of the plying of which is for the propitiation of the Master. It is noteworthy that Kabir illustrates in himself a combination of the tough-minded and the tender-minded types, so far as the description of the Dark Night of the Soul is concerned.

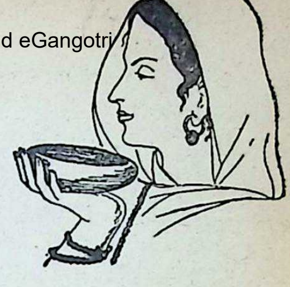
Kabir's doctrine of the intercommunicativeness of the senses in the mystical sphere, as contrasted with their inter-incommunicativeness in the physiological sphere, marks him out as an acute physiological and mystical observer. His account of various supersensuous experiences, such as those of sound, light, form, and colour, in addition to motor and factual experiences, is very illuminating. According to him, the end of spiritual endeavour should be to realise not only the divine music but the Musician also.

Kabir had likewise that extraordinary experience, namely that of flavourism, which involves the enjoyment of divine juice during or after the state of meditation. Kabir's description of the allied state of God-intoxication is evidently the result of Sufistic influence on him. His concept of Maya as a great temptress is ample proof of the influence of Vedanta on him. The great Maya, who tempts everyone, cannot tempt Kabir, as he has caught hold of the rope of Shabda, and, by its help, has been able to

Kabir



Ramanand



Mirabai

cross the river of existence. The great stress which he lays on the metaphysical and epistemological significance of Shabda is highly philosophic.

Finally, the highest watermark of liberation in Kabir, his concept of the (वेदह) or Infinite, marks him out as a philosophic mystic of the first order.

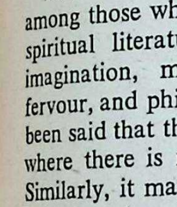
Tulsidas would take the first place among those who have enriched Hindi spiritual literature by their poetical imagination, moral and devotional fervour, and philosophic insight. It has been said that there is scarcely a house where there is no copy of the *Bible*. Similarly, it may be said that there is scarcely a house in U.P. or Northern India generally, where there is no copy of the TULSI-RAMAYANA.

The great philosophical insight of Tulsidas could be easily seen in his insistence on the impossibility of understanding fully the architectonic skill of God. His statement that we must transcend the considerations of reality, unreality, and real unreality is a very high watermark of philosophic speculation. Tulsidas narrates how the vision of God reacts on the Saints and binds them all together in a common bond of God-love. With extraordinary moral imagination, Tulsidas compares Jnana to a lamp which burns, and Bhakti to a fuel which illumines.

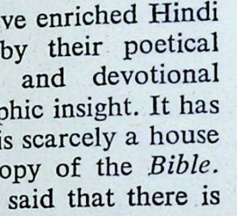
Tulsidas is unique in his formulation of the new nine kinds of Bhakti, the apex of which all is Rama Bharosa. As a philosophy of Emergence based upon Gestalt would look upon the whole as more than the sum of its parts, similarly, Tulsidas views God as a Spiritual Gestalt, who is more than the sum of the different aspects in which he is viewed by his different devotees.

His remarkable exposition of the relation between such fundamental conceptions as Nama, Rupa, Saguna, Nirguna and Dhyana, marks him out as a thinker of a very high order. His insistence on the Name as the symbol of ultimate Reality, even the "noumenon" itself, and his highly philosophic statement, in Spinozistic fashion, that Name and Form are only the Attributes of God may be regarded as Tulsidas's great contributions to Indian philosophic thought.

Like many other philosophers he re-



Mansur



Surdas

garded God as (अंतर्चीमिन्) but at the same time he has no difficulty in calling God a (बहिर्चीमिन्) also, a word which he uses for the first time, and in a unique sense in the History of Indian Philosophy.

He emphasises the impossibility of perceiving the unperceivable God. Hence his apostrophe to the Tongue to sing God's name, and his consequent contribution to physiology and psychology in this connection is highly remarkable. His insistence on one-pointed devotion to God, like that of a Chataka, which would brave all dangers for the sake of God, and in fact his whole Chataka Chautisa may be taken to be a remarkable contribution to the philosophy of devotion.

Finally, though we do not find many great mystical utterances in Tulsidas, he sometimes uses expressions almost in a mystical sense, as in his transcendent description of God as moving without feet and touching without hands, seeing without eyes and hearing without ears.

Surdas, with powerful and appropriate analogies, discusses the question of Illusionism. The Kantian problem of the contradictions of merit and reward, the consideration of the ravages of Death, and his consequent prayer to God to save him from helpless submission to Death, become for Surdas the chief incentives to his spiritual life. Surdas is most remarkable for his lyrical and devotional poetry.

Consider, for example, his analogies of the sparrow and the elephant, in the midst of their agonies, calling upon God for helpful succour. In Yajnavalkyan fashion, he advocates a eudaemonistic combination of material and spiritual welfare. His doctrine of supersensuous experience, as, for example, in the case of a blind man being able to visualize due to the power and grace of God, as well as his other two doctrines of the internal perception of God, and of God's being caught up in every fibre of the devotee's body, are excellent illustrations of spiritual experience.

Mirabai's description of her Dark Night of the Soul, her offer to ascend the funeral pyre and reduce her body to ashes, if necessary, as well as her vivid account, after the spiritual dawn, of her having come into possession of the jewel of God, as well as her unexcellable description of the spiritual Holi with its riot of sound and colour, have left a deep impression on Hindi spiritual literature. To add to this, we might say that her two other doctrines, namely, the doctrine of the 'Theos' becoming a 'Pantheos' as in the case of the Gopis, as well as her doctrine of Approximationism are enough to outwit the intellect of any technical philosopher.

The philosopher-mystic Ramanand in his brilliant discussion of the nature of God describes both the internal immanence and the universal pervasiveness of God. He may be taken to be one of the few mystics who combines in himself the experiences of smell and colour.

The various poetical analogies which Raidas employs for describing the relation of Saint and God, his philosophic statement about the futility of waving lights before the Omnipresent Being, and above all his daring account of his sinlessness, which enables him to dispense with the forgiveness of God, have made him a thinker of almost the first magnitude.

Nanak, whose collection of devotional songs in the *Granth-Sahib* is a permanent beacon-light of spirit, is at his best in earnest appeal for turning every moment of our life to spiritual use, as well as in his description of the multifarious efficacy of the company of the saints. By a philosophico-mystical insight, he sees the unity of the internal and the external God, as well as perceives God in all things and all things in God.

Dharamdas, who in his later life became the head of an important Kabirite centre, speaks of the different kinds of supersensuous experience, such as thunder and lightning, the spiritual bath and the mellifluous juice.

Charandas describes the valuelessness of words without action. He next proceeds to depict the marks of Brahmin-hood, and says "he alone deserves to be called a Brahmin who has realised Brahman, and who spends all his time in spiritual contemplation." His experience of God as not merely appearing to his vision wherever the eye may be cast, but also as talking with him, moving with him, and eating with him, is something very peculiar in the history of mystical experience.

Dadu, who is supposed to have been the disciple of Kamal, excels in his description of a Kafir, who, he says, is an embodiment of vices like untruth, deceit, and a disbelief in God. In a philosophico-moral spirit, he prays to the Lord to keep him ever on the right path. His prayer in this connection may be regarded as a philosophical instead of a lyrical prayer as in Surdas. We also see some high mystical elements in his conceptions of the spiritual Charkha and the Divine Juice.

Matsyendranath, the founder of the Nath School, examines the bonafides of ritualism, the pursuit of mere Yoga, intellectualism and mere moralism, and determines their proper place in the meditational process.

Gorakhnath has been regarded as the most famous of the Nath School because from him descended Gahininath and Jnaneshvar, one of the greatest mystics of India and the world. True to his lineage, Gorakhnath excels in describing various Yogic attainments, but also sees the limitations of them and ultimately pants for the vision of God who is to him identical with his Guru Matsyendranath.

We next proceed to the two great Muslim saints Mansur and Rahim. Mansur advises us to reject all ceremonial ritualism, and advocates the Anal-Haq method of meditation. His description of the travail of unison is most remarkable and pathetic, when he is having the vision of God in his anguish at the stake.

Rahim, the famous poet-moralist of Akbar's time, who might probably be regarded as the greatest Doha writer of Hindi, barring of course Kabir, tells us how, in Herakleitian manner, 'flux' may be regarded as the most important incentive to spiritual life, how a morally acquired character is not capable of being influenced by any bad company, how in the alternative between egoism and devotionalism, between self and God, the latter is necessarily to be chosen.

The Chataka of Tulsidas, the Sparrow of Surdas, and the Chakora of Rahim, which are their symbols as God's Elect, are on the same level so far as their intense and unfaltering devotion to God is concerned.

...We are very imperfect men and women. We cannot realize that we are one with the Supreme Being. Yet, we can practise the great and noble art of human sympathy and understanding, and when dealing with others put ourselves in their skin whenever misunderstanding or fear assails us. This is real yoga.

SO'HAMASMI

सोऽहमस्मि

C. Rajagopalachari

THERE are two philosophies of life obstinately held, sometimes even by the same individual as by different strong-willed persons. One is what is expressed in the saying that the leopard cannot change its spots. The other is that every human being is basically good and reasonable, and, if the approach is properly made, will be converted from evil and unreason to good and right conduct. Gandhiji swore by the latter philosophy. This school of thought can in India be based on the *advaita* of Hindu philosophy, a philosophy which identifies the individual soul with the Supreme Being.

It will require long discipline and continuous practice of detachment and surrender, before one can even dimly realize the identity of the *atman* in every life and "see himself in others and others in himself"—see God in everything and everything in God. The truth has been proclaimed by our *Rishis* and, like a great treasure lying buried, it awaits our digging and realization. *Advaita* is our unique inheritance, but we have not reduced it to possession, and we suffer poverty and distress not knowing how rich we are.

No other nation has this golden bequest that has been bequeathed to us. Yet there are no people perhaps on earth who today suffer from such great spiritual blindness as marks worldly life in India. Fear and discord and ill-feeling make life miserable, while we have in fact a special inheritance which, if only we reduce into possession, could dispel all this illusion and make happiness universal.

yastu sarvaani bhootaani
aatmanyevaanupasyati
sarvabhooteshu chaatmaanam
tato na vijugupsate

He who sees with an eye that sees all beings around him as living in himself and himself as living in all the beings around him, fears no one, dislikes no one. When a man has realized the oneness with himself of the beings around him, all delusion and all sorrrow will have disappeared for him.

yasmin sarvaani bhootaani
aatmaivaabhoot vijaanatah
tatra ko mohah kah soka
ekatvam anupasyatah

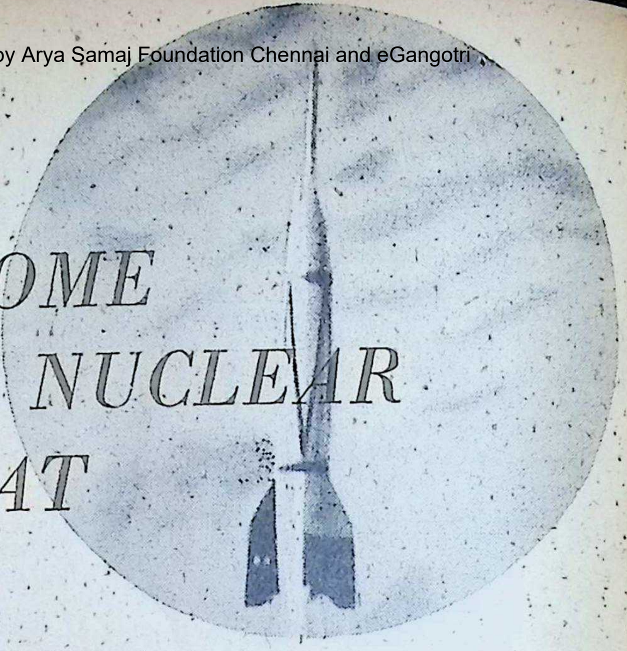
The great goal is *advaita*, the identity of every being with the Supreme Being. Almost everyone in India will say he is an *advaitin* by creed. But, alas, our acts are not made to square with our proudly professed faith and we are far, very far, from that goal of realized wisdom!

The great winning post of unity with the One Universal Being is far off, but there is a nearer stage in the quest for enlightenment; we can surely reach it with effort. This stage is to identify ourselves with others around us, whom we feel inclined to fear or dislike. We are very imperfect men and women. We cannot realize that we are one with the Supreme Being. Yet, we can practise the great and noble art of human sympathy and understanding, and when dealing with others put ourselves in their skin whenever misunderstanding or fear assails us. This is real *yoga*. Good people do it today in all walks of life without pretending to be Yogins or philosophers. It is these people who save our world from being quite a jungle.

yosaavasaupurushah
sohamasmi

"That person there and I are the same." This *maha mantra* was spoken by the *Rishis* not only of the Being in the Sun—the Sun who is God Himself shining and made visible to our eyes, who gives us life and keeps it going. It was said of every one of the beings around us here on earth. That person there is myself! Every one around us is one with us, as a reflection in the mirror is the same as the thing reflected. We can realize this truth, this treasure, through the normal daily practice of sympathy and understanding. It will dissolve and dispel all fear and aversion. The path to this realization is not hard study or mystic physical exercises, but the daily practice of sympathy and reflection, and the cultivation of equanimity.

HOW TO OVERCOME THE NUCLEAR THREAT



Dr. Rajendra Prasad

FROM time immemorial man has been known to quarrel with man. This he did with such weapons as were available to him at the time. To begin with, it was more a question of personal valour than the efficiency of the instruments used.

Gradually the emphasis has shifted from personal heroism and bravery to the efficiency and destructiveness of the weapons. The result has been gradual progress from the axe and the hatchet to the atom bomb.

At the same time man has not only lost much of his heroism and chivalry but his conscience has become more and more deadened to the finer feeling of humanity.

War is fast becoming a push-button affair. The actual fighter very often does not even know the consequences of his merely pressing a button.

The recent Anti-Nuclear Arms Convention held at New Delhi poignantly highlighted the hazards of a nuclear war. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who presided, delivered a great speech which is condensed in this article.

—Ed.

The question therefore naturally arises: how is humanity to be saved from the destruction which is inevitable if the misuse of scientific and technological advance goes unchecked or unregulated?

○○○

It is only necessary to realise the danger involved in the nuclear race to rouse the conscience of mankind and check this mad competition.

If it were only a question affecting

The effect of dropping a twenty megaton bomb with an explosive force of twenty million tons of T.N.T. has been described as follows:

As the bomb explodes the sky fills with a bluish white glare. A man standing sixty miles away would see a fire-ball thirty times brighter than the noonday sun—a fire-ball hot as the centre of the sun.

The fire-ball rapidly expands until it is 4½ miles wide. As it expands it begins to rise, scorching an ever-widening area.

The matter sucked up by the fire-ball starts to condense on reaching upper air layers, five to ten miles up. It spreads out, forming a radio-active mushroom cloud. The material in this cloud begins to descend as fall-out.

Meanwhile, an intense pressure wave, or shock, travelling faster than sound spreads out from the centre of the explosion, crushing almost everything in its path until it gradually loses its force.

Following this shock-front comes the wind of more than 1,000 miles per hour. As it moves outward the wind diminishes; behind it a vacuum develops. Then the surrounding air rushes in, fanning the fires started by the thermal radiation and initial blast damage.

Soon these fires will join and develop into a fire storm that could cover an area many miles across, destroying all; that will burn structures and living things.

The blast itself would create a hole 240 feet deep at its deepest point and a half mile across. Within a radius of 7.7 miles the destruction would be severe. The casualties in a large city could include five to six million dead.

two combatants, who could fight it out between themselves and destroy each other, one could sit back complacently and say: "If they are so minded let them do their worst to each other and be damned." But unfortunately much more is at stake. It is the future of humanity.

Combatants or opposing nations are as much involved in it as non-combatants and neutrals.

Slaughter of the innocent and the guilty alike on a mass scale is bad enough. It becomes infinitely worse if not only the living but also many generations of those yet to be born are doomed to be afflicted with congenital physical and mental defects.

The non-aligned and neutral people are as much involved in this as those who are knowingly or unknowingly engaged in the criminal conspiracy of creating weapons and conditions that would spell their own annihilation no less than that of others.

* * *

It has been argued that a clean nuclear bomb is on the way and that the advent of such a bomb would eliminate most of the radiation hazards. This is, however, only an eyewash.

* * *

There is no known defence against a nuclear attack once it is launched.

The only thing that the target country can do is to perfect a system of instant retaliation that would be able to function even when the rest of the country has been reduced to an atomic wreckage. It can, however, be poor consolation to the victim of a nuclear attack to know that after it has been wiped out of existence a similar fate would overtake the adversary!

This leaves out of account the ever present possibility of unintended nuclear wars as a result of an accident which no human ingenuity can completely guard against.

* * *

The strategy of deterrence can be rendered ineffective by several causes.

It may be rendered ineffective by the failure or malfunctioning of a radar warning system, by a misinterpretation of the signal given by it or even by a meteor striking the earth. Any of these things can create an illusion that a thermo-nuclear war was on and touch off an unintended thermo-nuclear war.

Even if deterrence succeeds, the mounting scale of expenditure on armaments resulting from the nuclear arms race will be such as to impoverish the nations concerned and deprive mankind of much of the fruits of scientific advance.

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A race for nuclear weapons of which the nuclear tests are an index, if it remains unchecked, can thus have only three possible results.

(1) It may lead to a thermo-nuclear war between East and West which will result in the annihilation of whole populations on either side, destroy civilization and turn the world into a radio-active wasteland.

The radio-active deaths which might be expected within two months of the hostilities:

There will be an undetermined number of further casualties during the following fifty years, caused by genetic effects, tumor induction and the like. It is like that in the countries in which the bomb explosions occur, these delayed casualties will equal the immediate ones. During these following fifty years, the remainder of the world, would probably suffer some 10 million additional deaths as a result of the induction of tumors and genetic effects from the world-wide fall-out. It is striking that the damage to neutral countries may be as high as 5 to 10 per cent of that suffered by the belligerents.

(2) Or, as Bertrand Russell points out, assaults on heavenly bodies by the competing powers may take the place of exploding nuclear weapons in the attempt by each to demonstrate its superior counterforce capacity to the other side. "It may well happen", says Bertrand Russell, "that means will be found to cause them (terrestrial bodies) to disintegrate. The moon may split and crumble and melt. Poisonous fragments may fall on Moscow and Washington or more innocent regions. Hate and destructiveness having become cosmic will spread madness beyond its present terrestrial confines."

(3) The insane race for supremacy in thermo-nuclear weapons may lead to the financial bankruptcy of the countries concerned and turn the whole world into a vast slum inhabited by fear-ridden neurotics, like the philosophers of Laputa in Dean Swift's satire.

●●●

How is it, one may ask, that with all these disastrous consequences of nuclear warfare staring them in the face, the powers still engage in the nuclear arms race?

Why cannot they agree to stop the ruinous competition and dump their armaments into the sea, or where their capacity for damage is destroyed!

The reason is that both sides are in the grip of mutual fear, suspicion and distrust, and these do not make for sanity.

The only cure for fear, Mahatma Gandhi taught us, is faith, for suspicion sincerity and for distrust trust.

We have seen disarmament conferences dragging on their weary course endlessly only to bog down in a morass of equivocation but are not prepared to abjure war.

They talk about peace but have a mental reservation about the renunciation of force.

The straightest and the simplest way to break through this vicious circle would be for all powers to abjure the use of force altogether, and this must be reflected in their domestic policies.

There may be an agreement to enforce collective sanctions, economic and other, not involving the use of force, against any power that violates the agreed code.

In the alternative if any one country taking courage in both hands unilaterally disarmed, it would break this vicious circle of mutual fear and distrust and pave the way for universal disarmament. Such a nation would go down in history as the benefactor of mankind and the world will not allow it to fall a victim to aggression.

India has had the unique privilege of engaging in a successful non-violent struggle for independence under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi.

She should set the example if her appeal for unilateral disarmament is to carry any weight.

The genetic effects of radio-active Carbon 14 were recently described by Dr. Linus Pauling. As a result of the surface-tests conducted by the Russians Dr. Pauling stated that

> **160,000 children will be born with gross physical and mental defects during the next few generations. The Carbon 14 produced will cause an estimated total of 4,000,000 still-births, embryonic, neo-natal or childhood deaths and children with physical and mental defects. These 4,000,000 victims will be spread out over some score of generations, assuming the human race survives. The fission products will also damage human beings now living in such a way that between 200,000 and 1,000,000 will have their lives cut short by radiation-produced diseases such as leukaemia.**

I consider this to be a perfectly legitimate challenge.

My appeal is addressed to India no less than to the other countries of the world.

It may, however, be that some other country is better qualified than India to take the lead in this respect and will succeed quicker than we.

Gandhiji even envisaged some Western nation, by dint of its training in discipline and organisation, and its martial valour, attaining the goal of non-violence even before India, though he never ceased to hope that India would not allow itself to be beaten in the race.

●●●

To provide the antidote to the atom bomb, however, requires non-violence of the highest type.

It may be asked whether this would

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not make too heavy a demand on human nature. Answering this question Mahatma Gandhi said: "The critics gratuitously assume the impossibility of human nature, as it is constituted, responding to the strain involved in non-violent preparation. But that is begging the question. I say, 'You have never tried the method on any scale. In so far as it has been tried, it has shown promising results.'"

◆

If a visitor from another planet inhabited by beings with higher intelligence than ours were to come in our midst and see what is happening here, he would be surprised and shocked at the folly of man that impels him to prepare for wholesale destruction when he can reap infinite benefit for all by using his intelligence and knowledge for others' good.

What I mean is that with our present scientific and technological achievements we can make the whole of humanity prosperous and happy, if only we decided to put them to use for building and not for destroying.

All that is necessary is that man should see the folly of his ways and desist from a course which can only lead to his destruction and the destruction of all that he holds dear.

If we feel ourselves unable to undertake and achieve this at one step, let us at least make a move in the right direction by banning all the nuclear tests as a preliminary step towards the removal of the threat to human survival that confronts us today, and thus give humanity breathing time to think out and adopt further steps to rid the world of fear, distrust and suspicion which lie at the root of violence.

*

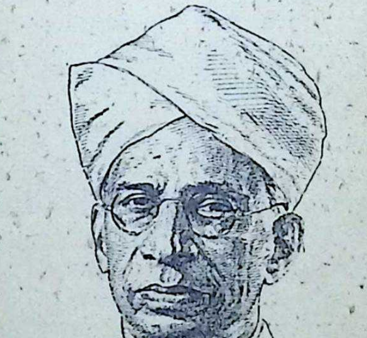
...Krishna of the Gita stands for the Infinite
in the finite, the God in man
concealed within the folds
of flesh and the powers of sense . . .

Krishna of the Gita

वाचनालय, गुरुकुल

Dr. S. RADHAKRISHNAN

THE *Bhagavad-Gita* which forms part of the Bhishma-parva of the *Mahabharata* is the most popular religious poem of Sanskrit literature. It is said to be "the most beautiful, perhaps the only true philosophical song existing in any known tongue."



It is a book conveying lessons of philosophy, religion and ethics. It is not looked upon as a *shruti,* or a revealed scripture, but is regarded as a *smriti*, or a tradition. Yet, if the hold which a work has on the mind of man is any clue to its importance, then the *Gita* is the most influential work in Indian thought.

Its message of deliverance is simple.

While only the rich could buy off the gods by their sacrifices, and only the cultured could pursue the way of knowledge, the *Gita* teaches a method which is within the reach of all, that of *bhakti*, or devotion to God.

The poet makes the teacher the very God descended into humanity. He is supposed to address Arjuna, the representative man, at a great crisis in his life.

Arjuna comes to the battle-field, convinced of the righteousness of his cause and prepared to fight the enemy. At the psychological moment he shrinks from his duty. His conscience

From *Indian Inheritance*, Bhavan's Book University.

is troubled, his heart is torn with anguish and his state of mind "like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection". If to slay is to sin, it is a worse sin to slay those to whom we owe love and worship.

Arjuna typifies the struggling individual who feels the burden and the mystery of the world. He has not yet built within himself a strong centre of spirit from which he can know not only the unreality of his own desires and passions, but also the true status of the world opposing him.

The despondency of Arjuna is not the passing mood of a disappointed man, but is the feeling of a void, a sort of deadness felt in the heart, exciting a sense of the unreality of things. Arjuna is ready to repudiate his life if necessary.

He does not, however, know what is right for him to do. He is faced by a terrible temptation and passes through an intense inward agony. His cry is a simple yet tremendous one, significant of the tragedy of man, which all who can see beyond the actual drama of the hour can recognise.

The mood of despair in which Arjuna is found in the first chapter of the *Gita* is what the mystics call the dark night of the soul, an essential step in the upward path. The further stages of illumination and realisation are found in the course of the dialogue.

From the second chapter onwards we have a philosophical analysis. The essential thing in man is not the body or the senses, but the changeless spirit. The mind of Arjuna is switched on to a new path. The life of the soul is symbolized by the battle-field of Kurukshetra, and the Kauravas are the enemies who impede the progress of the soul. Arjuna attempts to recapture the kingdom of man by resisting the temptations and controlling the passions. The path of progress is through suffering and self-abnegation. Arjuna tries to evade the rigorous ordeal by subtle arguments and specious excuses. Krishna stands for the voice of God, delivering his message in thrilling notes, warning Arjuna against dejection of spirit.

" MA SUCHA "

Lord Krishna is the sweet-smiling singer. Gita is the song of songs, which He sings on the battle-field. Moksha **is the ennobling theme. Marvellous is its majestic symphony. Soul-inspiring is the music of Bhagavad Gita. Nectar-like are the wondrous words that flow from the Divine lips. The Lord's golden voice reaches the Empyrean. His language is sweet and sublime.**

Ma Sucha* **(grieve not): Who else could utter such tender words, so full of grace and comfort to the sorrow-stricken heart, to the clouded mind, to the suffering soul? Lord Krishna is the Ocean of Mercy. Human thought has reached perfection in those two honeyed words.** Ma Sucha **summarises the entire teaching of the sacred scripture. The Pandava-prince is spell-bound by the melody of the Lord. Arjuna is deeply moved. The song-celestial rejuvenates him. He looks up and beholds the aureole round Lord Krishna. The immaculate form is a mass of effulgence and splendour. Arjuna bends down in adoration. He is entranced. The immortal lyricist and the immortal listener—Yogeswara Krishna and Dhanurdhara Partha—become one and mingle in each other like light and air. What a beautiful fulfilment, what a lovely finale to a heroic drama of man's longing for liberation or Moksha!**

—V. A. Sundaram

Verse 66. Ch. 18

The opening chapter shows great insight into the heart of man, its conflict of motives, the force of selfishness and the subtle whisperings of the Evil One. As the dialogue proceeds, the dramatic element disappears. The echoes of the battle-field die away, and we have only an interview between God and man.

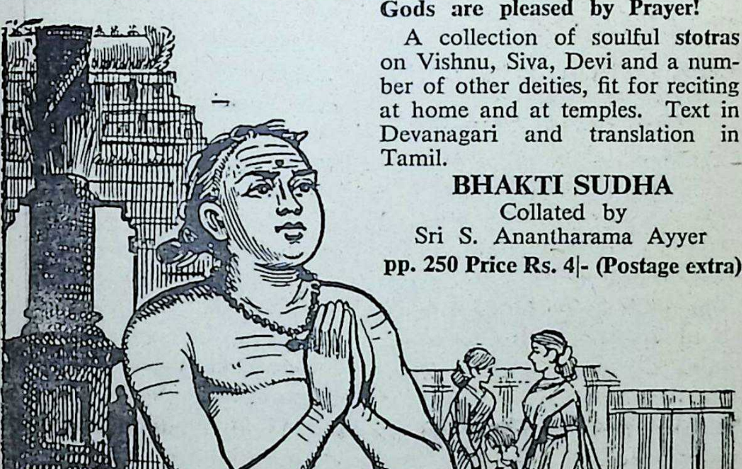
The chariot of war becomes the lonely cell of meditation, and a corner of the battle-field where the voices of the world are stilled, a fit place for thoughts on the Supreme.

The teacher is the favourite god of India, who is at once human and divine. He is the god of beauty and love, whom his devotees enthrone on the wings of birds, on the petals of flowers, on whatever they most delight in of all that lives on earth. The poet vividly imagines how an incarnate God would speak of Himself. There is support for the poet's device to make Krishna say that he was Brahman.

In the *Vedanta Sutras* (i. 1,30), the Vedic passage where Indra declares himself to be Brahman is explained on the hypothesis that Indra is only referring to the philosophical truth that the Atman in man is one with the Supreme Brahman. When Indra says "Worship me," he means "Worship the God I worship." On a similar principle, Vamadeva's declaration that he is Manu and Surya is explained.

Besides, the *Gita* teaches that an individual freed from passion and fear and purified by the fire of wisdom attains to the state of God.

Krishna of the *Gita* stands for the Infinite in the finite, the God in man concealed within the folds of flesh and the powers of sense.



Gods are pleased by Prayer!

A collection of soulful **stotras** on Vishnu, Siva, Devi and a number of other deities, fit for reciting at home and at temples. Text in Devanagari and translation in Tamil.

BHAKTI SUDHA

Collated by

Sri S. Anantharama Ayyer

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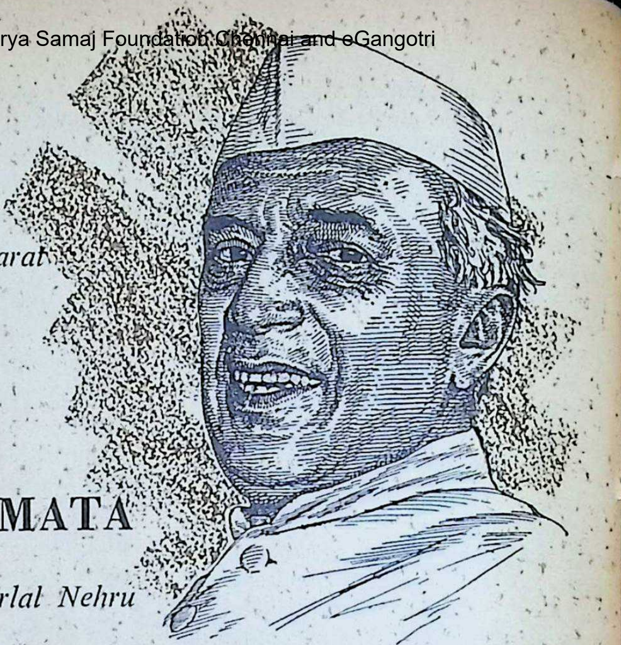

You are part of Bharat Mata . . . in a manner yourself Bharat Mata . . .

BHARAT MATA

Jawaharlal Nehru

OFTEN, as I wandered from meeting to meeting, I spoke to my audience of this India of ours, of Hindustan and of *Bharata*,—the old Sanskrit name derived from the mythical founder of the race.

I seldom did so in the cities, for there, the audience were more sophisticated and wanted stronger fare.

But to the peasant, with his limited outlook, I spoke of this great country for whose freedom we were struggling, of how each part differed from the other and yet was India, of common problems of the peasants from north to south and east to west, of the *Swaraj* that could only be for all and every part and not for some.

I told them of my journeying from the Khyber Pass in the far north-west to Kanya Kumari or Cape Comorin in the distant south, and how everywhere the peasants put me identical questions, for their troubles were everywhere the same—poverty, debt, vested interests, landlords, money-lenders, heavy rents and taxes, police harassment and all these had imposed upon us—and relief must also come for all.

I tried to make them think of India as a whole and even to some little extent of this wide world of which we were a part. I brought in the struggle in China, in Spain, in Abyssinia, in Central Europe, in Egypt and the countries of Western Asia.

I told them of the wonderful changes in the Soviet Union and of the great progress made in America.

The task was not easy; yet it was not so difficult as I had imagined for

From *Discovery of India.*

our ancient epics and myths and legends, which they knew so well, had made them familiar with the conception of their country, and some there were always who had travelled far and wide to the great places of pilgrimage situated at the four corners of India.

Or there were old soldiers who had served in foreign parts in World War I or other expeditions.

Even my references to foreign countries were brought home to them by the consequences of the great depression of the 'thirties'.

Sometimes as I reached a gathering, a great roar of welcome would greet me: *Bharat Mata ki Jai*—"Victory to Mother India."

I would ask them unexpectedly what they meant by that cry, who was this *Bharat Mata*, Mother India, whose victory they wanted?

My question would amuse them and surprise them, and then, not knowing exactly what to answer, they would look at each other and at me. I persisted in my questioning.

At last a vigorous Jat, wedded to the soil from immemorial generations, would say that it was the *dharti*, the good earth of India, that they meant.

What earth? Their particular village patch, or all the patches in the district or province, or in the whole of India?

And so question and answer went on, till they would ask me impatiently to tell them all about it.

I would endeavour to do so and explain that India was all this that they had thought, but it was much more.

The mountains and the rivers of India, and the forests and the broad fields, which gave us food, were all dear to us, but what counted ultimately were the people of India, people like them and me, who were spread out all over this vast land. *Bharat Mata*, Mother India, was essentially these millions of people, and victory to her meant victory to these people.

You are part of this *Bharat Mata*, I told them, you are in a manner yourself Bharat Mata, and as this idea slowly soaked into their brains, their eyes would light up as if they had made a great discovery!

One's mother and the land of his birth are superior to heaven itself.—Ramayana.

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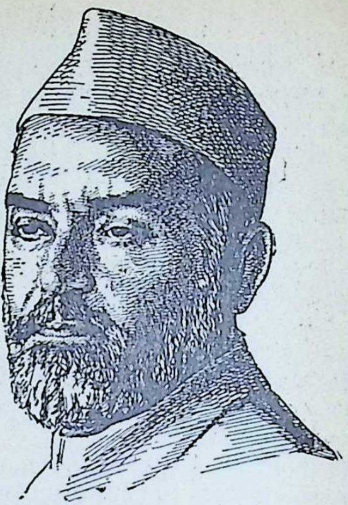


the future administrator

THE proper education and training of the administrator is one of the most urgent tasks of our democratic society.

The process of education, if it is allowed to proceed unhampered, provides some, usually much, information, a few skills and trends with highly variable success, to produce some attitudes among the educated.

I do not wish to say anything about the skills. You will know if you don't have them. Their absence is usually unmistakable.

With reference to information, unfortunately educational work not unoften reduces itself to the transmission of information accumulated by others. I am always tempted to remind people of the Persian proverb that seems to me to enshrine great wisdom: an ounce of information would require ten of understanding. The amounts in the original Persian are a maund and ten maunds, but that would be a rather heavy dosage for the sensitive stomach of the modern man. Yes, an ounce of information demands ten of understanding. The examinations are usually concerned with the one ounce, life needs the ten.

Information that you acquire yourself or information which you use to solve problems becomes transformed from an inert load into an active formative agent.

With regard to attitudes, I have something to say—attitudes of the administrator and attitudes towards the administrator.

We in this country have still a rather confused attitude towards our administrative machinery—perhaps understandably so. Before independence, this administrative machinery was the operative agency of foreign rule. For long years it was thus in a static mass of apathetic, hopeless, visionless, inarticulate humanity, unmindful, by

From a recent speech

and large, of its obligations, ignorant of its rights and forgetful of its destiny.

In its early days, this administrative machinery, in spite of its being the tool of a foreign domination, was even liked and respected for its efficiency, its impartiality and its incorruptibility. But operating in a population, uneducated and illiterate, ridden with poverty and disease, politically dead and socially stagnant, without a word of valid criticism or a stirring of legitimate protest, would corrode and demoralise even the best administrative apparatus.

The apparatus of British administration in this country was no exception and, in spite of the very limited scope of its operation, mainly for the maintenance of law and order in a police state, it deteriorated as it grew.

And when the inarticulate began to speak up and the hopeless regained hope and the visionless began to march against the twilight of the coming day, this apparatus of administration, harnessed as it was to foreign rule, became, from the nature of the case, antagonistic to the national aspirations of the people. It increasingly lost touch with them. It alienated their sympathies. It came to be regarded not only with suspicion but with hostility as an engine of exploitation and oppression, geared to a system of government which Gandhiji brandmarked indelibly as 'Satanic.'

This has caused considerable damage to our present administration when circumstances have so radically changed.

The present administration has inherited some of that exclusive forbidding touch-me-not-ness, some of that stand-offish sense of superiority, some of that lack of sympathetic understanding which was associated with the administrator of the past.

It also inherited, perhaps, some of that lack of initiative only natural in a circumstance where points of initiative were mostly occupied by the foreigner. It also inherited some of those narrower loyalties of community and caste and language and region which could flourish and grow under foreign rule, for allegiance to those narrower loyalties did not place any higher and larger loyalty in jeopardy.

These and similar habits and attitudes cling to the administrators as remnants of a past they can never do too much to shake off.

The people too, on their side, still seem, at times, to look upon the administration as if it were not their own, seem to enjoy finding fault with it, seem not infrequently to take delight in the use of their ingenuity to evade what the administrator is commissioned to enforce.

This is thoroughly bad—the one side as bad as the other—for things have so fundamentally changed.

We are face to face with a new life with new problems. The attitude of the people and that of the administrator have to undergo a radical mutual change. The people have to realise that the administration is *their* own, *their* instrument for the execution of *their* will.

The administration has to realise unmistakably that it is such an instrument and to take pride in the privilege of being able to serve and through service to educate its masters— the people.

In order to enable you to do this, you will have to develop attitudes which a prescribed syllabus cannot do much to foster. They are essentially a product of the process of self-education. I would mention a few attitudes which I think the Indian administrator should endeavour to develop in himself.

The first is the attitude of consciously and consistently preferring service to rule.

In the expanding democratic life of this country, there is not much room for people who find their greatest satisfaction in imposing their will on others and in demanding and receiving unquestioning compliance.

The administrator today has to work among people who after long years of sullen unquestioning compliance have at last come into their own. The basis of that compliance has radically changed. The obedience to the dictates of an alien power backed by force has been replaced by a democratic government of the people's choice, committed to their service and ultimately responsible to them. Unquestioning obedience has to give place to intelligent and understanding acceptance.

This should affect their whole attitude to human relations with the people in general and with the teams in which they work, their attitude to superiors and inferiors. It will perhaps lead you to evolve a technique of open and frank communication in good faith allowing no tales to be secretively carried to you or by you. It will perhaps help you in not being in a hurry to judge or to let down a subordinate and in not making special pets or favourites. It will perhaps give you an inner resistance against sycophants. It will, perhaps, give you a quality of self-criticism and inner vigilance which may enable you to resist what pleases you to hear.

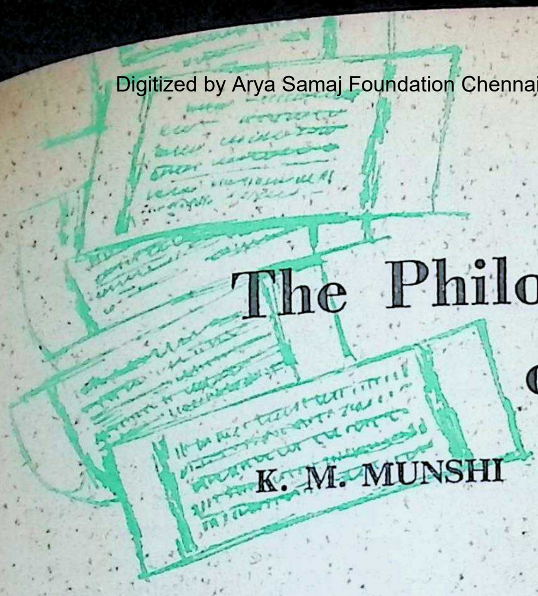
A person who has developed this pattern of attitudes can fruitfully co-operate with others and get the hearty co-operation of others. And this is to be one of the outstanding qualities of future administrators in our country.

Finally, there is the attitude of absolute impartiality towards an equal commitment to work for the welfare of all citizens it is your privilege to serve.

You should learn to set your face resolutely against any narrow sectional loyalties. Your loyalty is to the people of India without any distinction, to their politically organised society, the Indian Union. Your action—even sub-consciously—should not be actuated by any narrower loyalty. For remember, that is a cancer that can eat into the vitals of our body politic and damage it, may be beyond possibility of repair.

You should resolve, each one of you, to cut it out and wait for no one to do it for you.

If you succeed in developing these attitudes, you will be anxious, wherever you may be placed, to do whatever lies in your power to enlist the active and effective co-operation of every Indian villager in the great enterprise of building up a life free from hunger, want, ignorance and disease, a pattern of non-exploitative and graceful living together.



The Philosophy of Vedanta

K. M. MUNSHI

VEDANTA literally means the Upanishads, the final portion of the Vedas which are the sacred books of the Hindus.

The Vedanta is not merely a speculative philosophy; it is also a practical religion, a pathway to perfection. Complementary to the *view* of life that it expounds, it prescribes the *way* of life which one should adopt to achieve the Vedanta goal.

There are three aspects of Vedanta: its ontology, its cosmology and its psychology.

According to the first, the universe is understood in terms of monistic philosophy and a pantheistic religion. The root Principle of Reality which is called *Brahman* is One only without a second, without any differentiation of name and form. It is the basis of the entire universe, the source, the sustenance and the sanctuary of the myriads of the cosmic things and events.

The One remains, the Many change and pass. Back of this Many abides an enduring identity which those who have the true insight can detect in the pulsations of every particle of the universe. 'What exists is One; the wise speak of it variously'. The Vedanta thus stands for the unitary and the unifying principles of the universe.

Thus to the Vedantin, every material science which deals with a particular section of the universe and earth, in a language of its own, only conveys the Truths of the Spirit in its own way and from its point of view.

The cosmology of the Vedanta provides an effective solution for the problems of a creationist religion. It is not as if the world came out of an abysmal void, and was brought into being by the fiat of a creator out of something alien to him.

The creation is the translation of ultimate Reality in the Space-Time

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I am obliged to my friend, Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan, for helping me to write this article.—K. M. M.

continuum. The *Brahman* in its essence, is devoid of name and form. It is One only and abides in its lone majesty without change, decay and death, appearing only as the 'many' which constitute the Universe.

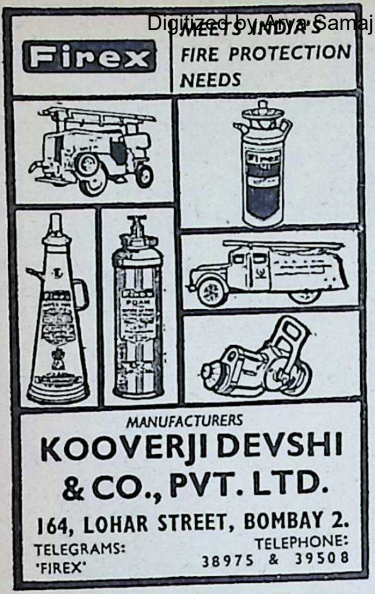
Nature is a complex of Spirit and Matter. Under the impact of modern Physics, Matter, yielding up its secrets, trembles on the very brink of immateriality; and the objective is fast disappearing into the region of the mind and spirit.

The discoveries of modern Science prove that the monism of the Vedanta is 'not merely a philosophical doctrine to which intellectual assent might be given, but' as Eddington puts it, 'it has become part of the scientific attitude of the day illustrated in detail in the current scheme of physics'.

Material objects and phenomena are being explained by scientists, not in terms of their atomic or molecular rudiments, as before, but in the language of the Thought arising in a Universal Mind which the Vedanta speaks of as pure undifferentiated *Chit*. Einstein comes very near this concept when he defines Science as 'the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualisation.'

The Vedanta also invests man with unique excellence. He is a microcosm of the Spirit in its aspect of Thought or *Chit*, and it is his privilege as it is his duty, to grow into the fullness of that Spirit. The finitude of man is but apparent; in reality, he is infinite, nay, he is the Infinite itself.

Like Nature, he too is a complex of Spirit and Matter, in which the Spirit is the major and determining partner. He can, if he wills, trans-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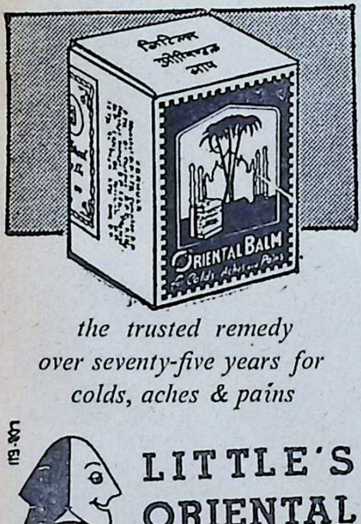
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cend his material nature and regain consciousness of his infinitude and abide in it for ever. That consciousness is not of the relational kind known to modern psychology, but is trans-empirical without the duality of subject and object.

Vedantic wisdom or *Brahmajnana* as it is called, demands the price of earnest and relentless endeavour. It is only the pure in heart that can enter the kingdom of Heaven. A series of physical and moral disciplines has to be gone through to remove the dross from the man's mind before it can mirror forth the effulgence of the Spirit.

The Supreme Reality is not merely an intellectual quest; it is a Spiritual conquest to which the entire nature of man has to be oriented.

The Vedanta philosophy is not a philosophy of the cloister. It begins with personal perfection; it does not end with it. The fruit of Vedantic wisdom is to see the whole existence, peopled with the moving and the unmoving, as instinct with God or the Spirit.

Realising his identity with the Supreme, the true Vedantin sees himself in all things and all things in himself; in the language of the pantheists, he sees God in everything and everything in God and as God; nothing in the Universe is alien to Him.

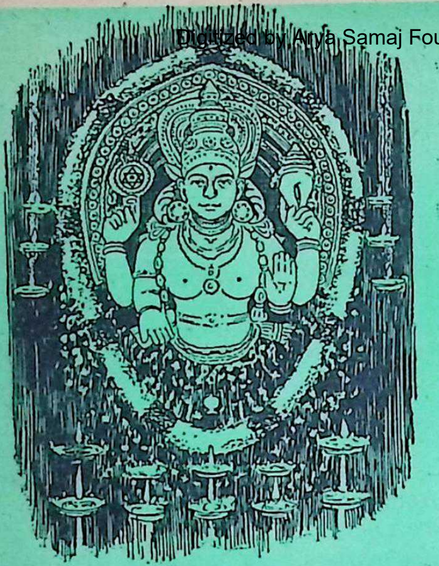
In human relations, he is undeceived by the seeming differences of country, race, nationality, sex and station; for, he has found them to be superficial, not affecting the essential human personality.

The Upanishads are the sources of . . .the Vedantic philosophy, a system in which human speculation seems to me to have reached its very acme. I spend my happiest hours in reading Vedantic books. They are to me like the light of the morning, like the pure air of the mountains—so simple, so true, if once understood.

—Max Muller.

And the union of hearts springs from an awareness of identity of human nature in *Brahman*. No more is my neighbour or the man far away, an 'other' to me, but I see and feel him as 'another' expression of the universal Spirit, which is me. Thus is paved the way to love my God whom I do not see by loving my brother whom I see; for, I know and feel that every man is God Himself and that therefore to love and serve men is to love and serve God.

The Vedanta is not merely the philosophy of the Hindus. It is not just a theory or a creed. It affirms the fundamental principles of all knowledge—scientific and supra-spiritual, and provides for the underlying motive which constitutes the dynamics of true religion which is neither sectarian nor denominational. And there have been not a few who, by their realisation, have testified to the truth of the Vedanta. That is why thinking men in the East and West—great scientists among them—have been attracted to this perennial philosophy which is as ancient as it is universal.



MAHADEVI OF CHOTTANIKARA

C. K. Pillai

IN the village of Chottanikara in Kerala is one of the few Mahadevi temples consecrated by Bhargava Rama in different corners of Bharat for the protection of the country. Many are the mysterious anecdotes connected with the great temple where hundreds of devotees daily come to worship seeking solace for all their afflictions from the Devi who is known by different names such as Gouri, Saraswati, Lakshmi and Durga. The village is situated four miles from Tirupunitura in Kerala.

The popular conception is that the Devi is Vana Durga. You find two deities springing out of a pedestal, one of which, made of granite, is the Narayana Moorty and the other, made of laterite, is the Devi.

The anecdote about the origin of the temple runs thus:

Where now stands the temple, stood a dark and dense forest in the days of the forgotten past. It was said that one day a Pulaya* woman who went to the forest to cut grass sharpened her scythe on a stone, when suddenly gushed out, to the bewilderment and terror of the poor woman, blood out of the stone. The frightened woman shrieked aloud. The Pulayas who lived nearby hearing the shrieks ran to the spot where they saw what had happened. They at once informed the leading men of the place, who visited the spot. They were all convinced that there was a deity there. They soon constructed a temple and conducted *archanas* and *naivedyas*. That is the now famous and popular Chottanikara temple. Edattu Namboodiri was the Poojari (priest) who first performed *pooja* to the deity. As he could not get any bronze vessel to conduct the *naivedya*, he managed it in a coconut shell.

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* A caste among the untouchables.

Once Parvati asked Mahadeva: "Lord! There are so many creeds and sects that people are puzzled. Which should be followed?"

The Lord replied: "All sects and creeds are roads to happiness; but the root of happiness is faith in God!"

The antique temple belonged to 7½ gramams of whom the celebrated Kakkasseri Bhattatiri who had defeated the great scholar Uddanda Sastri was one, . Kakkasseri performed *bhajanam* in the temple. The trustees entrusted Ayinikad Namboodiri of Kurumbanad who was permanently staying in the temple for *bhajanam* to look after the affairs of the temple. The trustees used to visit the temple in the month of Dhanu (December 15th to January 14th) to perform the *Esvara Seva.* Ayinikad, the manager of the temple, did not write any accounts since he was always engaged in meditation and prayers. An unknown voice came as a revelation once, saying "I am satisfied with the strict devotion of Ayinikad more than the accounts." From that time Ayinikad was made a trustee of the temple besides being in charge of its management. Thus the devotee became the owner of the temple.

In 1063 M.E. (1887 A.D.) Ayinikad became insane and his wife petitioned to the government of Cochin to take up the management. In 1066 M.E. (1890 A.D.) the government of Cochin took up the management. From that time great improvements were effected in the temple. A golden flag-staff was installed and it attracted more and more devotees to the temple.

One night a gang of dacoits came to the temple to steal the jewels. At dead of night they expected no one in the temple. But when they entered the temple premises, they were surprised to see many elephants, Panchavadyams* and a vast concourse of people as if there was some festival in the temple. They were at their wits' end and they presented the Devi with valuable jewels with which the Devi is daily decked!

One day the Devi killed a Yakshi after the *Malar* (fried paddy) *Naivedya* the story of which is related thus.

One day a Namboodiri of Kandarath Tekkekara Mana of Chengamanad started to Thirpparayar for the Pooram celebration. At dusk he reached Annamanada where he performed his ablutions in the river and started in the night to Thripparayar in the pleasant moonlight. He walked northward and reached a lane, where he saw a fair damsel with a child in her hand. The Namboodiri was surprised to see a fair woman walking alone in the night and he asked her where she was going. She replied that she belonged to Vinethalkal Variath, that there was none to call her own, that her husband cruelly abandoned her and that she had only that child as her own: She added that she was going to Thripparayar for the Pooram as she used to go there every year. She requested the Brahmin to take her along with him. The Namboodiri's joy knew no bounds on hearing her words and he readily agreed to the proposal. Little did the Namboodiri know that he was in the clutches of a terrible Yakshi (semi-divine being) who was determined to eat him up. He proceeded on his journey, taking the child in his hand and the beautiful horror accompanying him like a meek girl. They reached Thripparayar temple, where the Pooram celebrations, with the choicest tuskers, beautifully caparisoned, standing in a row, listening to Panchavadyam, Nagaswaram, and Chenda Mela, were going on.

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* Instruments of Musical Concert.

In the midst of the vast concourse the ill-fated Namboodiri and his fiendish girl were standing. Kalloor Namboodiri, a great magician, who was respected by all chanced to see him with the girl and knew of the great calamity which was going to befall the Kandarath Namboodiri.

He went near him and asked him to touch his arm. Kandarath did so when he witnessed the girl become a fiendish woman with a gigantic stature, fierce eyes and teeth. The poor Namboodiri fainted on the floor. Kalloor took him in his hands and sprinkled water on his face, when he got back his senses and began to shriek. Kalloor advised him to run to Chottanikara Devi who alone had the power to rescue him from the clutches of the fierce Yakshi.

He gave him a few pebbles and asked him to go forward straight till he reached the Chottanikara temple and throw the pebbles now and then behind without turning back. Kandarath did as he was instructed and he reached the Chottanikara temple tank where Pallipurath Namboodiri, the Poojari of the temple was bathing. Kandarath told him about his danger. Pallipurath gave him his wet cloth and advised Kandarath to go into the temple and throw the cloth behind. Kandarath ran into the temple and placed one of his feet inside and threw the cloth behind, when all of a sudden the Yakshi caught him by the other leg. He fell down entreating the Devi for protection. Moved with compassion at the affliction of Her devotee the Devi rushed to the spot, sword in hand. The Yakshi left hold of the Namboodiri and ran for shelter. Devi caught the Yakshi by the hair and cut her head. The Devi then bathed in the southern tank, washed the sword and went back. The water of the southern tank is still red like blood. Kandarath was thus wonderfully saved. Thereafter he lived in the temple as a devotee of the Devi. From that time one more *naivedya* is offered after Malar *naivedya*.

One can come across a number of haunted women in the temple who come there for *bhajana* in the firm belief that the Devi will disentangle them. The haunted women stand before the Devi dancing when the door is closed for noon *naivedya*, and when the door opens they feel that they are all directed to approach the Bhadrakali deity in the Kizhakavu temple standing in the eastern part of the eastern tank. The Bhadrakali controls the ghosts who haunt them. If "yantram" (charm) filled with the soil taken from the pedestal of Bhadrakali is worn, they will be free from the haunt of ghosts.

Offering of Guruthi to the Bhadrakali is an excellent antidote to ward off the attack of ghosts. Guruthi is a solution prepared out of turmeric and lime water which looks exactly like blood. Many women dance and shriek when Guruthi is offered.

The annual festival of the temple takes place for nine days in the month of Kumbham (February 15th to March 15th). On all the nine days the Arattu ceremony (ablution of the deity) is conducted in all the four tanks unlike in any other temples where it is performed only on the last day.

The popular belief is that Villumangalath Swamiar pays his visit on one of the days of the celebrations on the Makam day, when the Swamiar is received with due rites. The story is that Swamiar took his bath in the southern tank and started to worship the Devi. He saw in his mental vision that Devi's lock of hair was lying on the ground. The Swamiar went kneeling to avoid treading on the Devi's lock of hair. On the Makam day more people gather than on any other day.

Fantastic are the experiences inside the temple. A fervent devotee who stands before the Devi offering prayers feels the throbbing of his heart with ecstasy as if he is enjoying celestial bliss. The mystery of this is something the depth of which no human being can fathom. I have heard from many devotees that they had been magically rescued from grave calamities that had befallen them and their families. One police Circle Inspector of Kerala who is a zealous devotee of Chottanikara temple once told me that any affliction befalling humanity would be warded off and his wish fulfilled if he approaches the Devi with due devotion. Of this power of the Devi he was convinced from his own personal experience.

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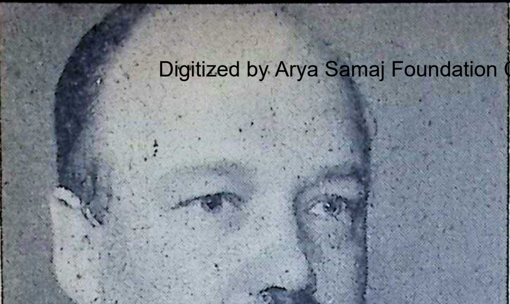

COUNT
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IS CULTURE

ONE of the most discussed problems in Germany, during the last 15 years, had been the obvious lack of general culture in the rising generation, and the gradual transformation of the university from a seat of general culture to a school among others, training people for some definite professions. Today, it is not the generally cultivated person, as was implied in the concept of the university, which is the aim of education, but the expert, knowing his own field well, but ignoring the others more or less. Many endeavours had been made to change this state of affairs, as for example, the plan to introduce a "studium generale", a course in general humanities, which should have come between leaving the secondary school and the beginning of the proper specialized university studies. But this, and many other similar experiments, have failed. The students showed no enthusiasm and interest in this project, and wanted to study their special field as soon as possible, in order to become a recognized expert in their chosen profession, able to gain their living.

However, the reasons, which the students put forward for their refusal were very symptomatic: having been trained in the new rigour of modern science, they refused to accept any knowledge as true or even valuable which did not meet the same standards of exactness, and were not open to experiments or logical proof. Hence, they did not accept the ideal of the cultivated person, the fully developed personality in the meaning of Goethe, as most of this culture—so they would argue—was

ESSENTIAL?

nothing but guess-work. Instead of the all-round personality, they would believe in the value of scientific team-work, where the combined results of work would clarify some new aspects of truth. Therefore, they came to the conclusion that what traditionally was called culture did not constitute an undisputed ideal for everybody, as it had been in the classical German period.

With this, the new generation established two different levels of truth: the scientific level, which is absolutely valid, based on mathematics and modern physics, from which they acceded to their speciality—usually termed nowadays as the field of the "hard sciences". Against this stood the so-called "soft sciences"; as most of the ancient cultural values of Europe, like religion, poetry, literature, but even law and administration could not be traced to any scientific and absolute undoubtable basis, they became—and are—relativists and conformists in their respect, and even did not bother to discuss their contents seriously.

They took the cultural beliefs as the given conventions of their society, which have to be accepted in order to be successful in life. And as these fields were no longer discussed, they slowly developed into the now prevailing orthodoxies, which today encounter practically very little opposition—on the one hand the Christian democratic conformism, on the other hand the Marxist conformism of the social-democratic parties.

If you look nowadays through any periodical of the so-called soft sciences, and especially philosophy, you will never find a query or a discussion of really fundamental or metaphysical questions: all writings are criticism of traditional schools, and limit their investigations to details. On the other hand, in the arts and in literature, there is a felt void, a feeling of despair. Modern essays usually start from existentialist or Kafkaean premises, and are fundamentally doubtful of the value of culture, the existing conformist one as well as the past traditional. And thus, we come to the following alarming state of affairs: *people doubt that culture in the traditional sense is essential.* Those influenced by Marxism, think

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culture a vestige of the former ruling classes, a superstructure built on the toiling of subjected people. But also those who try to find a meaning in life and who feel, that somehow the traditional values must have had some foundation and value, are unable to find an acceptable solution. Hence, culture as such is in a deep crisis. This crisis is not confined to the so-called Western countries—wherever the exactness and the critical spirit of modern science and technology had made its appearance, the same development will ensue: everything, which is not up to the scientific standard, recedes into the background, and as it is no longer a subject of active discussion, criticism and intensive studies, people assume a relativist position, and finally will become conformist to whatever form of society exists in their civilisation. But usually, the development will not stop at this stage: as a second step, people will doubt the necessity of everything not intelligible to their new scientific prejudice, and will destroy the old forms, leaving a void. If the old forms and traditions are preserved, then it will also be due to some economic interest —some people living in a picturesque site and manner may serve as a tourist attraction, and thereby gain more foreign exchange needed to bolster the national economy.

Thus, it has become generally understood, although never proclaimed, that science, economy and technology are the really serious and exactly definable preoccupations of mankind, and that religion and culture are somehow a luxury, and anyway a private matter, to which people might turn only after their really serious business of living is well regulated.

Culture is not considered essential, but of relative value—which means to say that we ought to accept the diverse cultures and folklores of mankind in the same way, as we accept the special customs of drinking and eating and of greeting, if we are invited to a stranger's house. The question of absolute truth is excluded. In matters of culture and ethnical background, people proclaim to be tolerant, and even pride themselves on their tolerance. However, their tolerance is only that of a satiated tiger in relation to his favourite prey: as soon as he gets hungry, the toleration disappears. Likewise, the antagonisms of races, religions and customs immediately flare up, as soon as they become coupled with some economic or practical interest.

Now if culture were not essential for the human being, it would be nonsensical to speak about it. But if it is essential—how are we to discover its essentiality? Naturally, only if we pose in relation to the cultural problems the question of absolute truth, and of a scientific rigour in deduction similar to those of the so-called "hard sciences"—which is to say if we turn our full and critical attention to what traditionally was called religion, metaphysics and philosophy.

Now if we had only Western theology and religion to support our endeavour, we would be in a difficult position: from the Alexandrine beginnings, the Christian writings have been so metaphorical and poetical, and have taken refuge to so many unscientific devices—as for example the legal and authoritarian reasoning of Thomas Aquinas—that it would be impossible to disentangle the metaphysical truth. However, fortunately, we have another source which we can trace to its very beginning: in the Indian metaphysics, especially the Vedanta tradition, there have been descriptions and proofs of the metaphysical origin of the universe and of Man, which are as exact and as rigorous as any mathematical treatise; they are the teaching concerning the ultimate cosmical origin of the universe, of God, of the ultimate and essential nature of Man, and of the resulting purpose and meaning of human existence.

The cosmic source, in its personal aspect called God, is the never-ending cosmical energy, which manifests itself on different levels of existence: as the basis of matter, of life, and of human consciousness. It is the Infinite, which produces all finite existence, by the latter term meaning that what is born and is destined to die.

Now for the physical or material aspect of the world, this theory has practically been accepted. There is no doubt, that there exists a cosmical energy, which is stronger than anything else, and cannot be traced to any known source, as it is only observed through its effects on matter and radiation. This, together with the spontaneity of the individual atom, has been generally admitted. However, concerning life, consciousness and human society, another view is still prevailing: that these fields are subject to eternal deterministic laws—which is to say that Man's and life's development can be regulated by outside agencies, such as the betterment of economic conditions, the institution of better laws etc. Thus, average Man lives today under a double morality: for the cosmic energy, and for the individual atom, he accepts spontaneity, freedom and infinity. But for the world of human size, he considers that the only scientific approach is to ignore freedom and to concentrate on causes and effects.

Now what is the impact of this two-fold attitude on culture? It means that our actual life is governed by a superstition much more dangerous than any poetic or mythological fancy: that the world, and especially Man, can be changed from outside by the appropriate means; that if we knew all the causes, we could determine all the effects; and that the world above atomic size is governed by rigid deterministic laws—just the very attitude, which the scientists condemn in what they believe to be Astrology. Against this superstition, we have to affirm that the definite creative energy is the ground from which everything springs, and that the laws of nature and of the world are nothing but the patterns, which the infinite energy assumes as soon as it emerges into the finite manifold world.

The infinity of space and time, and the infinity of something qualitatively new appearing all the time in space, and emerging from the cosmic source, is an obvious truth as soon as one starts to think. Now how is it with Man? Is Man a finite being, some last evolutionary result of primeval creative matter, as the Marxists hold, and in himself completely determined by the circumstances, or is Man, also capable of spontaneous action like the individual atom?

In European philosophy, this problem has given rise to a struggle be-

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tween two schools of thought: some people affirm that Man is free, and some affirm that Man is determined. Both have based their arguments on logical proofs—although logic, as had been finally demonstrated by Kant, competes only in the realms of the structures of thought, and can never establish whether a proposition is real or imaginary. Again, the Vedantic tradition gave the exact answer to this problem: Man can be free, and he can be determined. There is not a logical, but a psychological difference between these two. The free Man is the one who has established his inward essence of *atman*, herself originating in the cosmical ground or source, as the master of his being and existence. The determined Man is under the sway of his desires and impulses as well as reacting towards all kinds of outward stimulus. Hence, it is wrong to affirm that Man *is* free, or that he *is* determined—everybody has to start from the state of bondage, and achieve liberation or integration in the course of time, either through his own efforts, or through the help of teachers and higher beings.

Now how is the integration or the liberation to be achieved? Here again, the Upanishads were explicit in their description: Man has in himself, after his birth into the world, a parcel of light, of the infinite cosmical source. Now this light illuminates his consciousness. Hence, the first step to achieve liberation is illumination: that Man, instead of identifying with the images of his mind, becomes conscious that he really *is* the light which illuminates this consciousness.

[*To be continued*]

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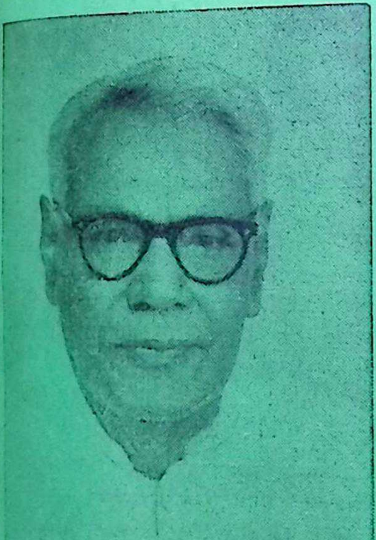
What Life Has Taught Me

....both in official and non-official life, one guiding principle of mine has been to be a friend of all and enemy of none....



TO attempt to talk about oneself is to attempt to write the history of a mind to a large extent. It is not as easy as it may look to be, and so I shall give here some general convictions and impressions that have taken me thus far in the journey of my life. We learn many lessons with the help of a multiplicity of experiences and observations but the first lesson that forms the basis of my faith is that "the highest happiness of man as a thinking being is to have probed what is knowable and quietly to revere what is unknowable" (Goethe). Human endeavours and achievements, however great, have their positive limitations. Tiruvalluvar cannot be condemned as a "fatalist" when he says:

Oozhir peruvali yaavula matrondru
Soozhinum thaan munnurum.

(What is there so potent as fate? Even if we devise some way of counteracting it, it takes us by surprise.)

Within these limitations, I must say failures are my own, successes are His.

My forefathers were of a very devotional type and to my father's credit stands a collection of hymns called "Tiruchengodu Kalambakam" sung in praise of Lord Ardhanareeswara, the presiding deity of the hill-temple of my home-town. I was therefore born with Hindu religion and philosophy in my blood and not many may know this side of my life. It is best that that is so. I firmly believe, however, in the fundamental unity of all religions.

I was born in a well-to-do family and I lacked nothing to make me unhappy or pessimistic in life. My father died in April 1899 in an accident and his being brought on a stretcher to the house is still a sad memory. I was young then, only 10 years. The Court of Wards took charge of my estate and I was brought up as a Ward of Court. I went to the Hindu High School, Triplicane, where I came under the influence of the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri, who was then our Headmaster. My thirst for higher education was such that I went to Presidency and Christian Colleges and took my degree of B.A. of the Madras University and then I married Kumari Radhabai Rangarao. Both of us went to Oxford, she to Somerville and I to Wadham. The call for the Struggle for Freedom for our country came to me quite early and I went into Gandhiji's Movement in 1930.

I have a strong belief in the householder's life and I am blessed with domestic happiness, though the world is rather empty for me now without my devoted companion who was an unfailing source of joy and comfort to me for forty-eight years. It is true that life is not made of joys alone, and freedom from birth is the only remedy for all ills. The riddle is how to get that true knowledge which alone can remove our ignorance:

Vendungaal vendum piravaamai matrathu
Vendaamai venda varum.
Pirappennum pethamai neenga sirappennum
Semporul kaanbathu arivu.

—Tirukkural.

(When desire you must, desire not to be born; but when you desire non-desire, the state of no birth will automatically follow.)

(True knowledge consists in the realization of God which alone removes the ignorance concerning birth.)

The highest position is given to a householder in our scriptures and Tiruvalluvar, with all the emphasis at his command, deals with the householder in his beautiful scheme thus:

Ilvaazhvaan enbaan iyalpudaya moovarkum
Nallaatrin nindra thunai.

(The householder is the mainstay of all who follow the three other paths of life.)

Arathaatrin ilvazhkai aatrin purathatril
Po-oip peruva-devan.

(Is there any gain greater in resorting to other orders of life than by pursuing the right path of the householders?)

For a variety of reasons, such as disputes on property, economic impoverishment, strokes of misfortunes and want of right understanding, many homes are not happy. I have a definite feeling that our women still keep before themselves the image of Sita but men have departed from our cherished ideals. I would put all this down to a want of personal philosophy in life. We cannot stop with preaching that children should do their duties by their parents. It is equally the duty of the parents to bring up their children along right lines to the best of their ability. The author of the *Kural* gave this ideal for a good father: "The good a father can do his son is to make him occupy the first rank in an assembly.":

Thandai makarkatrum nandri avayathu
Mundi iruppa cheyal.

His Grace be thanked for enabling me to do what I thought I should, by my children who are thrown on their own resources. I untiringly advocate inter-caste marriages as a step towards bringing together people of different parts of the country in an effective manner. My family gives me the greatest amount of happiness.

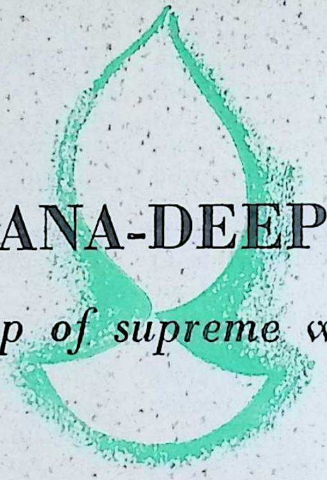
I entered my public life very early and without going into many details, I would say that I did not seek any high office. Everything came to me unasked. The greatest and the most important part of my public life was my close association with all those eminent personalities who fought for the country's Freedom and who won it, under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. My first loyalty was and is to my leaders and I have never disobeyed their commands. Of all those I have worked for, nobody, I can say, has attracted my loyalty as much as our Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. May he be spared long to us to preside over our destinies. I count it a blessing to have worked—and still to work—with them in a common cause. I shall not say more except to express my heart's prayer that the India of our dreams may emerge as one nation, one people and with one goal. My sincere co-operation—wherever I may be—is at the disposal of all those whose endeavour it is to take our Motherland to the heights of glory and prosperity.

Both in official and non-official life, one guiding principle of mine has ever been to be a friend of all and enemy of none. In politics, it is absolutely essential to make allowance for honest difference of opinion and still to maintain good personal relations. This is the real spirit of democracy. To adapt and to adjust should be the preliminary qualification of any politician.

My interest in sports—particularly cricket—is well known and this in no small measure has made me what I am. The playing field is the best training ground for life—individual or public. All the qualities we need for pulling together, we learn there. Our temperament and attitude are given proper shape by sports. My watchword for the younger generation would be: "Sportsmindedness."

After all, let us remember the lines of Matthew Arnold:

> "We do not what we ought;
> What we ought not, we do;
> And lean upon the thought
> That chance will bring us through;
> But our own acts, for good or ill,
> are mightier powers."



JNANA-DEEPA

the lamp of supreme wisdom

K. Balasubrahmanya Iyer

IN the long history of Indian religious and philosophical thought, Sri Sankaracharya stands out pre-eminently as the grand architect of the many-mansioned edifice of Advaita Vedanta with foundations well and truly laid on the Vedas. Dr. Radhakrishnan has aptly remarked: "The thought of Sankara has a self-justifying wholeness, characteristic of works of art."

His great Bhashyas on the *Brahma-Sutras*, the *Upanishads* and the *Bhagavad Gita* contain the full exposition of the fundamental teachings of Advaita. They have been considered by all Indian scholars, whatever may be their difference in metaphysical thought, as having reached the high water-mark of philosophic exposition.

Sankara is a master of Sanskrit prose style. His lucidity of expression, his terseness of phraseology, and his genius for choosing apt words conveying deep and subtle thoughts, have commanded the admiration of all. He adopts the method of strict logic and accurate language. One would expect that his style may be of the dry shastraic kind. But it has a beautiful literary flavour animated by poetic thought and exquisite fancy.

A striking example of his style is seen in his commentary on Verse 21 of the 10th Adhyaya of the *Bhagavad Gita*.

तेषामेवानुकम्पार्थं अहं अज्ञानजं तमः।
नाशयाम्यात्मभावस्थः ज्ञानदीपेन भास्वता॥

This verse says that the Lord whom

the Bhakta worships will place in his inner mind the Jnana-Deepa, the "Lamp of Supreme Wisdom," which will dispel the darkness of ignorance. Sankara devotes a paragraph to portray this "Lamp of Wisdom" and explains in detail the component parts of the Lamp which correspond to the disciplines necessary for acquiring the Supreme Wisdom. A lamp consists of the wick, the flame, the oil which feed the flame, the stand on which the wick is placed, the dome which protects the flame from the wind, and the light emanating from the lamp.

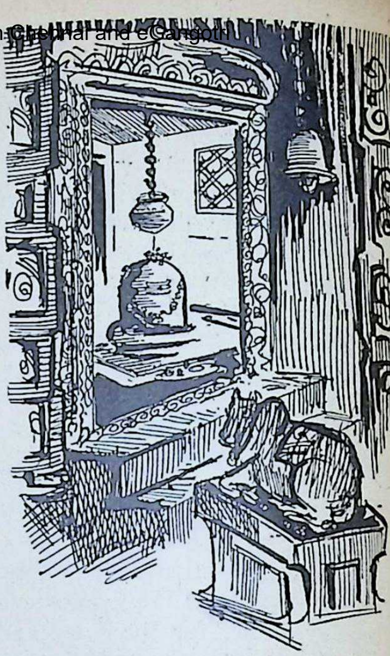
Sankara has worked out this figure of speech completely. The oil which feeds the lamp of Jnana is Bhakti in the tranquil mind. The oxygen necessary for the flame is the intense yearning for the Lord and the wick represents the wisdom arising from the adoption of the disciplines namely *brahmacharya*, *vairagya*, *austerity* and *self-control*. The stand for the lamp is the inner mind or the *antahkarana* and the dome consists of the outer mind weaned away from the senses and unaffected by desire and hate. The light that emanates from it is the awareness that is the result of the constant practice of concentration and meditation.

The passage in Sanskrit runs as follows:

तेषामेव कथं नु नाम श्रेयः स्यात् इति अनुकम्पार्थं दया हेतोः अहं अज्ञानजं अविवेकतः जातं मिथ्याप्रत्ययलक्षणं मोहान्धकारं तमः नाशयामि, आत्मभावस्थः आत्मनः भावः अन्तःकरणाशयः तस्मिन्नेव स्थितस्सन् ज्ञानदीपेन विवेकप्रत्ययरूपेण भक्तिप्रसादस्नेहाभिषिक्तेन मद्भावनाभिनिवेशवातेरितेन ब्रह्मचर्यादिसाधनसंस्कारवत्प्रज्ञावर्तिना विरक्तान्तःकरणाधारेण विषयव्यावृत्तचित्तरागद्वेषाकलुषितनिवातापवरकस्थेन नित्यप्रवृत्यैकाग्रध्यानजनितसम्यक्दर्शनभास्वता ज्ञानदीपेनेत्यर्थः ॥

Has not Sankara woven beautifully into the texture of the figure of the Lamp the qualifications requisite for the aspirant? The Advaita Vedanta declares that ignorance leads to *adhyasa*, the super-imposition of the attributes of the body and the world around on the pure Atman. This ignorance can only be destroyed by the pure Light of Wisdom which dispels this darkness and ensures the clear vision of the Supreme Reality. Bhakti cleanses the mind of its impurities. Self-control and non-attachment to the objects of the senses enable the aspirant or the seeker after Truth to wean the mind away completely from the attractions of the phenomenal world and concentrate it on the Supreme Reality. The *Yoga-Sutra* of Patanjali declares in clear terms that the mind in the state of *samadhi* is elevated to that pure consciousness in which the Truth reveals itself to the seeker. ऋतंभरा तत्र प्रज्ञा.

Sankara removes the apparent dichotomy between *bhakti* and *jnana*, and explains how *bhakti* leads to *jnana*, how devotion to a personal God leads to the awareness of the impersonal attributeless Absolute, by the Grace of the Lord. The lamp burns in the heart dispelling the encircling gloom and Truth reveals itself in all its splendour.



TEMPLE-WORSHIP

its origin and rationale

T. A. V. Dikshitar

WITH many uncritical Westerners and not a few of our educated youth, it is an issue of pointed criticism that Temple-Worship and idolatry detract from the sublime and mature wisdom of ancient Hindu Thought. Some scholars think that the Vedas accord no sanction to such practices and conclude therefore that they are later-day accretions. They argue that the Vedic Aryans worshipped objects of Nature and the idea of confining them within narrow walls was far from their minds. "The Universality of Image-Worship", says Mr. A. A. Macdonell, in his *Vedic Myth*, "in its elaborate form, is comparatively modern among the Hindus". He continues, "In the Vedas we observe the deification of terrestrial objects,—rivers, mountains, plants, trees, implements. And material objects are occasionally mentioned in the later Vedic literature as symbols, representing Deities."

It is true that Idol-Worship in temples with all the pomp and paraphernalia that we see to-day is not mentioned in the Vedas. But the propitiation and invocation of God in material likeness is referred to in the Vedas. The *Rig Veda* speaks of the beauty of Indra's limbs. A reference to some of the Vedic hymns that are in use in our rituals would make the point clear.

In Garudachayana sacrifice, for instance, a brick altar in the form of a huge Vulture (Garuda) with wings outstretched as if in flight, is erected and the Vedic mantra used to address this runs:—

सुपर्णोऽसि गरुत्मान् पृथिव्यां सीद . . . . .

"You are the king of vultures with beautiful wings."

Again in a Hindu marriage, the Grihya Sutras lay down that a twig is to be placed between the married couple for 3 days during nights after the marriage. This twig is regarded as Gandharva who is thus invoked and worshipped.

The Hindu funeral rites enjoin the placing of two stones, one on the bank of a river or tank and the other in the house, in which the departed soul is worshipped. Again in the *shraddha* ceremony, the persons officiating are regarded as the dead one in flesh, the departed manes, Viswedevas and Lord Vishnu Himself.

From the Vedic hymns chanted on these occasions, it becomes clear that the idea of superimposing gods and venerable ones on material likeness was in fact very much in vogue from very ancient times. But temple-worship, very much in the form in which we find it today came into its own during the Smriti and Puranic and more particularly in the period of the Epics. There are references to idol-worship and temples in the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*.

So much for the origin of the practice of worship in temples. But what is its rationale? The hierarchy of gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon are but the human aspects of that Supreme Power—inscrutable and beyond all powers of description, as seen by finite, weak human minds. All knowledge is a procession from the concrete to the Abstract. The worship of idols therefore represents the attempts of the human mind to unravel the mysteries of life and the majesty of God and His Omniscience. Human symbols cannot, therefore, be eschewed. God is, therefore, represented as the ideal father, mother, husband, or son. Ultimately, name leads to the nameless, and form to the formless. It is in this manner that the formless One gets manifested as so many endowed with forms and names.

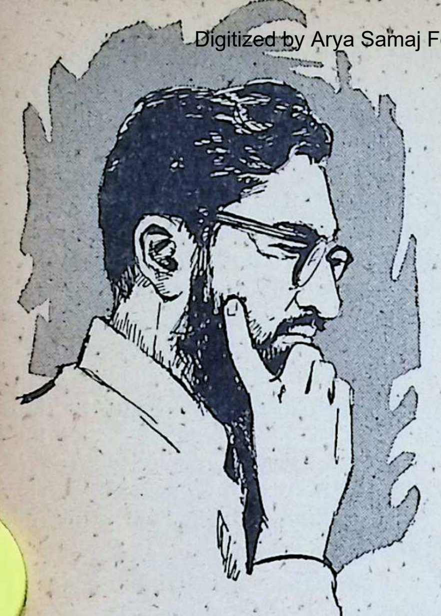
The Supreme Being is, however, निर्गुण (attributeless) and नीरूप (formless). The single-pointed concentration on the Atman is the highest means of salvation. But as was pointed out, the fallible human mind is incapable of such concentration. The Upanishads, therefore, prescribe सगुणोपासन—worship of the One with attributes.

In the case of those for whom even such *Sagunopasana*, is not possible, idol-worship is the ideal and is explicitly recommended.

From this it will be clear that idol worship, instead of being an idle pastime of a degenerate race is a fundamental step in the comprehension of the identity of the Self with the Supreme Spirit.

As a toy fruit or a toy elephant reminds one of the real fruit and the living animal, so do the images that are worshipped remind one of God who is formless and eternal.

—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa



THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC COMMUNITY

Asoka Mehta

AT the end of the World War II Europe was in shambles and the economy of its various countries almost shattered. It was then that the United States decided to provide massive aid to assist the reconstruction of Europe. Under the Marshall Plan over $ 20 billion of aid was poured into Europe in a period of four to five years. As Stalin opposed the aid programme and prevented the East European countries from joining it, the benefit went exclusively to the West European countries. A precondition of the aid was that the European countries should come together and organize the utilization of the aid in a co-operative manner. As a result of that condition the Organisation of European Economic Co-operation was set up. It achieved remarkable results.

Mr. Paul Hoffman, who was in charge of the Marshall Programme, recently told me how the forecasts of leading economists about the time and the amount of aid likely to be needed to put Europe on feet again were proved wrong by the vitality of Europe's revival. The revival once started, has maintained its momentum.

Gross National Product increased from 76 in 1948 to 137 in 1960 (with 1953=100). The remarkable achievements have been of the more battered countries, e.g. Germany (F.R.) more than doubled its output in a decade (78 in 1950; 161 in 1960). In industrial production the achievements are even more striking: OEEC countries' industrial production was 67 in 1938, 68 in 1948, 155 in 1960 (1953=100). In Germany (F.R.) it increased from 41 in 1948 to 180 in 1960; in Italy the parallel increase was from 62 to 182.

In seeking these ambitious goals of economic growth various co-operative devices were developed. One of the earliest was the European Payment Union. With a relatively small initial capital of $ 350 million (later reduced to $ 271.6 million) the E.P.U. made it possible to settle by compensation alone 70 per cent of the $ 46 billion it was called upon to settle during 8½ years of its existence. The consequential saving in gold and convertible currencies was of great value to Member countries. The contribution of the E.P.U. to the improvement of the European economy, however, took other forms, such as assistance to certain Member countries which were experiencing balance of payment difficulties, and the creation of the conditions which opened the way to less rigid control of current and capital transaction.

Trade was liberalised. Quota restrictions were progressively removed by 50, 60, 75, 90 and finally 95 per cent.

Two different organisations of co-operation emerged in West Europe. The first was among France, Germany, Belgium, Netherlands. Luxembourg and Italy—or "the Inner Six." The other was among the United Kingdom, Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Austria—or "the outer Seven."

The 'Seven' were for setting up a Customs Union or what was called as the European Free Trade Association. The barriers to trade were to be lowered; while there was to be free trade in the EFTA, the Member countries were free to have their own differing tariffs against third countries.

The European Economic Community (EEC), generally called the Common Market, came into effect on June 1, 1958 when Belgium, France, Italy, Luxembourg, Netherlands and West Germany signed a treaty in Rome in March 1957.

A brain-child of Jean Monnet, a French super-salesman, it provides for the progressive reduction and abolition of customs duties between members of the Community.

This organisation which has its headquarters at Brussels has a number of organisations within its fold. Its Council of Ministers is chosen from member-governments in which some votes are weighted. Its permanent staff called the European Commission, organises and superintends the working of this treaty. This Commission takes decisions by majority votes. There is a Court of Justice comprising of seven Judges nominated by agreement. Its task is to ensure the smooth observance of law and justice in interpreting the application of the treaty.

There is the Assembly whose members are drawn from the Parliaments of member-countries in an agreed proportion. The Economic and Social Committee is composed of experts whose advice in certain well-defined cases is sought by the Council and the Commission.

The more interesting because bolder and imaginative was the experiment launched upon by the 'Six'. They favoured harmonisation and integration of their national economies. They began with the organisation of the European Coal and Steel Community (ECSC) where the steel and coal production of the six countries was brought under the direction of a single supra-national authority. This was a remarkable success. The output of steel in Western Europe increased from 40.8 million tons in 1948 to 107.2 million tons in 1960 against 80.4 million tons in 1948 to 90.1 million tons in the United States.

Functional integration was next attempted in atomic energy. Through Rome Treaty the economies of the six countries were brought together for close co-ordination within a period of 12 to 15 years. There is to be not only free trade inside the Community (and its associated states) but common external tariffs, freedom for capital and labour to move, free competition and harmonisation of social condition. In short, it has a programme of economic integration to be accompanied by political unification. By fostering institutions for economic integration the dream of united Europe is to be realised. Various supranational institutions and authorities are being conceived and established.

The Community with its challenging clan has been a remarkable success in the short period of four years that it has functioned. It is interesting to compare the developments in the United Kingdom that kept out of the European Economic Community and of the six that got together to set up the Common Market. The rate of growth of the G.N.P. in the United Kingdom in the 1950's was about half the rate achieved in the Member countries of the European Economic Community. The growth of the G.N.P. per head of employed population was 2.5 to 3 times faster on the Continent upto 1955 and twice as fast subsequently as compared to that in the United Kingdom. Output per man-hour in industry shows a similar comparison: the increase in the United Kingdom was between one-half and one-third of that in the E.E.C. countries.

The slow rate of growth of output and productivity in the last decade was not accompanied by price stability. The rise in British prices was substantial and rather greater than in the E.E.C. countries other than France. But it is when trends in the external balance are considered that the comparison with continental countries becomes particularly striking. After an insignificant rise in the first half of the decade, United Kingdom exports rose only half as fast as imports between 1955 and 1960. In the E.E.C. countries on the other hand, exports and imports grew in parallel during the 1955-60 period and in the first half of decade exports had been rising substantially faster than imports.

Over the whole decade the United Kingdom's gold and foreign exchange reserves rose by $ 0.4 billion, whilst those of the E.E.C. countries rose by $ 11.0 billion.

These facts have compelled the United Kingdom, and its associates in the EFTA, to revise their attitude to the Common Market and seek admission into it. The community's dynamism can be captured by them only by entering it.

This decision of the United Kingdom creates difficulties for the Commonwealth countries as they have long enjoyed trade advantages in the U.K. The patterns not only of trade but of production too have been organised in the Commonwealth countries to suit the needs of the U.K. market where their products have enjoyed quota-free access, duty-free entry and preferential treatment. Canada, Australia and New Zealand have vast trade in temperate agricultural products which are likely to compete with the Community's products.

The United Kingdom has been giving favourable entry to processed and manufactured goods, while the Community's pattern of trade has so far favoured imports of unprocessed raw materials. Canada and India send substantial manufactured goods to the U.K. markets. India's exports of finished goods to the U.K. expanded from $ 42 million in 1950 to $ 62 million in 1960 and today constitute about 20 per cent of our total sales to that country. As against that only one per cent of the Community's imports of cotton textiles come from India. India's imports from the Community have trebled since 1950 but exports have stagnated. India had a trade surplus with these countries in 1950 of $ 10 million, today there is a deficit of $ 281 million. No other country has a deficit of this order with the Community and with no other trading partner India has such a large deficit.

If the United Kingdom joins the Common Market and accepts the prevailing conditions of the Market, the established trade patterns would receive a terrible jolt. The new tariff barriers would affect 90 per cent of India's sales to the United Kingdom or as much as a quarter of India's total overseas sales.

There is an additional difficulty. The former colonial countries of France, Belgium and Italy have been given associate status in the Community and their products flow to the Community duty-free or preferentially. India cannot both lose the preference she enjoyed in the British market and allow those preferences to go to the African countries.

These are serious problems that need serious attention. But there is no wisdom in clinging to the *status quo*. If British economy gets stagnant our preferences are worth little. Their economy as our own must discover their dynamism of rapid growth and challenges often help to flex the muscles of the economy.

It is likely that the Associated countries will not enjoy more than 25 to 50 per cent preference. What they lose in trade, they are likely to be compensated through increased aid from the Community. It is likely that the erosion of the advantages we have enjoyed in the British Market will be slowed and somewhat phased.

The ultimate solution lies in the E.E.C. liberalising its trade policies and particularly encourage imports in processed and manufactured commodities. It must reduce the heavy imposts on tea etc. that severely restrict their use in the Community. Side by side, we must learn to live without the cushion of Commonwealth preference. It was a mistake to have ignored the European markets in the past. In the future our trade has to be adequately diversified. We must learn to face the blast of competition and improve our productive efficiency. When France entered the Common Market 30 per cent of its textile industry and 20 per cent of electric industry went on the rocks. But in return it learnt to grow out of its old protective clothings and face competitive production. The result has been renaissance in France's economy. While we must fight for reorientation of the enlarged Community's trade policies and patterns we must also impart to our economy a new impulse and a spirit of adventure.

OUR DRIFTING EDUCATIONAL POLICY

H. M. Patel

. . . Lack of continuity has been the bane of our education in the past few years: we have tended to take action in haste, and then . . .

THE problems that face this country to-day are many and complex. The majority of them are of such gravity and urgency that it would be difficult to determine which half a dozen of them are the gravest and the most urgent, much less to set them out in an order of priority that would be acceptable to all. It will, however, be generally agreed that the problem of education is one of the half a dozen of the more urgent and vital problems of our country. Education has always been a grave and vital problem, but it has acquired the special urgency that it has to-day because of the strangely suicidal policy of drift that we have been following since Independence.

And the sad thing is that there has been no dearth of good, sound, sensible thinking on the subject. Several excellent reports had been prepared by the Education Ministry just before Independence, and several good minds had helped in preparing them. Soon after Independence, several Commissions were appointed—one of them, presided over by Dr. Radhakrishnan, our present President—which produced most admirable reports on the system and method of education at all levels. Unfortunately, it would seem that those whose business it should have been to act on these reports, took instead very largely the view that their task was to find arguments to show why the recommendations made in these reports would not be practicable, in what respects they were not internally consistent, etc.

> *Getting by heart the thoughts of others and stuffing your brain with them and taking some University degrees, you consider yourself educated! Is this education?*
>
> *We want that education by which character is formed, strength of mind is increased, the intellect is expanded and by which one can stand on one's own feet.*
>
> Swami Vivekananda

Now education is a subject on which, while it may be possible to reach agreement on fundamentals and basic principles, it is well-nigh impossible to produce any complete agreement amongst educationists on details, on methods of imparting education at primary or secondary levels, on a system of technical education, on a policy regarding text-books etc. There has to be a spirit of give and take, and at the same time there has to be decisiveness at some point. This decisiveness there has not been for the past fifteen years. And so Commissions and Committees have followed Commissions and Committees and we are still groping for the right policy.

To make matters worse, we allowed even the question of medium of instruction to drift. Though education is a State subject according to our Constitution, the Centre's lead has always been accepted, the more so as it is backed by the most effective of all sanctions, money. But the Centre has gone on wavering and has failed to think clearly. And so, after fifteen years of Independence, we have the Central Minister for Education stating—it is doubtful if he has the backing of the Central Government; he certainly does not have the consent of the State Governments—that, before the end of the Third Plan, the regional language would come to be the medium of instruction in Colleges in all States!

Promptly there has come the challenging reply from the Madras Minister for Education that it was the State Government which implemented the educational policy and that "at any rate the Centre could not issue any directive to the State Governments in this regard". The Minister is reported to have concluded his reply thus: "The Government of Madras was determined to clear the nebulous features of the educational policy before the end of the current year, after full consultation not only with experts in education, but also with the Assembly." Thus, we have the Minister of an important State admitting that while he was not prepared to accept dictation from the Centre, his own Government's educational policy has been 'nebulous'—which is only another way of saying it has been indecisive.

One cannot help wondering if the Central Minister of Education had fully thought out the implications of adopting regional languages as the media of instruction in colleges. Each State will then have to become virtually self-sufficient in respect of University and college teachers; teachers will have perforce to be recruited within the State only, however unsuitable that may be and however more competent teachers there may be available outside the State. An inter-University co-operation would also virtually cease: as research work done in a University would tend to be published in the regional language only, it would for all practical purposes not be available to scholars interested in the subject or the Universities in other States. It might be perhaps explained that other steps would be taken to guard against such developments. But what can these be? It is quite obvious that had they been clearly thought out, they would have been stated along with the statement as the Union Minister has chosen to make.

And the strange thing is that this pronouncement follows, not precedes, the statements issued by the National Integration Conference, in which the emphasis was deliberately laid on an all-India language for purposes of higher education. Nothing could more certainly make for disintegration than the inability of the intellectuals, of those who have received higher education, to mix with each other, to talk a common language, and this is precisely what the regional language as medium of instruction would ensure.

But the strangest thing of all is the expression of the hope that the regional language would be adopted as the medium of instruction by the end of the Third Plan. The Minister could not have been unaware of what is happening in the States. It is not a practical proposition to change over to a regional language within a matter of two or three or five years. It would be relatively easier to change over to Hindi in a shorter period for there a great deal more work has already been done in regard to production of text-books. And apart from text-books, there is the question of the standard of learning that should be aimed at in each subject. Text-books alone do not give the depth of knowledge that should be attained by a University degree student; for that, much wider reading is necessary than can be provided by text-books, however comprehensive that may be. That can only be ensured if the student has also a fairly good knowledge of English. What is proposed to be done to see that every college student does at least acquire adequate working knowledge of the language? The Union Minister has given no indication if he has had any scheme prepared for the purpose. He may or may not know, but it is a fact that University and college libraries, which continually add new books to the very large number they already have, are but poorly utilised. Most books remain unread by students, and even among the staff, the number who draw upon the rich treasures of these libraries is steadily growing smaller.

Apart from the question of the medium, there would appear to be very little that moves educationists and policymakers deeply. And yet, there is something at least that needs to be changed in regard to the syllabi, methods etc. But instead of carrying out the relatively modest recommendations of the commissions which have ably reported, we just do nothing or very little. Even in regard to technical institutions, where the standards have fallen but still have not fallen too seriously, steps are not being taken with vigour necessary to pull them up. So many new educational institutions are being established and duly recognised, although the quality of the staff manning them leaves much to be desired. And the College and University staff appear to be the only category of staff, which in our present educational system, are not required to be trained to teach.

It is essential that Ministers and others responsible for evolving an educational policy for the country should stop making further interim pronouncements on the subject. They should evolve a complete scheme or set of schemes that would be practicable in the conditions of each State, and that would ensure, on the one hand, that students coming out with University degrees do possess a standard of knowledge in their respective chosen subjects that would enable them either to carry out worthwhile research in them or to pursue their daily duties in their chosen professions efficiently and competently, and on the other, that the movement between one State and another in search of work and employment will be as free and as open as it was before Independence and after until very recently.

It would be meaningless to throw open posts for all-India competition and say at the same time that the applicants must be able to read and write in a regional language! And, above all, let that policy be not only sufficiently well thought out but also be honestly and sincerely accepted by the Centre and State governments before it is announced, to make it certain that they will stand firmly by the policy, no matter what the criticism, for a period of years.

As long as I live, so long as I learn.

—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

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K. M. MUNSHI

KRISHNAVATARA

PART III PROLOGUE

1. THE YADAVAS

IN the days of the ancient fathers of our race, the Aryas, a vigorous people, had spread over India, intermarrying with the Nagas, fighting with them or among themselves, and founding or destroying kingdoms.

The Arya *rishis*, dedicated to learning and self-discipline, lived in their hermitages, communing with gods and spreading the Arya way of life based on *Satya*, *Yajna* and *Tapas*—Truth, Sacrifice and Purity, which they called *Dharma*.

Long before kingdoms were established in the fertile plains of North India by adventurous Arya kings, the Yadavas had pushed their way across the river Ganga. Of them, the confederated tribes of the Shooras, the Andhakas and the Vrishnis were the most powerful.

These confederated tribes cleared the forests in the valley of the Jamuna and established settlements which collectively came to be called Shoorasena after the name of Shoora, the most powerful of their chiefs. Later they conquered Mathura, which in their hands grew in power, prosperity and influence.

The irrepressible Yadavas of Mathura had an inveterate horror of restraint. They would not have a king. Their affairs were carried on by a council of chiefs. However, Ugrasena, the chief of the Andhaka clan, came to be called 'king' by courtesy.

Andhaka Ugrasena's son, Kamsa, grew up, reckless, wild and ambitious. He distinguished himself by his valour and married Asti and Praapti, the daughters of Emperor Jaraasandha of Magadha, who cherished the mighty ambition of subduing all the kings of the earth by guile and force. Kamsa became a trusted lieutenant of his father-in-law, captured power in Mathura and used it tyrannically.

Shoora, the powerful chief of the Shoora tribe, married Marish*aa*, the daughter of the Naga chief, Aryaka, and begot sons, among whom were Vasudeva and Devabhbaga and daughters, among whom were Prithaa and Shrutasravaa.

Prithaa, the eldest, was given in adoption to King Kuntibhoj and came to be known as Kunti. Married to King Pandu of the Kurus of Hastinapur, she became the mother of the Five Brothers known as Pandavas, three of them, Yudhishthira,

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

BALARAAMA, His elder brother.
VASUDEVA, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.
DEVAKI, His mother.
DEVABHAAGA, His uncle.
UDDHAVA, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.
YUYUDHANA SAATYAKI, His friend and a Yadava Chief.
GURU SANDIPANI, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.
ACHARYA SHVETAKETU, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.
RUKMINI, SHAIBYA: His wives.

BHEESHMA (also GANGEYA)

KING SHANTANU, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.
SATYAVATI, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.
CHITRANGADA, VICHITRAVEERYA: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.
AMBIKAA, AMBALIKAA: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.
KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.
JAIMINI, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

PANDU, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.
KUNTI, Pandu's wife.
YUDHISHTHIRA (also Dharmaraaja),
BHEEMA, ARJUNA: Pandu's sons by Kunti.
MAADRI, Pandu's second wife.
NAKULA, SAHADEVA: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

DHRITARAASHTRA, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.
GAANDHARI, Dhritaraashtra's wife.
SHAKUNI, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.
DURYODHAN, DUSHAASAN: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.

PANCHALAS

YAJNASENA DRUPAD, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).
KRISHNAA DRAUPADI, Drupad's daughter.
DHRISTADYUMNA, SATYAAJIT: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

JARAASANDHA, Emperor of Magadha.
DRONAACHARYA, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.
ASWATTHAAMA, Dronaacharya's son.
KRIPACHARYA, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.

Bheema and Arjuna, being born to her, and the other two, Nakula and Sahadeva, the sons of her co-wife, Madri, being adopted.

Shrutasravaa, the other daughter of Shoora, was married to King Damagosh of Chedi and begot a son by name Shishupaal, who, headstrong and ambitious, also wanted to win the favour of Jaraasandha, the Emperor of Magadha.

Vasudeva, Shoora's eldest son, married Devaki, the daughter of Devaka, the brother of King Ugrasena.

To falsify the prophecy that the eighth son of his cousin Devaki would kill him, Kamsa put Vasudeva and Devaki in prison and killed their first six sons as they were born.

The seventh child, extracted from the womb long before his time, was secreted away and grew up as Samkarshana Balaraama.

The eighth son, Krishna, who according to the prophecy was going to be the redeemer of the Yadavas, was taken away to Gokul at midnight no sooner he was born, and was brought up by Nanda, the chief among the cowherds of Gokul.

Devabhaaga, the younger brother of Vasudeva, begot Uddhava, who, when an infant, was sent to Gokul to be brought up as Krishna's companion.

Balaraama, Krishna and Uddhava grew up, strong, handsome and venturesome. Krishna, the most loving and lovable of them, became the favourite of the cowherd community and the darling of the milkmaids of Vrindavan, where Nanda had migrated.

When Krishna was sixteen, he was brought to Mathura, where he killed his maternal uncle, the wicked Kamsa.

Krishna, Balaraama and Uddhava went to complete their education and training in arms in the school of Guru Sandipani. While living with Sandipani, Krishna rescued his son Punardatta from kidnappers by a miraculous exploit.

●●●

When Jaraasandha heard that his son-in-law had been killed by Krishna, he marched on Mathura to avenge his death. Unable to face the siege of the town by such a powerful foe, the Yadavas allowed Krishna and Balaraama to steal away from it at night. They travelled to Gomantak situated across the Sahyadri and lived among the Garuda tribes.

Jaraasandha pursued Krishna and Balaraama to Gomantak, but he and his friends were put to flight by the intrepid young men.

With their fame resounding through Aryavarta, Krishna and Balaraama returned in triumph to Mathura, where the Yadavas, under their leadership, became strong and disciplined.

In order to destroy the Yadavas of Mathura, Jaraasandha decided to strengthen his alliance with King Bhismaka of Vidarbha and King Damagosh of Chedi. He arranged that Bhismaka's daughter Rukmini should be married to Shishupaal, son of King Damagosh of Chedi, while his own grand-daughter be married to Rukmi, the son of Bhismaka.

To carry out the arrangement, a *swayamvara* was staged at Kundinpur, the capital of Vidarbha. In fact, it was a fraud on the ancient ways of the Aryas, for no choice was to be left to Rukmini, but to marry Shishupaal. Krishna, with several Yadava chiefs and their allies, went to Kundinpur uninvited and induced Bhismaka to give up the fake *swayamvara*.

Krishna's fame grew and his fabulous exploits gave him the halo of a demi-god.

Jaraasandha, however, was unforgiving. He decided to destroy the Yadavas of Mathura. He, therefore, made up his mind not to take any Arya king into confidence and entered into a pact with Kala Yavan, the savage king of the region beyond the river Sindhu. According to the pact, the Yavan was to march on Mathura from the west and himself from the east, destroy the Yadavas and burn Mathura to the ground.

To save the Yadavas from the fate which awaited them if they were trapped by these overwhelming forces, Krishna led them across swamps and deserts to far away Saurashtra. There they settled in the kingdom of Kudmin, whose daughter Revati was married to Balaraama. Their capital, Dwarka, soon became a flourishing port.

Kala Yavan could not reach Mathura. He became the victim of the ire of an old sage who went by the name of Muchkund, whom he tried to kill.

Jaraasandha, when he reached Mathura, saw to his chagrin that the Yadavas had escaped him. He spent his fury in burning Mathura to the ground.

To impose a dynastic alliance between himself and the kings of Chedi and Vidarbha, he issued orders that the *swayamvara* of Rukmini should be held at Kundinpur, when she should be married to Shishupaal.

Krishna suddenly appeared at Kundinpur, carried away Rukmini to Dwarka, the capital of Saurashtra, and was married to her.

II. The Kurus

IN the Arya world, the Bharatas and the Panchalas were the most populous and the most powerful.

In old days, the Bharatas had established suzerainty over all the kings of Aryavarta. Their king, Bharat, was acclaimed the greatest among the *chakravartins* known to tradition

In the line of Emperor Bharat was born Hastin, who founded Hastinapur on the banks of the Ganga.

In later times, the Bharatas also came to be called Kurus and held sway over a large dominion and suzerainty over many kings.

The lands occupied by the Kurus and their rivals Panchalas formed the heartland of Aryavarta, distinguished for its learning and valour. The most eminent of the Arya *rishis* had their hermitages there and its kings upheld the ancient ways of *dharma*.

King Shantanu, a descendant of Hastin, was a great king. He begot a son, Gangeya, who grew in strength, valour and righteousness.

When advanced in years, King Shantanu fell in love with a fisher girl, who later came to be known as Satyavati. However, her father would not agree to her being married to the King unless her son, if she got one, could succeed to the throne. To make his father happy, Gangeya took a vow to remain unmarried and not to claim the throne. The vow was fearful and so Gangeya came to be called Bheeshma, the terrible.

By Satyavati, Shantanu begot two sons, Chitrangada and Vichitraveerya. The elder one died in battle Bheesma installed Vichitraveerya on the throne of Hastinapur and carried away the daughters of the King of Kashi, two of whom were married to the boy king.

Vichitraveerya, while still a boy, died issueless. Bheeshma would not marry, nor accept the throne. The royal line of the Kurus was threatened with extinction.

On the advice of Bheeshma, Satyavati, the Dowager Empress, called on Krnshna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, her son by the Sage Paraashara, to beget sons on the widows of Vichitraveerya according to the ancient custom.

Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa had

been brought up by his father in the highest tradition of the Vedic *rishis*, of which his great grandfather, Vasistha, was one of the founders.

By his learning and austerities, Vyasa had acquired the highest position among the rishis of Aryavarta. He had also redacted the divine Vedas, which the Gods had communicated to the ancient sages of immortal memory, of whom his forefather was one of the most eminent.

To perpetuate the line of the Kurus, the Sage accepted the mandate of his mother. By Ambikaa, he begot Dhritaraashtra, who was blind by birth. By Ambikaa, he begot Pandu, who was afflicted by disease from his very birth. By a maid-servant who offered herself in devotion to the Sage, he begot Vidur.

Bheeshma brought up the three boys with care and wisdom. Dhritaraashtra being blind could not succeed to the throne, and the younger son Pandu ruled over the Kuru empire well and wisely, earning immense popularity. Vidur, the maid's son, grew up to become a wise and saintly minister.

The blind Dhritaraashtra was married to Gaandhari and by her begot Duryodhana, Duhshaasan and several other sons.

Pandu was married to Kunti, the sister of Vasudeva, the father of Krishna, and also to Maadri, a princess of Madra. Afflicted by a curse which denied him the pleasures of life, the King retired to the Himalayas with his wives. With the permission of their husband and the blessings of different gods, they begot five sons, Yudhishthira, Bheema, Arjuna, and the twins, Nakula and Sahadeva.

On king Pandu's death, Maadri, his junior queen, followed her husband on the funeral pyre, entrusting her two sons to the care of her senior co-wife, Kunti. The sages brought Kunti and the Five Brothers to Hastinapur, where, under the advice of Veda Vyaasa, Bheeshma accepted them as the sons and heirs of Pandu.

The Five Brothers grew up, handsome, strong and well behaved, and became the favourites of all, to the chagrin of Duryodhana, Duhshaasan and others, their cousins.

Dhanaacharya, a pupil of Parashuraaha, the great master of the art of war, was employed by Bheeshma to give training to the princes. Even during their training, the Five Brothers excelled their cousins in learning as well as skill in arms.

When their training was over, they helped their guru Dronacharya to win for himself the northern part of the territories of the Panchala, ruled by King Yajnasena, otherwise known as Drupad.

All the Five Brothers became very popular with the Kurus. The eldest of them, Yudhishthira, came to be regarded as Dharmaraaja—righteousness incarnate. Bheeshma, therefore, installed him as the *yuvaraj* or the Crown Prince of Hastinapur, for, besides being fully qualified, his father Pandu was the last king to sit on the throne of the Kurus.

After Yudhishthira was installed as *yuvaraj*, Bheema, the second of the Five Brothers, went to Mathura to complete his training in mace-combat under Balaraama, who was the recognised master of that art.

That was just before the Yadavas, afraid of being exterminated by Emperor Jaraasandha of Magadha, came away to Saurashtra, led by Krishna.

[To be *continued*]

O MURALI, why are you so silent today?

THE other day I was reading an article by Smt. Bhanumati Patel —an article on Sri Krishna, entitled: "*Murli kahe bhaee sum Sham?*"

It was a beautiful piece of literature. I have converted the whole episode described therein into a poem which reads as under:

काहे मुरली भई सुमसाम ।

काहे मुरली भई सुमसाम,
श्याम अधर पे रसीली मुरली,
काहे भई सुमसामः काहे ०
मुरली अधर रख श्याम बजावत
निकसत नहीं सूरश्याम : काहे ०
दिशा दिगंत और विहग-विटप-जल,
खड़े सुनैं एक ध्यान-काहे ०
फिर फीर बजावत स्वर नहीं निकसत
अधर भये हैरान-काहे ०
फिन राधिका हृदय बिराजै
मुरली भई सुमसाम-काहे ०
तब कृष्ण सिधावे गोकुल पंथा
मिलन राधिके धाम
जब राधिका हृदय लिपटई
उमटे सागर सुर सलिल
अनंद अनंद चहु दिश पुकारैं
वह रहे अँखियन नीर ।

Having read the episode in the poetic form, now read the same in prose—one is as delightful as the other.

● ● ●

Kamsa, the maternal uncle, was killed by Krishna. Fear, persecution, uncertainty, ominous distrust were suddenly removed from the mind of the harassed populace. The whole city of Mathura, it seemed, had pulled a quilt of peace and tranquillity over its face and gone to sleep. The dark waters of river Yamuna seemed also to become stilled. Quiet seemed to pervade the air. In the midst of such ceaseless, profound peace, sometimes a restlessness peeps through with a singular pang.

In the Manimaya palace of Mathura, the blueskinned Sri Krishna was feeling restless in his mind. Some sweet agitation was bewildering him. In such a moody state, a dear reminiscence was constantly preying on his mind. "How long have my lips not associated with my constant companion, the divine Flute?"

The mind experienced a momentum, and the feet began to move. Lord

B. K. DALAL....

Krishna was walking, and reached the banks of Yamuna. Krishna had stuck the flute in his waist-band, one end of which was touching his heart. He took off the 'murli' and applied it to his lips, and concentrated all the dormant longing of his heart. He blew into the flute and poured his heart's squeezed nectar in it. His heart longed for the association with the infinitude of His soul, and gave expression of the divine melody in the murli's notes.

But lo! what is this? Why is the murli dead silent to-day? Why does not the warmth of my breath waken any notes from it? The very touch of my lips used to send it into an ecstasy of divine enchantment. Why has it taken to such sullen silence?

He blew another deep breath, but still no sound burst from the flute. Agitated, he asked:

"O Murli, why have you been dead silent to-day?"

And the petulant Murli said: "Lord, you may be the Lord among men. Yet, you are a mere man. How can you understand a woman's heart? What is the use of pouring out notes in this loneliness? Where is that proud of heart Radhika and sixteen thousand gopis? Without rivalry and emulation how can I develop the momentum, my Lord? When Radhika sees in you the fusion of her heart with the Divine bosom of Lord Krishna, my heart overflows with ecstatic, rapturous music. Shyamsunder, let us, therefore, go back to Gokul. Without Radhika, this Murli has suddenly become love-lorn, forsaken. Without her divine touch, melodious notes can never flow from it."

The Lord turned His steps forward, on the way to Gokul. His footsteps were heard from a distance in the dead of the night.

Light illumined the dark clouds as Lord Krishna proceeded towards the home town of Radhika. Hearing His footsteps, Radhika, half in sleep, half a-dream rushed out to receive her Lord with the heart bent in utter adoration. The Lord applied the Murli to His lips—and such a refulgence of ecstatic beauty and notes poured forth from the Murli as held the Nature itself—the very wind and the trees, the half-awakened birds in their nests—in a divine spell. Their inner transport of soul knew no bounds. They all seemed to sail rapturously on the bosom of the ocean of timeless, spaceless and limitless infinitude of a divine presence.

The Murli began to sway human hearts, nay it swayed the universe too with its rhythmic rapture in which the ego of man ceaselessly chanted the mantram, "Thou art That, O Lord!"

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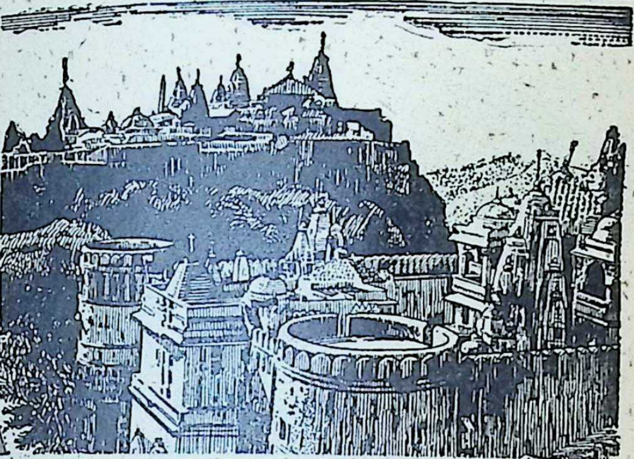

PALITANA

PALITANA, a picturesque city of over 860 temples, open to everybody and a place of pilgrimage mainly for the Jains, is situated at a distance of 33 miles by road and 31 miles by rail (via Sihor) from Bhavnagar, in Gujarat State.. Over and above their sculptural beauty the temples of Palitana, also attract the tourist from the scenic point of view.

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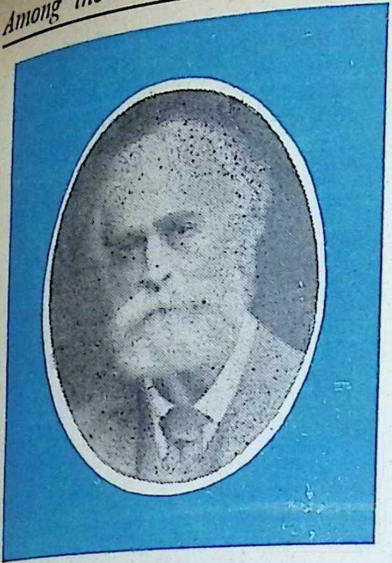

C. P. SCOTT

N. SALIVATEESWARAN

AT the time when I took over the Special Correspondentship of *The Hindu*, Madras, in 1928-29, our country was in great ferment. In the political field there was a surfeit of discontent owing to the appointment of the Statutory Commission under the Chairmanship of Sir John Simon. The Indian business community was on war path on account of the eighteenpence ratio just placed on the statute book. There were industrial strikes in Bombay and elsewhere. The overseas Indian residents were subjected to severe racial discrimination in East Africa, South Africa and elsewhere. The Third International was attracting attention from youths from all parts of the world. I had the good fortune of visiting some of the important centres and contacting most of the leaders in all walks of life.

One such assignment took me to London in the autumn of 1931 to cover the Second Round Table Conference which was attended among others by Mahatma Gandhi, as the sole Congress delegate, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Smt. Sarojini Naidu and Sri A. Rangaswami Iyengar, my then chief.

One fine evening towards the end of September, Rangaswami, Kasturi Srinivasan who was with us in London and myself were in Manchester to pay our homage to the world famous eighty-five-year-old Editor of the *Guardian*, C.P. Scott. He gave us an appointment at 10 p.m. in his office. I was wonderstruck when one of his assistants told us that it was his best time to receive his visitors in whom he was interested. He would have then finished his leading articles and be free. He added that "C.P.S." never left the office before midnight. He would enter his room at six in the evening and his bang on the door announced his arrival in the office. He always brought his dinner with him from home which consisted of two eggs, milk and sometimes an apple.

Scott was reading in his room the final proof of his "long" editorial, when we announced our arrival. The edit page was waiting for his article to be locked up. He asked us to wait for a few minutes, to enable him to finalise the proof. At ten-past ten he called us in with profuse apologies for making us wait. As I entered the *sanctum sanctorum* of the world-famous editor, I was deeply thrilled. It was a magnificent sight to see the grand old man with thick-set white beard, well trim-

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med white moustache and white locks of hair on his head, sitting erect, serene in spirit and cheerful. Half the world are bald and bent at his age. Scott looked picturesque. I could not take away my eyes from him when he was discussing with my Chief the daily office routine of fixing the leading articles etc. He spoke slowly.

The conversation drifted to Indian politics and Gandhiji's presence in London. "C.P.S." raised his voice and said "If Gladstone were Prime Minister of England now, he would have extended complete freedom to India. He would have been carried away by Gandhiji's devotion to truth. Character counted with him first and foremost. He was keen to give Home Rule to Ireland but Parnell's character disgusted him most and actually prevented him from granting Home Rule to Ireland. He was sorry for the Irish people. If there had been any other leader with character like Gandhiji leading the Irish people instead of Parnell, Ireland would have been free during Gladstone's time".

Scott had no high hopes of any settlement of the Indian problem at the Round Table Conference. The split in the British Labour Party and the formation of the National Government were not helpful factors. Macdonald's intentions might be good but mere intentions would not take India to its goal. The National government was a bad blunder. Gandhiji's present visit would win some more British friends for the cause of Indian freedom. That was the only gain which India would make then. Very prophetic words.

Scott was full of admiration for Gandhiji's prohibition programme weaning away addicts from drinking through creation of public opinion.

In a country like India, poor people in particular could not afford to waste money in drinking, steeping their families into miseries. He said that Gandhiji's social uplift programme appealed to him most. Mr. Scott himself was a strict teetotaller.

One of the staff members told me that Mr. Scott never completely trusted any one whom he had once detected by sight, sound or smell, to have taken alcohol in excess. One night when he was in the room of a junior, the door opened stealthily and in the aperture appeared a large flushed face. The latter looked fixedly for some seconds at "C.P.S." and as stealthily withdrew. "C.P.S." his head thrust forward and bristling like a well-bred dog, glared at the closed door. Then he said "He's been drinking. He will have to go." That was the ultimate sentence. The culprit "went".

I was surveying Mr. Scott's room. I saw a quotation on the wall on the ideals of journalism from one of Mr. Scott's own contributions. It read:

> Fundamentally journalism implies honesty, clearness, courage, fairness and a sense of duty to the reader and community. The Newspaper is of necessity something of a monopoly and its first duty is to shun the temptations of monopoly. Its primary office is the gathering of news. At the peril of its soul, it must see that the supply is not tainted.
>
> *Neither in what it gives nor in what it does not give nor in the mode of presentation must the unclouded face of Truth suffer wrong.* Comment is free but *facts are sacred*. Propaganda, so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents, no less than that of friends, has a right to be heard. Comment is also justly subject to a self-imposed restraint. It is well to be frank. It is even better to be fair.

Baldwin, the then British Prime Minister, whom Scott had criticised severely in his paper, read out the above quotation in the Newspaper Society's dinner, in London in 1925 and said "Those are noble words and it is a counsel possibly of perfection but in them is the ideal of the higher type of English journalism which is the highest type in the world. They are the words of Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*. And as one who had read newspapers all his life I can imagine no higher ideal for a profession to live up to".

We spent half an hour or so with the venerable old man. He warmly shook hands with us while parting. He gave me a pat and said, *"Stick to truth in your reports and never spare any trouble to verify your news before putting on wires. Your success is well assured"*.

As we were going round the press, we heard a cycle-bell in the adjoining gangway. Our friend who was guiding us in the press-room said that "C.P.S." was going home. Through the windows we saw the bearded old man of eighty-five cycling care-free like a lad in teens on the congested road in the dim street lights, at midnight. He was the editor of the *Guardian* for an unbroken period of 57 years. Even after his retirement, he attended office and often wrote the leading articles. He fully believed that no wrong existed which could not be set right with courage and goodwill. That reflected the spirit of Scott's career. Within five days of my return to India in December 1931, Scott passed away in Manchester in the early hours of the New Year's Day 1932.

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THE OMBUDSMAN

THE OMBUDSMAN is a special parliamentary commissioner who keeps watch over the way in which government officials apply the laws and regulations to the public and investigates complaints by private citizens against public officials.

So far he is a Scandinavian speciality. But interest in him is becoming more widespread.

In the Whyatt Report "The Citizen and the Administration" a committee of "Justice" recommended a constitutional and administrative reform in Britain based on this Scandinavian model. The general boom in government activity has also drawn attention in Canada, Greece, New Zealand, Norway and West Germany to the protection which this institution affords to the citizens of Sweden, Finland and Denmark.

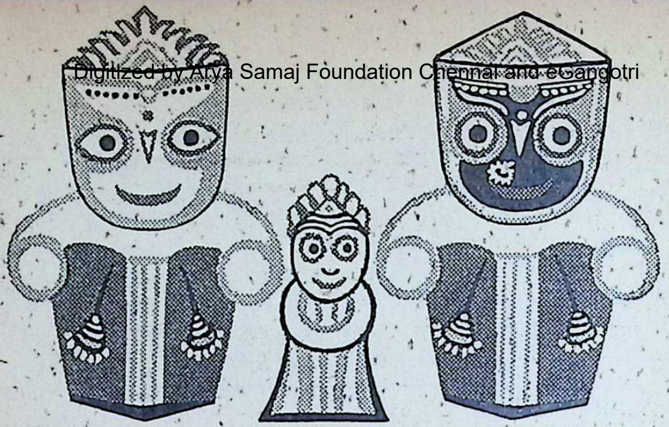
In April the Danish ombudsman, appointed in 1954, gave a striking demonstration of his independence when he gave a ruling concerning the Scandinavian Airlines System which was critical not only of various high officials, but of the minister of transport himself.

Finland has had an ombudsman since 1919.

But the grandfather of the institution, the original version and the one with the most comprehensive coverage, is found in Sweden. For in Sweden this institution has existed for more than 150 years.

The Swedish Justitieombudsman (the JO, as he is popularly called) keeps watch over not only the administrative agencies but also the courts, the police system, the public prosecutors, the prisons, the state-church officials, the social welfare services and even to a certain extent the local authorities. The military have a separate ombudsman, the MO.

The JO has several continuing sources of information, including his own investigations, and tips from the press, as well as complaints from the public. In his investigations, he enjoys complete access to all official documents and records, even those normally privileged or secret.



THREE DEITIES

LORD JAGANNATH of Puri is regarded as an incarnation of Sri Krishna of Gita Govinda. The idols of the Puri temple are of Lord Jagannath popularly known as "The Lord of the Universe", his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra. All of them were once venerated as jungle deities by the Saoras, a tribal community of Orissa, and through the ages their worship has spread far and wide. The 192 ft. high Puri temple is surrounded by a cluster of smaller shrines and is one of the most impressive ancient monuments in India which has assumed overwhelming holiness since the days of Chaitanya, drawing a large number of people from all over the world.

Puri is one of the greatest pilgrim centres in India. Puri is also known as Srikshetra, and is synonymous with the temple of Jagannath and is famous for its Car Festival. The Temple of Puri is one of the places in India which is a "must" for any tourist in this country.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY

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In one recent case, upon the JO's request the police were required to turn over to him their file of evidence obtained by wiretapping methods.

Even in the less unusual cases the JO makes frequent use of his right to go to the records.

In regular tours of inspection, the ombudsman manages to cover the entire government complex about every ten years. Usually, each inspection is preceded by a day's notice; but the JO may make a surprise visit. Having a crowded schedule, he is often forced to resort to "spot check" methods; yet, on the whole, these have been quite successful.

His continuous inspections have proved to be effective deterrents. In the prisons, the old complaints of inhuman treatment have shifted to the need for television to vary the cinema diet.

Newspapers and periodicals are regularly scanned by the JO office and provide the leads for many investigations. On occasions when the JO has been slow in taking up these leads, the Swedish newspapers have responded by running the headline, "Is the JO Sleeping?"

The ombudsman's treatment of the news reports helps to satisfy the public that criticised acts of public officials do not go uninvestigated by an independent authority; while an official who is wrongfully accused derives some comfort from a convincing public vindication of his actions.

The chief source of information for the JO is the stream of complaints—now numbering over 900 every year—from the public. Every citizen and government official, as well as some aliens, may lodge a complaint. Prisoners, inmates of detention homes, and mental patients may communicate with the JO by sealed mail. The procedure for registering a complaint is informal, quick, and cheap. The complaint is mailed to the JO's office in Stockholm stating the facts and including the necessary papers if they are available. A lawyer is not needed to assist with the drafting and the complaint is given an immediate examination—usually within 24 hours—by the JO, his deputy, or one of the staff of five lawyers.

In his handling of the case, the JO has no power directly to overrule a wrong decision, but he is in a position to persuade the official to make a change. And where a citizen has suffered financial loss, the JO can help him to get compensation. The strongest weapon in the JO's arsenal is his power to order a penal prosecution of an official who commits a serious breach of duty. The prosecution may lead to a fine or suspension from office; but it is only rarely resorted to.

In 1959, out of 1,003 cases only 5 resulted in prosecutions. The sanction most commonly applied by the JO has been the official admonition—in most cases a suggestion for correction—to those officials acting improperly or carelessly. Publicity is a strong ally of the ombudsman. Important admonitions are published in the annual report along with the prosecutions, and even the lesser cases are released daily to the press.

Where the citizen has actually been financially damaged, the JO may accompany the admonition with a "request" for compensation. Perhaps because of the implicit threat of prosecution, these "requests" have usually been heeded. In unusual cases, where a citizen has been hurt by an official's actions and can do little legally to help himself, the JO steps in.

For example, a citizen who had been physically injured by a police officer during a chase, and was able to prove this but could not identify the officer, was given compensation for his injuries on the JO's recommendation.

The JO points out defects in the law and in departmental procedures in his annual report to Parliament. His suggestions for improvements have led to a reorganisation of the Stockholm housing board and a "second look" at the police procedure of administering blood tests to drivers suspected of drunkenness.

When a parliamentary committee examines the annual report, the session is opened to persons, private or official, who want to complain about the JO.

How effective the ombudsman is depends largely on the personal qualities of the office-holder. He has had to be a man of strong character, one not cowed by high officials and willing when necessary to take an unpopular position. The men who have been elected to the office have been reputable jurists, most frequently judges from the lower courts. These elections take place every four years. As a tangible proof of his stature, the JO receives a salary equal to that of Supreme Court judges.

Swedes generally agree that the ombudsman has been extremely effective in protecting the rights of citizens before the courts and in relation to prosecutors, prison officers, and policemen. Police activity in arrests, searches and interrogations has been closely checked. Press freedom, and freedom of speech and assembly, have been protected.

In his dealings with the administration, the JO has concentrated on assuring citizens of fair procedures and impartial decisions and has particularly stressed the need for officials to explain the reasons for their decisions.

Government activity has increased so rapidly that the JO is overworked. There seems to be a good chance that the institution will be divided in two, one ombudsman for the administration, another for the courts.

By and large, the average Swedish citizen, "the little man," enjoys confidence that any abuse suffered at the hands of a public official can be reported to and remedied by a high government authority.

[Courtesy: *The Economist*]

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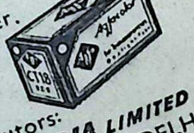

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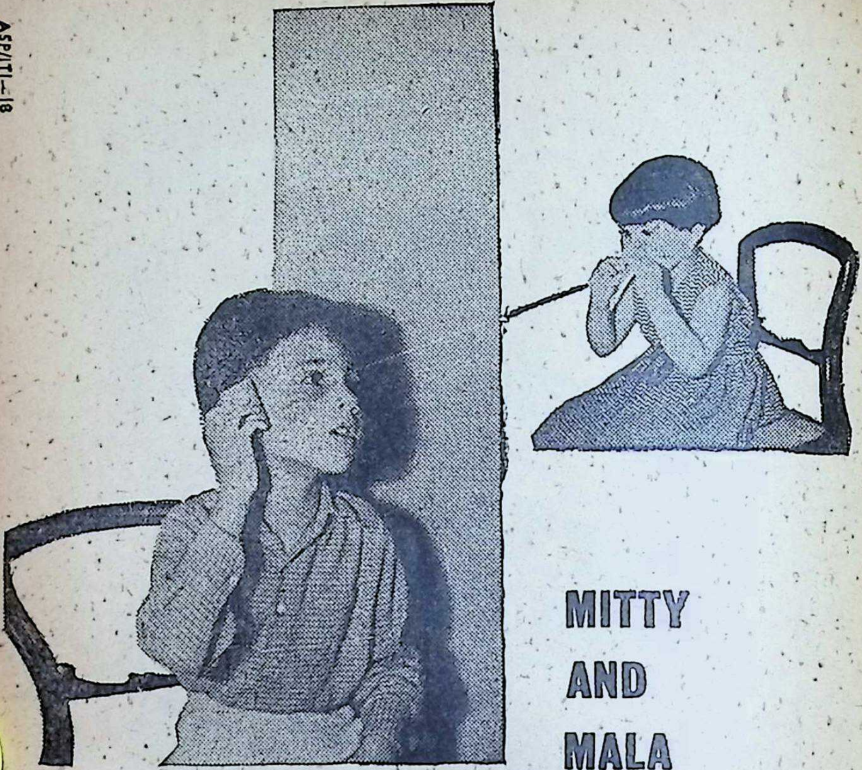

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Question Box

ANSWERS BY K. M. MUNSHI

1022

Sri Rangavajula Shyama Sundara Rao, Tanuku.

Q: *What is the difference between Brahmo Samaj and Arya Samaj?*

A: They are totally different in content and outlook.

Brahmo Samaj stands for an impersonal God approached through prayers and right conduct, emphasising reason rather than authority.

Arya Samaj, though monotheistic, accepts the divine authority of the *Vedas*, and inculcates approach to God through Vedic rituals, like *havans*.

Both are modern offshoots of Hinduism, but Arya Samaj is dynamic and fosters active faith, while Brahmo Samaj lives in the pale ether of intellectualism, which, more often than not, fails to evoke active religious spirit.

1023

Sri J. Kumaraswamy, Bellary.

Q: *How to overcome unhappiness?*

A: By developing calmness which comes of constant endeavour to cultivate endurance and the faith that it is for God to decide how you should live.

1024

Sri M. D. Padma Kumar, Madras.

Q: *In an article in your* Journal *on "Kailas Darshan" the writer states 'I could behold Lord Siva alone with Parvati.' Is it possible to do so in the year* 1958?

A: If you have the necessary faith and creative imagination, even you can behold Siva and Parvati, so that they can enter your life and lead you to self-realisation.

1025

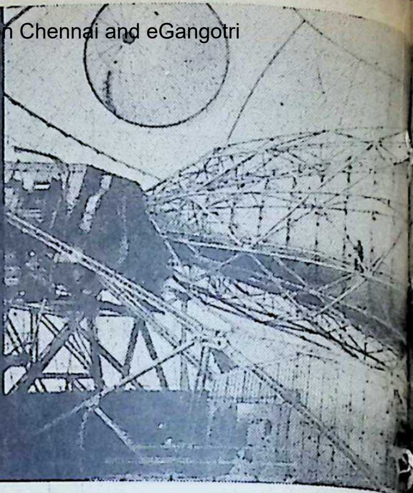
Sri D. Bobje, Jeypore.

Q: *Are the standards of truth and righteousness the complex of facts and forces which impinge on the mind of man?*

A: The standard of truth is only one, if by truth is meant absolute sincerity, that is, the dynamic unity of thought, words and deeds at any given moment. The standard of righteousness is also one, if by righteousness is meant a sincere attempt to renounce greed, anger and fear from all our thoughts, words and deeds, and to acquire purity of body and mind.

the telstar

L. Laurence



L. *Picture shows the large "Horn" antenn*

THE successful performance of the U.S. communications satellite "Telstar" ranks with the first transmission of a telegram message by Samuel F. B. Morse in 1844, the laying of the first Atlantic cable in 1858 and the sending of the first radio signal across the Atlantic in 1901.

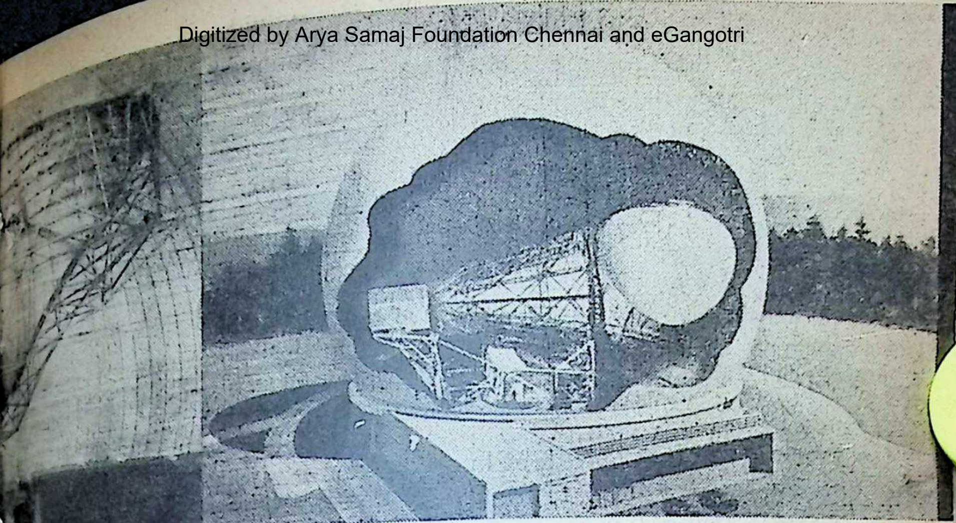
Telstar—a joint U.S. government-industry venture—transmitted live television across the ocean for the first time. With the satellite serving as a microwave radio-relay station some 3,000 miles above the North Atlantic, television pictures were transmitted from the United States to France and Britain and from these two countries to the United States.

The feat marks a historic first step toward a world-wide space communication system, in which satellites orbiting thousands of miles above the earth will serve as a network of microwave radio-relay stations for transmitting and receiving telephone, telegraph, teletype, photograph, facsimile and other types of instantaneous communication.

The space communications satellite comes at a time when the problem of transocean communication of all types is becoming increasingly complex and, in the case of television, virtually insoluble. Television cannot be transmitted by cable, for it requires channels of great frequency bandwidth, a single television programme requiring an electrical channel wide enough to carry 600 separate telephone conversations.

According to scientists, it would take fifty undersea cables of design similar to the three in use in the North Atlantic just to handle the estimated 1980 requirements for telephone and a few other services alone. And today's cables could not handle wideband television at all.

Transmission of the great volume of messages and of television and other complex data will require the transocean use of microwaves, broad-band



R. A cut-away drawing of the antenna.

beams that have tremendous capacity and can handle all types of communication. This system is used widely in overland communication, a large percentage of long-distance messages being carried by microwaves.

However, microwaves, like light, travel in straight lines. Up to the present, microwave transmission has not been practical across wide bodies of water. A signal sent across the Atlantic, for example, would soar off into space because it could not follow the earth's curvature to a receiving station. Television cannot be bounced off the ionosphere in the manner of short radio waves. There is no way to relay television overseas except by satellite.

Telstar is such a satellite—for the overseas transmission of microwaves. Like the relay towers on land, it picks up microwave signals carrying television or other types of communications, amplifies them billions of times and then transmits them to receiving stations thousands of miles distant. It was designed and built by the Bell Telephone Laboratories, paid for by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (A.T. & T.) and launched into orbit from Cape Canaveral with a three-stage Thor-Delta rocket.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) launched the satellite, the costs being paid by A.T. & T.

Another satellite, Telstar II, is being prepared by A.T. & T. for launching this year. A third, named Relay, is being built for NASA under contract by the Radio Corporation of America and will also be launched in 1962.

Both the A.T. & T. and the Relay satellites, though different in design and equipment, are of the type known as the "active", or "repeater," satellite. They receive, amplify and re-transmit signals from earth with equipment they contain within themselves. Telstar, for example, amplifies the signal it receives 10 billion times. Active satellites differ from the "passive" type, such as Echo, which do not carry amplifying and transmission equipment, but serve merely as reflectors from which signals sent to them are bounced back to earth, as in radar. Echo, an inflatable balloon launced in 1960, is still in orbit.

The A.T. & T. and the Relay satellites are to be used in a low-to-medium altitude system. In this system, 30 to 50 active satellites would be placed in orbit at altitudes from 1,000 to 3,000 miles to insure that, as one satellite disappears over the horizon, another would move within range of the ground communication system, since, as has been stated, the high-frequency microwaves used in television transmission travel in straight lines. This makes it necessary for some satellite to be always present in a line-of-sight relationship with ground stations.

A second, more advanced type of active communications satellite is known as the high-altitude synchronous system. It would be orbited around the equator at an altitude of 22,300 miles. At this height, the satellite would make a complete orbit around the earth in exactly the time it takes the earth to make a complete turn on its axis, so that the satellite would appear to remain stationary over a given point.

The area of coverage from such an altitude would be so broad that only three satellites would be needed to provide service for the world's inhabited areas.

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LOVE its Five Dimensions

Pitirim A. Sorokin

EVEN as an empirical psychosocial phenomenon, love remains a many-dimensional cosmos. It has at least five "dimensions": (1) the intensity of love: (2) its extensity: (3) its duration: (4) its purity; (5) the adequacy of its objective manifestation in overt actions and material vehicles in relation to its subjective purpose.

In intensity love ranges between zero and the highest possible point, arbitrarily denoted as infinity. The zero point is neither love nor hate. Below the zero point is hate (which has a similar intensity dimension). We all know this range of love intensity. When we observe a person who preaches love but does not practice it, we know that the intensity of his love is near the zero point; when the highfalutin preaching of love is used to mask selfish and hateful actions of hypocrites, their actions fall below the zero point and become hateful actions of various intensities. Such actions as giving a few cents to the hungry (from large possessions of the giver), or offering a seat to another person on a streetcar, are actions of love, though of low intensity. Actions by which a person freely gives to others his greatest values—health, life, "soul," hedonistic or utilitarian happiness—are love actions of the highest possible intensity. Between zero and the highest points of love intensity there are many intermediary degrees.

The extensity of love ranges from the zero point of love of oneself only, up to the love of all mankind, all living creatures, and the whole universe. Between these minimal and maximal degrees lies a vast scale of extensities: love of one's own family, or a few friends, or love of all the groups one belongs to—one's clan, tribe, nationality, nation, religious, occupational, political, and other groups and associations. The maximal point of intensity is the love of the whole universe and of God. Like St. Francis, one can love "a dear brother—earth," the moon, the wind, a river, a tree, and generally all animate and inanimate phenomena, and thus "reverently and lovingly walk the earth." And one can "hate the whole world" and view it as his enemy. The zero point of love extensity is a love of oneself only.

Again, the duration of love may range from the shortest possible moment to years or throughout the whole life of an individual or of a group. Not only love actions of low intensity, but many of the highest intensity may last but a short time, like the actions of a soldier on a battlefield who risks or sacrifices his life to save his comrade; having saved him, and having himself survived, a soldier may stop such activities and become a selfish, ordinary creature. On the other hand, love actions of low as well as high intensity may endure for a long period, perhaps throughout the life of an individual or group. A mother caring for her sick child through his and her life, a good neighbour for years giving financial or other help to this or that person, great apostles of love discharging their love mission for decades, even throughout life, are examples of enduring love.

The purity of love ranges from the love motivated by love alone—without the taint of a "soiling motive" of utility, pleasure, advantage, or profit, down to the "soiled love" where love is but a means to a utilitarian or hedonistic or other end, where love is only the thinnest trickle in a muddy current of selfish aspirations and purposes. The statements of saints of the Occident and the Orient that each loved God and would love Him even if He were to condemn them to an eternal hell for such a love are perhaps the most striking expressions of the purest love. "I love Thee, Lord," says a hymn ascribed to St. Francis Xavier, "yet not because I hope for Heaven thereby; nor yet since they who love Thee not, must burn eternally. Not with the hope of gaining aught; not seeking a reward; but as Thyself has loved me, O ever loving Lord." And the Oriental: "I do not want wealth, nor many people, nor learning; no, not even do I want to go to Heaven. Let me be born again and again; but, Lord, grant me this, that I may have love for Thee, and that for Love's sake."

Pure "love knows no bargain...no reward. Love is always for love's sake.... Ask not anything in return for your love; let your position be always that of the giver; give your love unto God, but do not ask anything in return even from Him." "Love knows no fear... no rival"—such are other traits of a pure love. The quoted statements of Jesus, St. Paul, and Aristotle tell the same thing.

The adequacy of the subjective goal of love to its objective manifestation ranges from a complete discrepancy between the subjective goal of love actions and its objective consequences, up to their identity. Inadequacy may have two different forms: (a) love experience may be subjectively genuine in the loving person, but the objective consequences of his love actions may be very different from, even opposite to, the love goal; (b) a person may have no love experience or intentions subjectively, yet the objective consequences of his actions, though motivated by something else than love, may be most beneficial for others, similar to the effects of genuine love. The first sort of love experience and activity is altruistic subjectively but not objectively. The second sort of experience and action is not altruistic subjectively but is altruistic objectively.

Let us briefly consider each of these two forms of inadequate love. We all know mothers who love their children intensely and want to make them "lovable"—that is, honest, industrious, and good. With this purpose they frequently pamper them, satisfy all their fancies, and fail to discipline them when they need it. Through such love actions they often spoil their children, and make them capricious, irresponsible, weak, lazy, dishonest. These objective consequences of love differ radically from the mother's goal of love. Another extreme case of such discrepancy is that in which a loving person, anxious to help a loved one, by mistake gives him poison instead of medicine. Such discrepant love actions are the forms of inadequate, unwise, misled, ignorant, or blind love. In all such cases love is not guided by truth and knowledge in the choice of the overt actions and instrumentalities of love.

In a purely "objective love action" a person may have no love motives in his activities, yet their objective consequences may be identical with those of genuine love actions of the highest intensity and purity. Many great creators of art values—Bach or Mozart, Beethoven or Shakespeare, Raphael or Michelangelo—were motivated in their creative activities not so much by love of goodness as by love of beauty, or by a creative urge, or by even prosaic motives (money, fame, popularity, etc.). Likewise many a scientist or inventor in his discoveries and inventions has been moved by his love of science or technology, or by a creative urge or some prosaic motive and not by the motive of love as goodness. Even many saints aspired directly not for altruistic love but for union with God; they became "love-filled" only as a necessary condition of their main purpose. In spite of the absence of altruistic love motives in the activities of these creators, their achievements have nevertheless exerted the most potent love effects upon millions and millions. The works of Bach and Beethoven, Shakespeare and Michelangelo, Plato and Newton have exerted beneficial, ennobling, uplifting, spiritualizing, enjoyable, and gladdening effects upon uncounted generations. Objectively (though not always subjectively) they became by their achievements great benefactors; not only intellectual or aesthetic, but also moral educators of humanity.

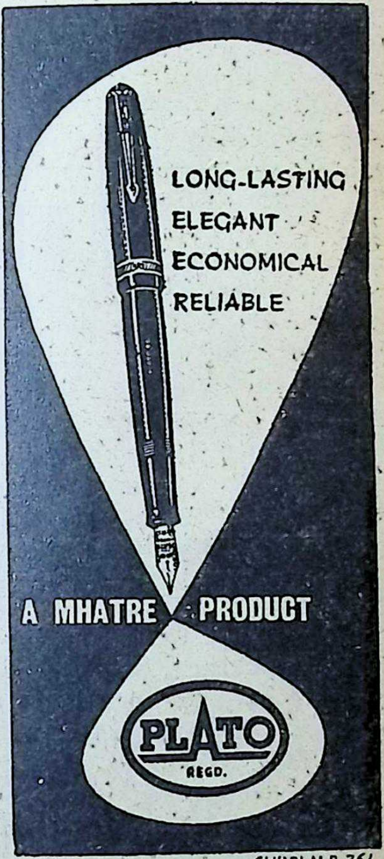
The inadequacy of such "objective but not subjective" love actions ranges upward from those extreme cases where no motive of love is present, through those cases where it enters as one of the motives, to those highest instances where the love motive becomes dominant and finds its adequate expression in overt activities and achievements. These objectively altruistic actions are possible mainly through the indivisible unity of goodness, truth, and beauty, and the possibility of their mutual transformation into one another. If in their ontological nature they are inseparable—though distinct in their individuality—anyone who truly creates in one of these fields indirectly creates in the other two: genuine goodness is always true and beautiful; genuine beauty is always good and true; and genuine truth is always good and beautiful. The great and small creators in the fields of truth and beauty may not be directly motivated by goodness (love); yet when they are creative in these fields they cannot help becoming creative also in the field of love, because of the unity and mutual transformability of these "forms of energies."

This unity of the greatest values and of the altruistic effects of the pursuit of truth, beauty, and God is stressed by the Hindu distinction of the three ways to "the liberation." Karma Yoga, or the way of good deeds or love of neighbours; Jnana Yoga, or the way of truth and enlightenment; and Bhakti Yoga, or the way of complete devotion to God and love of God.

—*—

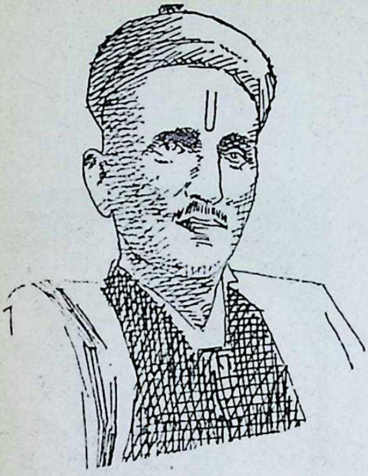
Love conquers all; let us too yield to love.

—Virgil



SHILPI.M.P.361

Father of Modern Hindustani Music



Pt. VISHNU NARAYAN BHATKHANDE

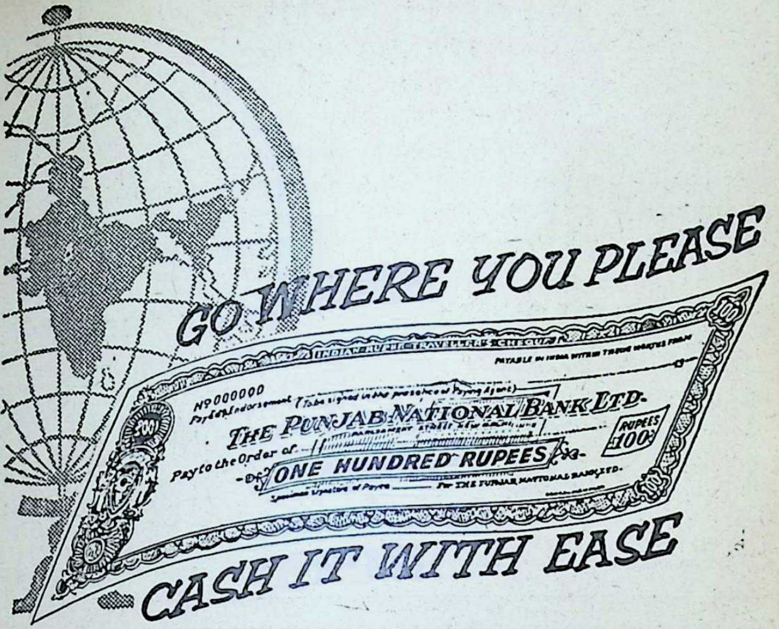
VISHNU NARAYAN BHATKHANDE, who moulded the renaissance of Hindustani music, was born on August 10, 1860, which happened to be Janmashtami, the day on which his birthday is celebrated every year.

Although music was the breath of his being, Bhatkhande was by profession a lawyer. After studying at the Elphinstone College, Bombay, and the Deccan College, Poona, he joined the legal profession in 1887. Within a short time he made a name for himself at the Bombay High Court.

It was during his college days that he began his formal education in music. He learnt Sitar from Sri Vallabhdas and vocal music from Raojibua, a Dhrupad singer. Another of his teachers was Mohammad Hussain Khan, a younger brother of Inayat Hussain Khan. Bhatkhande's scholarly bent of mind soon made him turn his attention from the practice of music to a quest of its sources. He studied such ancient texts as Bharata's *Natya Shastra* and the *Sangita Ratnakara*, besides standard works on Western music.

These studies led him to the conclusion that music as practised in our time had strayed very far from the precepts of the ancient texts. He found that even the scales and *shrutis* were at variance with the definitions. He felt impelled therefore to consolidate, sift and classify Hindustani music anew.

Anyone who sets out to build up a system has to be familiar with the work of best masters. Bhatkhande was up against many difficulties. The foremost singers and instrumentalists of his day had little theoretical knowledge and none at all of the texts.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They were also capricious and highly individualistic. Used to court traditions, they were unwilling to part with their treasure. Reluctant to transmit their best even to pupils who lived as members of their families for years on end, would they share it with an outsider? And with one who said he would 'systematise' what could really be attained with a lifetime service?

These rebuffs only strengthened Bhatkhande's resolve. Personal misfortunes, like the death of his wife and daughter, made him give up the law and devote his life to what gave him inner solace—the pursuit of Sangita, one of the divine *shastras*.

This pursuit took him all over the country, even to the land of Karnatak music. He visited all the well-known libraries and private collections. He acquired from them ancient texts in Sanskrit, Hindi, Telugu, Tamil and other languages. At the same time, he visited every musician of note in the world of Hindustani music. He lived at Gwalior, Baroda and Rampur to note down the Dhrupads of Tansen as rendered by Wazir Khan and Prince Sadat Ali Khan.

This dedicated man then edited and published many of the texts and put down in correct notation, *swara* and *tala*, a large number of compositions which would otherwise have been mutilated or lost. When he felt confident that his own knowledge and the material at his command were adequate, he sat down to the task of systematising the whole. In doing this, he displayed an intellectual grasp, discipline, and indefatigability that were characteristic of the giants of our renaissance. He constructed a theory which had its root in the ancient texts, but which, at the same time, did not try to read a non-existent meaning into them. He frankly acknowledged where present practice differed from ancient ideas. His first publication was a small booklet called *Swara Malika* containing set compositions in *saragam*, or solfa syllables, in various *talas*. The first of the series came out in 1907. Later, he published the Sanskrit text *Shrimallakshya Sangeetam*. This contains description and detailed theory of the various Hindustani *ragas*. He also published about this time, his first book on *Hindustani Sangeet Paddhati* which was an authoritative commentary on the prevailing raga music. These four volumes remain the standard treatises on Hindustani music.

The systematiser soon became teacher, for he realised that schools and colleges run on modern lines were essential if music had to be taught and propagated in an effective way. The Madhav Music College in Gwalior and the Marris College of Music in Lucknow owe their existence to him. He prepared a series of graded text-books, the *Hindustani Sangeet Kramik Pustak Malika* for use in schools and colleges.

Pandit Bhatkhande passed away on September 19, 1936 (Ganesh Chaturthi day), at the age of 86 with the satisfaction that his task had been accomplished.

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A WRITER'S TESTAMENT

[The following is the text of his speech while receiving his Nobel Prize for Literature in December 1950.]

I FEEL that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before.

So this award is only mine in trust.

It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it.

There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: when will I be blown up?

Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that

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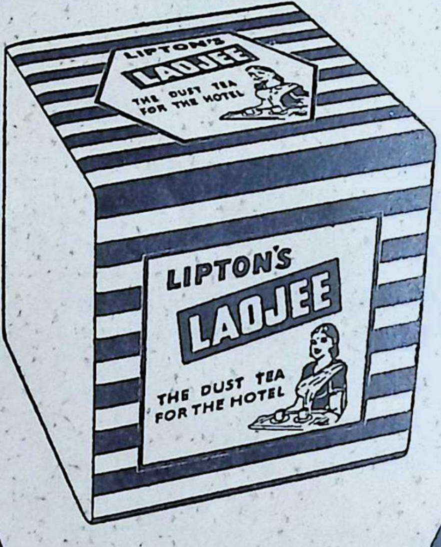
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is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again.

He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old varieties and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honour and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labours under a curse.

He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all without pity or compassion.

His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars.

He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man.

I decline to accept the end of man.

It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking.

I refuse to accept this, I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail.

He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance.

The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things.

It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honour and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past.

The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

A serious writer is not to be confounded with a solemn writer. A serious writer may be a hawk or a buzzard or even a popinjay, but a solemn writer is always a bloody owl.

—Ernest Hemingway

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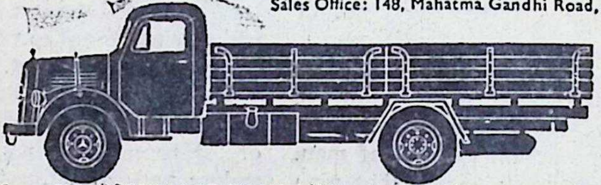

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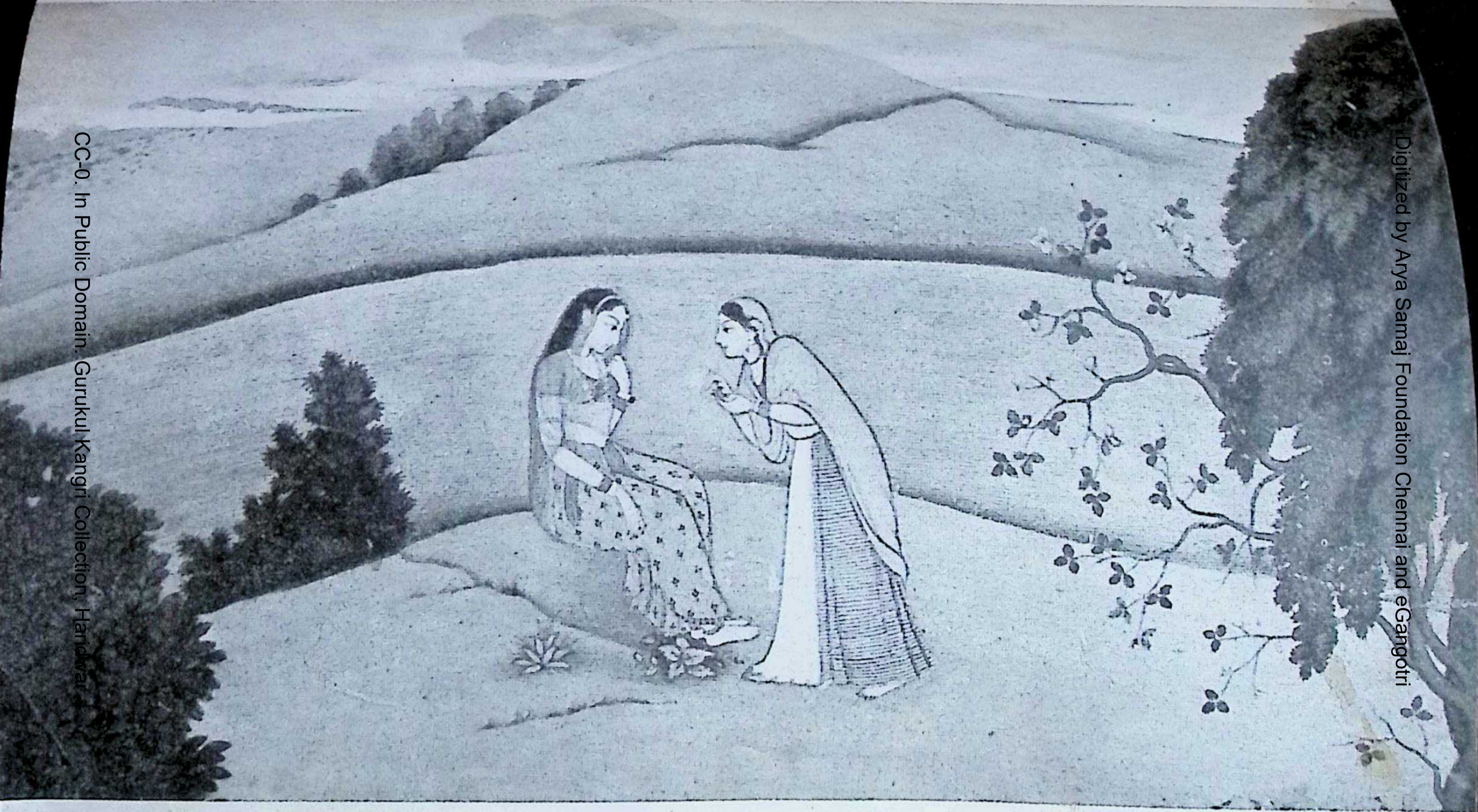

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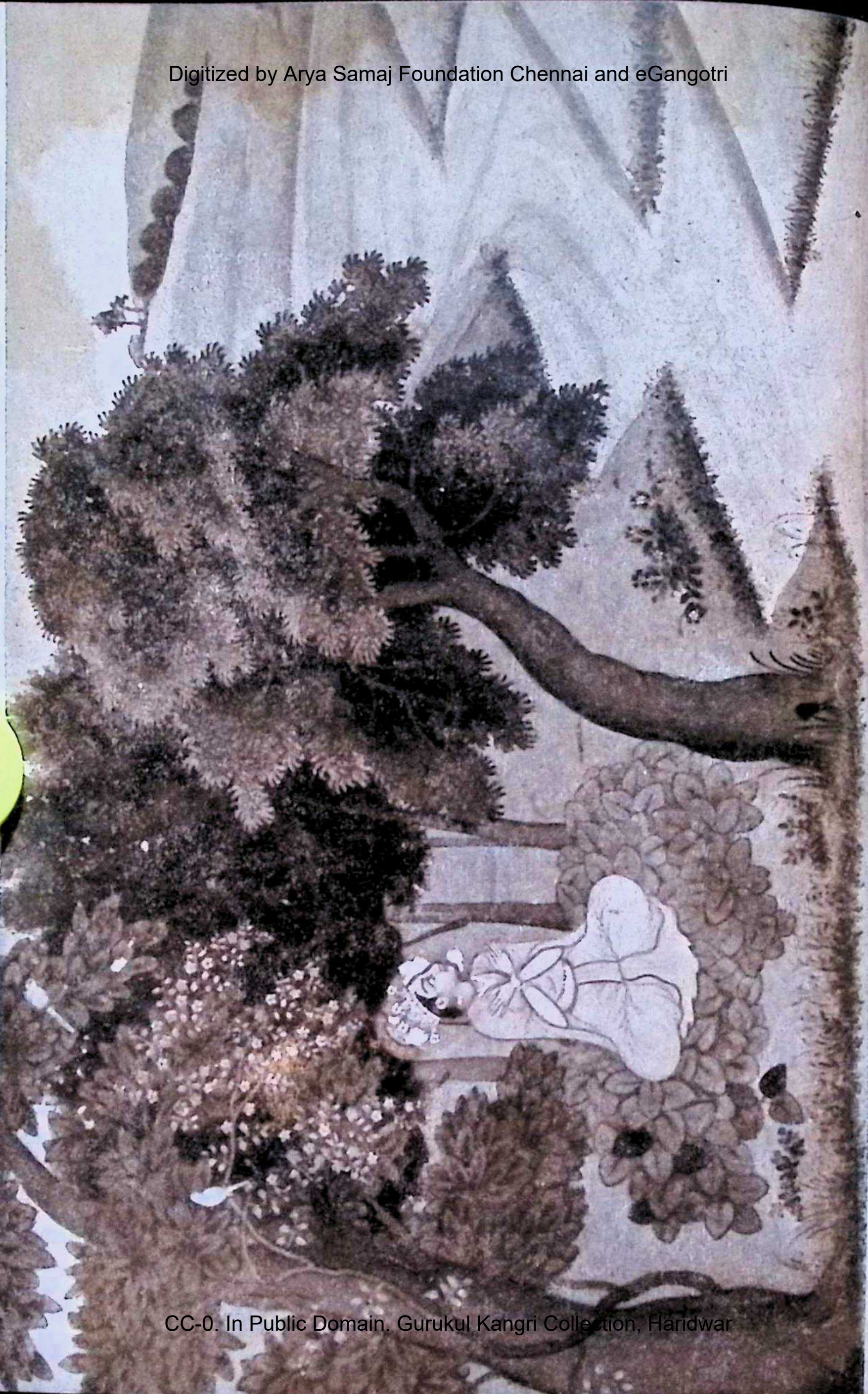

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Recent Trends in Bengali Literature

Subrata Banerjee

ANY attempt to analyse the trends in Bengali literature in the post-war period is likely to begin with a dismal note. This is so because it is a period of discord, a period of flux. As a result literature seems to be "barren of new pride."

And it is a period of tremendous possibilities.

During the last war it became more or less a border state and faced its effects more than any other part of the country. The man-made famine and finally the partition with its holocaust of mass murders have hit at the roots of all the human values that had inspired the creative writings of Rabindranath and those who grew up under his wings. The moral fibre of the entire people has been shaken. An entire generation has been brought up in an atmosphere of the most callous attitude towards human life, moral values and of a constant state of economic crisis.

Yet during the war and the famine, the inspiration of the freedom struggle provided certain values to the writers. A faith bound them together and inspired creative work. After freedom was won this bond between the people and the writer vanished. There came a sense of complacency. This was soon replaced by a feeling of disillusionment. The reality of *swaraj* was naturally far removed from the dream, for which so many had given so much of themselves. In this morass of intellectual bankruptcy there could not come an inspiring intellectual and political leadership. A new faith was lacking.

Added to this was the general problem of the new trends of disintegration that started with partition and found expression in linguism. The genuine urge for the full freedom for the development of the various nationalities was canalized by circumstances to find expression in a new form of communalism. As a result the contact between writers of different languages ceased to exist. There is little or no contact between the different art-forms, as the only platform for such contacts, the Progressive Writers' Association had fallen a victim to the forces of disintegration.

In such a state of ideological vacuum decadence finds a happy breeding ground. Unable to achieve identification with the life around, full of doubts and questions that find no answer, writers look beyond the borders of the land for guidance. They find expressions of their own mood in the decadent American paper-backs and the existentialist literature of Europe. There is a natural desire towards experimentation to keep pace with world movements in the field of literature. Not rooted in the soil, exotic forms emerge. All the weaknesses of the past find their fullest expression. Experiment with language and form often becomes an end in itself as it is not developed to meet the requirements of new ideas or themes seeking expression.

Even in the previous period most writers were unable to look at social problems in their totality and characters lacked dimensions. The more romantic writers dealing with the freedom struggle often failed to relate the personal lives of the characters with the social background. Rabindranath was a lonely exception. Even the Marxist writers suffered from the same weakness. In the background of a working class or peasant struggle the downtrodden were painted as men without faults and the millowners, landlords and the police as totally bad. Everything fitted into a mechanistic pattern. Manik Banerjee, the most powerful novelist that the Marxists have produced, was the only exception. This unreality has become stronger, as it can now be covered under the cloak of craftsmanship—the sub-conscious stream of consciousness, expressionism, existentialism, symbolism and so on. Form is thus used, not always consciously, as a barrier to communication, as a cloak to hide the lack of values or ideas. As a result a new language is emerging, a language of codes, loaded with images, with metaphysical twists, expressing the morbid, macabre and the depraved in man. A reality no doubt, but only a truncated reality.

Of the two most popular and powerful novelists of this period, Tarashanker Banerjee and Manik Banerjee, the former has ceased to be a force and the latter is no more. These two form a bridge between the old and the new. It might be said that both started where Sarat Chatterjee left off and then developed in two distinct directions. Tarashanker's contribution to form and themes has been negligible. He has brought to the fore the changing countryside during the freedom struggle. He has brought the masses as an active force into literature, but it is the individual who has always remained supreme and what is more, his sympathies have always been really with the dying feudal order. It is the tragedy of the individual landlord that has triumphed over the heroism of the masses. With the achievement of independence and the emergence of new problems Tarashanker found himself at a dead end.

This was exactly the period in which Manik emerged as the writer of the new generation. He quickly shed the romanticism of Sarat Chandra and Tarashanker and presented a bold realism in his treatment of a wide variety of themes. His subjects were social and political and even psychological, delving deep into the human mind, in all its glory of nobility and depravity. His treatment of sex too was not romantic, but real. His characters emerged as living people, whatever the class they came from. He did not romanticise the worker or the peasant, nor did he miss the man in even the worst representatives of an exploiting class. He was able to achieve a complete identification with the people. His language and forms of expression changed to meet the requirements of the subject. The stream of consciousness in his hands became a powerful weapon. Unto the last his experiment did not cease and one catches glimpses of new modes of expression in his unfinished writings. He has left behind a mighty world of thoughts and peoples, whose fortunes can be followed up and developed by the present generation.

After Manik and Tarashanker there have been interesting experiments like *Kata Ajanare* by Shankar, based on real experiences of court cases, reflecting basically human problems. *Lauha Kapat* by Jarasandha, based on stories of convicts has been another successful experiment, weakened by the attempt to romanticise the criminals. Both these novels had been received with tremendous enthusiasm. Unfortunately the later works of the writers lack the ring of truth and the novelty value has worn off. No new trend has developed out of these experiments, although there is certainly a great deal of scope in other fields of life.

The new trend today is really led by Abadhut, a *tantric* mendicant turned writer. He has a vivid and powerful style which he uses to express sex perversion in the garb of religious mysticism of the *tantric* variety. It has a strong romantic appeal. To the same school belongs Kamal Majumdar. His themes too are macabre, expressed in a powerful classical Bengali style, sometimes breaking into dialect to suit the mood of the character. Sex perversity and such problems are considered in great details. Another popular writer is Jyotirindra Nandy. He is concerned mainly with sex, dreams and symbolism. It is not the sex mysticism of Lawrence or Jules Romain, but a crude scavenging operation.

Somehow receding into the background are Bimal Mitra and Naren Mitra. Both have in the past revealed a healthy outlook in their themes. Dealing mainly with middle class existence they have produced living tales of the joys and sorrows and the simple dramas in the lives of ordinary people. The approach is somewhat romantic but rather sensitive. Bimal Mitra is full of unusual facet of life, somewhat Chekovian with an O'Henry twist at the end. Unfortunately both have now fallen a prey to the present trend and are degenerating into overmuch of sex and depravity. This is due to their lack of depth.

The present situation is more clearly revealed in the field of short stories. Rabindranath had raised the short

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story to a powerful art form. The younger novelists that followed, especially Manik Banerjee, have generally followed in his footsteps. To the same school as Manik belong writers like Nani Bhoumic, a journalist turned short story writer. Unfortunately he does not write much these days. The novelists of today concentrate more on novels for obvious reasons. It is good business. The books can be priced higher. There is the opportunity of some of them being filmed. The innumerable magazines must have a serialised novel to maintain a regular readership.

Despite these limiting factors short stories continue to be written. What is more, a new school of writers has emerged, the New Style group. Significantly enough there is no bond of common ideology among these writers. The link is one of style or form. It seems to be a conscious trend of formalism in the name of the stream of consciousness. In many cases the subject-matter is healthy, strong with a human appeal. It fails to communicate itself because of the barrier of form. The themes handled do not seem to justify these forms of expression. The roundness of characters is lost. Man instead of being considered as a social being is treated as an object for psychological dissection. The New Style writers are also experimenting with language and claim to be achieving a marriage of prose and poetry. The diction at places naturally becomes stilted under the pressure of excessive imagery and symbols. Sex and the sub-conscious play a big role even in the writings of those who seem to have a clearer outlook of their responsibilities.

In their over-attention to form the New Style writers fail to realise the need to give new dimensions to characters by wedding their sub-conscious to their conscious world. The over-emphasis on the sub-conscious is really an expression of the failure to face the reality of today, much more complex than it ever was in the past. As a result the writer retires into a personal world of symbols and codes. Even vital problems lose their bearings as defeatism and subjectivism have become the chief characteristics of the New Style. It is really an acute expression of isolation, of an inability to build contact or communicate with people. The lack of identification seems to have reached the peak.

Alongside this dominant trend new values are also finding expression in novels and short stories. Unfortunately they are few and far between and cannot yet be said to represent a trend. There is no rejection of the sub-conscious or experiments with language. On the contrary they serve the needs of expression of new themes and problems. Such novels as *Teetas Ekti Nadir Nam* or Gunomay Mann's stories and novels on peasant life, very few though they are, carry forward the traditions of Manik Banerjee to some extent. More striking are the recent writings of Saroja Banerjee and Asim Roy. Each in his own way, is trying to come to grips with the reality of today, with some of the new problems of human relationship. The characterisation is objective and rounded. Asim Roy's *Gopal Deb* presents a very unusual love problem in the background of Calcutta of 1949-52. It is a very bold experiment, treated with frankness, but with tremendous restraint. Saroja Banerjee's *Teen Tasher Khela* has wider canvas. The scene is a jute mill area. And it presents a slice of life, with a wide range of characters from different sections of society. It naturally moves on different planes and poses a wide range of variety of problems of life today. Although the hero is a negative character his strivings towards a positive role makes him alive. The other character are more positive and healthy. The whole development is placed in the socio-political environment of the times and the personal relations are closely woven into this background.

If a healthier trend is to be sought, it is to be found in the field of drama. There is a great deal of activity and many new writers are emerging. There is a certain amount of foreign influence, expressed through adaptations or even translations. The themes are woven round live characters and everyday situations. There has been in recent times a spate of one-act plays. These are written and produced in mainly by amateur groups. At times they even succeed in breaking upon the professional boards. *Dwandik* is a play telling the story of a pick-pocket in the background of a working class strike. Born in a working class family, he had seen his brother die in a police firing. His frustration had led him into the ranks of the pick-pockets. He could never feel quite happy with them. He was unable to forget his roots. He showed his loyalty to his class by saving a striker. *Stop News* based on a Rumanian play exposes the control of capital over the Press, killing its freedom.

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Coming to the field of poetry the sense of discord and flux seems to get stronger. The readership for poetry has always been limited. With the attraction of the purple passages of sex-loaded novels and short stories poetry has naturally suffered more from a lack of readership in recent times. The same influences are also at work here and the result is that communication has become more difficult. During the war years the influence of Rabindranath continued to be strongly felt. Even those like Budhadev Bose and Bishnu De, who had started life more or less in revolt against Rabindranath, were unable to escape the reality of the situation. Within this framework poets such as Samar Sen, Arun Mitra, Jibanananda Das, Budha

Dev Bose and Bishnu De represented a medley of patterns. There was already a trend of strong subjectivism, especially inspired by Eliot, but could not assert itself strongly.

Sudhin Datta always stood apart with his tremendous intellectualism. At the beginning he was very much under the influence of Rabindranath. With the end of war he gradually turned away more and more from life. The classicism of his language, his strong sense of rhythm continued to attract readers, despite his withdrawal from reality into non-involvement and an inner life.

Samar Sen and Arun Mitra have more or less retired, in the sense that their writings are few, but they always attract attention and satisfy the reader. Buddha Dev has also turned away from the realities of life into a world of his own. Jabananda Das, one of the most powerful of the modern poets on the other hand turned back towards an awareness of reality in later life and a simplicity of expression. Bishnu De is similarly undergoing a transformation. He is consciously trying to reach out to a closer identification and greater simplicity.

Two young poets, however, seem to stand out head and shoulders above the rest. One is Sukanta Bhattacharjee, who died young. He carried Rabindranath's religion of man to its logical extreme into the field of revolutionary struggle. He flashed for a brief period like a ball of fire. The other is Subhas Mukherjee. After the early period of Rabindranath, Subhas was the first to bring to Bengali poetry the warmth of passion and involvement. There was a boldness and freshness of youth both in the form and content of his poetry during the early days of the war. His images were modern and his expression sharp and even barbed. Through the years has emerged a strong social consciousness expressed through images and incidents of everyday life, in a style that is simple and bald and yet full of power.

Literary criticism is taking a new turn. There is more emphasis on style, craftsmanship. Writers are themselves trying to assimilate the lessons of the past, through fresh assessment. What is most important is that experiments are being made. This itself is a sign of life.

[*Paper read at the Greater Bombay Writers' Conference organised by the Bhavan.*]

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THE RENAISSANCE OF AYURVEDA

Dr. P. M. Mehta

AT the end of the last century India awoke from her long slumber to a realisation of the value of her heritage in art, literature and philosophy. The study of Sanskrit by western savants, by the Royal Asiatic Society and other learned bodies was largely responsible for this renaissance. As a result of the impact between her age-old culture and the new forces of western thought, India became conscious of her mission and her special contribution to the world in the matter of thoughts, ways of life and spiritual ideals. Medicine being an integral part of the sacred literature of the Vedas, the attention of scientific men, all over the world was drawn forcibly to the unique achievements of India in medical thought with the result that Indian Medicine has since been the subject of study by many orientalists like Zimmer, Julius Jolly, Sigerist and other savants.

The new national awakening which demanded the political emancipation of India gave an impetus to the resuscitation of the age-old system of medicine in a manner suited to the altered modern conditions. The persistent demand of the people for the revival of Ayurveda made even the British Government open special schools and give some measure of encouragement to systems of Indian Medicine.

With the achievement of Independence, the people of India desired more than ever to revive the age-old system of Ayurveda and by methods of modern research to interpret it in terms intelligible to the modern world

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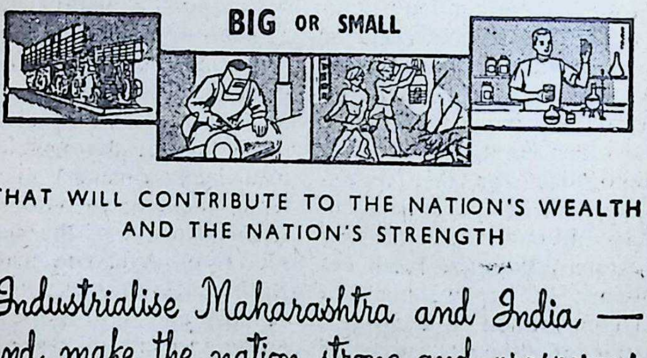
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and where necessary embody new ideas, procedures and drugs into Ayurvedic treatment without altering its basic structure and pattern.

As a result, various States in India instituted courses of study in Ayurveda, combining with it a basic knowledge of modern medicine, such as anatomy, physiology and social hygiene. The Renaissance is still taking shape and will, it is hoped, emerge as a full-fledged and suitably integrated system of Universal Medicine wherein Ayurveda will have contributed its quota to the sum total of medical knowledge.

* * *

The period through which India is passing at present may well be compared to the beginning of the Scientific Age in Europe. In 460 B.C., Hippocrates of Cos. the father of modern medicine, collated the available medical knowledge of his time and codified it in a scientific setting, just as Charaka did in India. Later in 131 A.D. during the Roman ascendency, Galen of Pergamon wrote another classic just as Susruta did in India. There is a similarity in the styles of both. Detailed description based on experimental work or on personal observation, characterises their writings. Oribasius of Pergamon wrote in 325 A.D. books presenting Hippocrates and Galen in popular form just as Vagbhata did in India with Charaka and Susruta's works. After the seventh century, western civilization suffered a set-back and there was a general decline in art and science. In India, a similar thing was to happen seven centuries later. The renaissance or the so-called scientific age which began in Europe between the 14th and 16th centuries gave the Western world its modern scientific spirit.

Medical science was thereby also influenced in many ways:—The revival of the original Greek classics in their pure form and translations thereof into the European languages gave a new life and infused a new spirit into medical learning. More than that was the fillip given to the spirit of inquiry and research. Thus for instance, Francis Bacon exhorted the physicians of his day to record, collect, arrange and tabulate the data, obtained in the course of their professional work.

We see a universal re-emergence of the classical outlook on disease and treatment, and we appear to be just at the spot where our wise ancients stood, only at a parallel point with them.

The emphasis on constitution and the maintenance of the internal environment or the *milieu interne* of Claude Bernard, is merely Ayurveda, or Hippocratism. What was formerly condemned as witchcraft, primitive devil-worship and priest-craft, is now coming into vogue under different high-sounding and learned names like hypnotism and psychiatry. From absolute reliance on the power of drugs to do everything for us, we have come to believe, as our ancestors did, in positive health and environmental personal and social hygiene as also in the value of righteous thoughts and noble ideals in our daily life.

With the exception of a few die hards who will not be convinced, the bulk of the people have awakened to the value of and benefits arising from Ayurveda and our State government have also realized it and accepted it in principle.

Ayurvedic schools and colleges, dispensaries and hospitals have been newly opened in every State and old ones substantially strengthened. State governments have allowed the Ayurvedic practitioners to register themselves and thus ensured them the status of practitioners of medicine. Control and standardization of Ayurvedic medicines have been started. Research centres have been opened to develop the correct and scientific understanding of the fundamental concepts of Ayurveda. Philanthropists are coming forward to help in the revival of Ayurveda. Learned *vaidyas* and scholars are devoting their time to the publication of articles and books on the subject. Thus the people and popular Governments are interesting themselves more and more in the revival of Ayurveda.

The subject is now being discussed at all levels and in all conferences of medical men and State Health Ministers. It is a happy augury that Ayurvedic *vaidyas* and allopathic doctors now meet and discuss things in a friendly and dispassionate atmosphere.

The most important feature which is receiving considerable attention in contemporary medical literature is the 'concept of the human organism.' Ayurveda calls it the *Purusha* who is the subject-matter of the Science of Life and knows him as a vital agglomerate of the body, senses, mind and soul. Man as a psychosomatic organism visualized by some as yet mysterious vivifying force is now regarded as more than a probability. The interrelations of various organs and the influence of a nuclear and indefinable force constitute the essential aspect of medical training.

This brings us to the question of constitution. We recognise that no two individuals are entirely alike. The full understanding and appreciation of this individual variation with its necessary implications of immunity or allergic factors and therapeusis, have been expounded by modern medical scholars like Julius Bauer, Cannon and Cawadias to mention but a few. Ancient Greek masters, and the sages of India like Charaka and Susruta, built up their systems on this bedrock of constitution (प्रकृति), which remains quite firm today.

The concept of health is thus in its undivided and integrated form of the body-mind. Ayurveda has a dynamic and creative view of health, for health can never be a mere static condition. It must grow like life or fall. Hence the need for constant vigilance.

There is a regimen of conduct known as (स्वस्थवृत्त) hygiene, social and individual and a good life(सद्वृत्त) which includes the control of the senses and the mind and which ennobles man and lifts him above the dangers of psychic and nervous disorders that are constantly increasing with the stress and strain of the so-called modern civilization. This psychic regimen provides wholesome nutrition to the mind even as the physical regimen does to the physical body.

Charaka's concept of a healthy man is as follows:—"Now the life of such a man is called happy as is not afflicted with either bodily or mental ailments, as is, in particular, endowed with youth, strength, virility, reputa-

. . . man, disease and drug must be understood in their whole as well as parts . . .

tion, enterprise and boldness befitting his abilities": (*Chraka Sutra*, 30-24).

There is a universal demand for the inclusion of the study of medicine in outline in the curriculum of general studies. This will avert the development of morbid conditions on as large a scale as now, by enabling every man to understand the demands of health in its earliest stages of deterioration. This will give every man not only a health consciousness in daily life and knowledge of seasonal regimen, but will enable him to rectify the initial disturbances of health by appropriate and simple, domestic remedies. This was the practice obtaining in the heyday of Indian medicine.

Defining the physician's duties Charaka says:—"For his part, the physician, too, should regard all his patients as his own children and vigilantly guard them from all harm, considering this to be his highest religion. With the object of righteousness, wealth and sense-satisfaction, the great sages devoted to righteousness and to seeking the indestructible state, promulgated the Science of Life. He who practises medicine neither for gain nor for gratification of the senses, but moved by compassion for creatures, surpasses all. Those who, for the sake of a living make merchandise of medicine, bargain for a dust-heap, letting go a heap of gold.

"There is no, benefactor, either moral or material, comparable to that physician who reclaims back to life, by severing the noose of death, those who are hustled by fierce diseases towards death. For there is no gift greater than the gift of life. He who practises medicine, holding compassion for creatures as the highest religion, is a man who has fulfilled his mission, and attains supreme happiness."

The high and noble purpose outlined above must actuate every practitioner of medicine and we are not without hopes that this welcome change in outlook, will soon permeate the atmosphere in our country, with the renaissance of Ayurveda that is fast taking place.

●●●

We have had fifteen years of independence. Much was expected, but even a small portion of it has not been accomplished owing to several obstacles in the way of progress.

In the field of medicine, a true and proper perspective is needed in the minds of the scholars and practitioners of the science, in order to achieve abiding results of value. This should start with medical education, and an accurate knowledge of the history of Indian and contemporary medicine and their gradual evolution through various eras. Only then will students of medicine learn to appreciate the relative values and the complementary nature of medical science and medical practice. Over-emphasis on either will halt all progress and even give place to bigotry and dogmatism in medicine.

Man, disease and drug must be understood in their whole as well as in their minutest parts and the findings regrouped so as to yield the advantages, of both processes. Ayurveda stands for the understanding of the whole, both with regard to man as well as disease and drug, and the modern system of medicine pursues the

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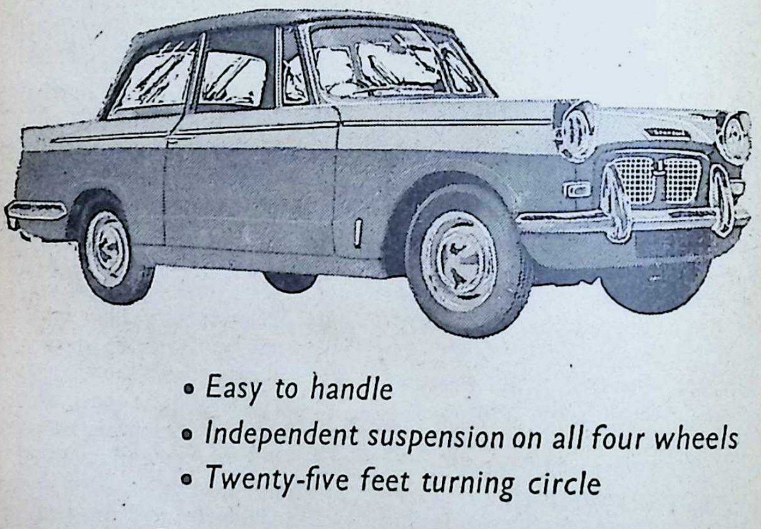

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analytic process and has unravelled the mystery of the cell and the minute infecting factors, (the micro-organisms). Thus the two systems are complementary to each other and in a happy blending of the two lies the future greatness of medicine. Like *Prakriti* and *Purusha* of the Sankhya philosophy or of matter and mind, they have meaning and fulfilment only in their union ; separately they are imperfect, barren and even misleading. They are destined to unite and it is the duty of everyone interested in the welfare of mankind to bring about this fusion.

A universal system of medicine, based on the recognition of all variables in health and disease, is indispensable and should be the ultimate objective of all human endeavour. Man's future is safe only in an integrated and co-operative group-life. Politically as well as culturally, man must unite under one government, one scheme of things and one system of health and healing, of course in such a way that the peculiar needs of the individual find necessary accommodation in the scheme. This is an ideal, calling for the best efforts of experts in all the systems of medicine in vogue, who should all come forward in a spirit of goodwill and co-operation to offer of their best at the altar of the contemplated '*Universal Medicine*.'

It is to be fervently hoped that Ayurveda blended in the manner indicated above will emerge as a world-science whose benefits will be available to and utilised by mankind over the entire globe.

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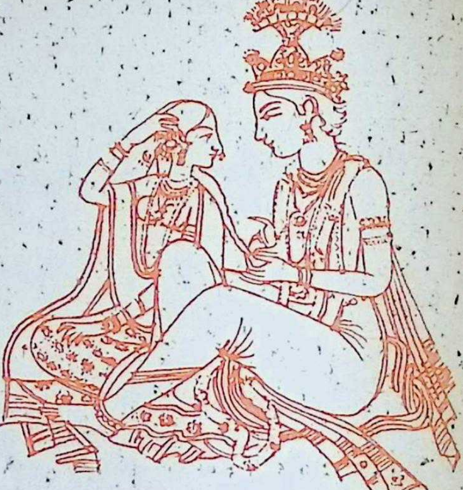
KANGRA PAINTINGS OF THE GITA GOVINDA

M. S. Randhawa



JAYADEVA'S poem made a tremendous impact on posterity. It inspired millions of people with sincere expression of divine love. Birbhum became the fountain spring of the songs of Vaishnavas. A few centuries after him Chandi Das (fl. 1420) sang his enchanting songs from village Nannur in the same district. He loved Rami, the washer-woman and with the ardour of a devotee idolized her as *Devi*, the mother-goddess herself. Vidyapati (fl. 1400-1470), the Maithili poet, wrote poems of matchless beauty on Radha's love for Krishna. Shiv Singh, the Raja of Mithila conferred the title of 'Abinava Jayadeva', a new Jayadeva, on Vidyapati. This shows in what esteem Jayadeva was held by Vidyapati, as well as by his royal patron. Chaitanya (1486-1533), the Vaishnava saint, was so fond of *Gita Govinda* that he heard its recital almost every day, and the music of *Sankirtana* parties enchanted the Hindu masses of Bengal and Orissa. Some of Jayadeva's hymns were included by Guru Arjan (1581-1606) in *Guru Granth*, the holy book of the Sikhs, along with the writing of mystics like Kabir, Nam Deva, Rav Das and Farid.

Ultimately *Gita Govinda* found visual expression in painting which developed in Gujerat, Uttar Pradesh, Rajasthan and the Punjab hills. The earliest illustrations of the *Gita Govinda* were painted in Gujerat about 1450. A series of *Gita Govinda* paintings were painted in 1590 at Jaunpore, in eastern Uttar Pradesh, and are now in the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay. In 1615, during the reign of Akbar, a manuscript of *Gita*

Govinda was produced illustrated with paintings in Moghul style, in which Radha and her female companions are shown dressed in Moghul clothes. This shows that not only Hindus, but men of all creeds were enchanted with Jayadeva's song. It is said that a Moghul on hearing of divine honours paid to the work, used to peruse it with the greatest delight. One day while riding he was singing its verses, when he fell into an ecstasy of pleasure, and he felt communion with Krishna.

At Basohli in Jammu hills *Gita Govinda* was rendered in a series of paintings in 1730 during the rule of Raja Medini Pal. The paintings of this series are in the Central Museum, Lahore; Punjab Museum, Patiala; National Museum, New Delhi, and with some private collectors.

However, the supreme expression of the beautiful theme of the *Gita Govinda* is found in a series of paintings, now in the possession of Maharaja Manvindra Shah of Tehri Garhwal out of which some are in the collection of late N. C. Mehta. Where were these paintings of the *Gita Govinda* series painted? In Kangra Valley or Garhwal? Who was the artist who painted them? These are the problems which we will now discuss.

We owe the discovery of these paintings to late N. C. Mehta, who found them in the collection of Maharaja Narendra Shah of Tehri Garhwal. Mehta (1926) published two paintings of the series in his *Studies in Indian Painting*, in a chapter entitled, 'The Court-art of Tehri Garhwal'. From the fact that he found these paintings in the collection of the Maharaja of Garhwal he concluded that they were painted in Garhwal. Later research has shown that the collections of paintings with the rulers of hill-States are mixed, and pictures painted in one State are often found in another State. On the occasions of marriages, paintings were often taken by the brides to their new homes. In fact in settling the provenance of a painting inscriptions, style, and landscape provide more reliable clues. The colophon of *Gita Govinda* paintings has a circular painting of Radha and Krishna seated on a terrace in a garden, and on the top of the painting is an inscription in Sanskrit painted in golden letters against a background of blue. It was translated for me by Dr. Raghuvira, the well-known Sanskrit scholar. The inscription as well as the translation provided by him is given below:—

व्यरचयदजभक्ता माणकु चित्रकर्त्रा
ललित लिपि विचित्रं गीतगोविन्दचित्रम् ॥

---

1 *vyaraçayad* 2 *aja-bhaktā* 3 *Māṇaku* 4 *çitrakartrā*
6 *lalita* — 7 *lipī* — 5 *viçitram* 8 *gīta-govinda-çitram*

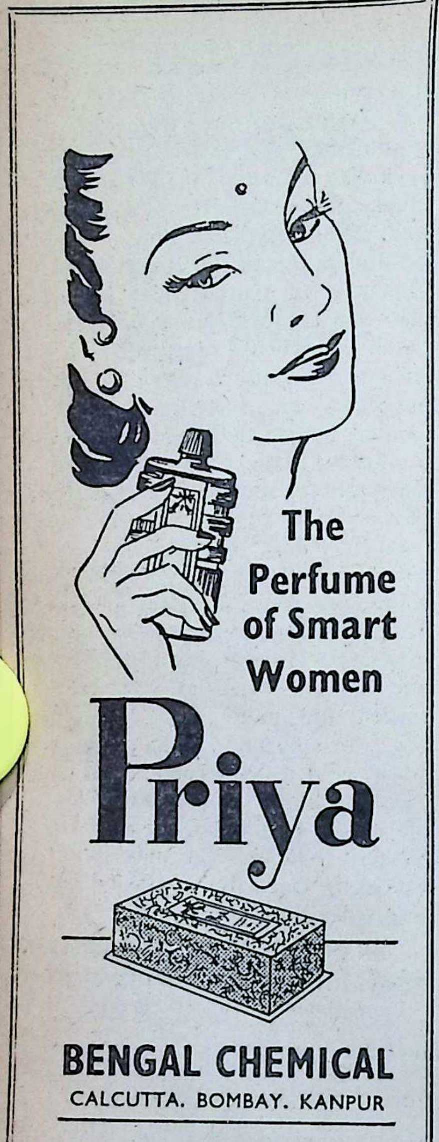
1 *Caused to be composed* 2 *the devotee of Aja (the unborn)*
3 *through Māṇaku* 4 *the artist* 5 *characterised by*
6 *a delicate* 7 *brush* 8 *the painting of Gitagovinda*

'A devotee of Āja, caused this painting of the *Gīta Govinda*, characterised by a delicate brush, to be painted by Māṇaku, the artist'.

Who was this Manak? Was he a Garhwal artist or a Kangra artist? Among the portraits of the artists of Kangra School, there is one of Manak. Manak is described as the elder son of Seu, and his portrait is now available in the Punjab Museum, Patiala. On the top of his portrait he is described as Manaku *Musawar* while below his portrait in a corner the inscription in Devanagri is as follows: '*Seu da putar bara Manak, Chhota Nainsukh*'. Manak has a sensitive face, aquiline nose and a beard trimmed in Mughal style. Nainsukh, his younger brother was painting for Raja Balwant Singh of Jammu in 1750. It seems Manak migrated to Guler where he worked for Raja Govardhan Chand (1744-1773) and later on for his successor Prakash Chand (1760-1790). From Guler he appears to have gone to the court of Maharaja Sansar Chand at Tira Sujanpur about 1780 when the affairs of Guler State deteriorated during the rule of Prakash Chand. It seems that these *Gita Govinda* paintings were very likely painted by him about 1790.

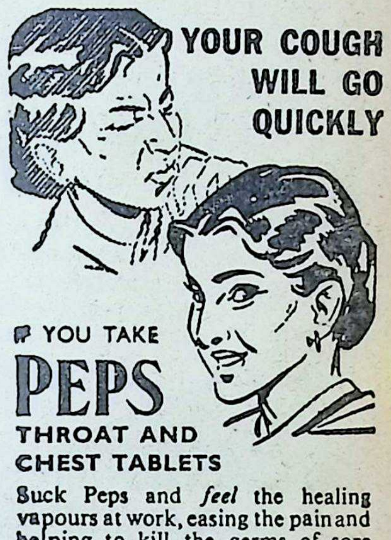
SANSAR CHAND OF KANGRA

The work of the artist of the *Gita Govinda* paintings must be seen against its historical, cultural and social setting, and in connection with the ideas from which sprang the urge to create. Who was the devotee of Vishnu for whom Manak, the artist, painted the pictures of the *Gita Govinda*? It could be no other than Maharaja Sansar Chand of Kangra,



the greatest patron of painting in the Punjab hills. Sansar Chand was born in 1766 at Bijapur, a village about six miles from Lambagraon in Palampur tehsil of Kangra district. The Katoch dynasty which he headed is of enormous antiquity, and Susarman, their ancient ancestor was the ally of Kauravas in the *Mahabharata*. The original seat of the family is said to have been at Multan. After the Great Battle at Kurukshetra they lost their lands in Multan, and retired to the district Jalandhara and built the fort of Kangra. The kingdom of Jalandhara or Trigarta, in the beginning of the eleventh century comprised almost all the country between the Sutlej and the Ravi in the outer hills, as well as area in the plains known as Jalandhara Doab. The country to the west of Kangra was also called Katoch, and was one of the three provinces of the Kangra valley, the other two being Changar and Palam. Changar is the name given to the area south of Palam which consists of chains of barren low hills, and Palam is the fertile area to the east between Kangra and Baijnath studded with tea-gardens and paddy fields.

Sansar Chand was the most renowned Raja who ever ruled Kangra. His father, Tekh Chand had a brief and uneventful rule for a year. However, his grandfather, Ghamand Chand (1751-1774) was a powerful ruler. The Moghul power was on the wane, and Ahmad Shah Durrani, who acquired supremacy over the Punjab, appointed Ghamand Chand as Governor of Jalandhara Doab. Thus Ghamand Chand was able to extend his power in the hills, and became the supreme ruler over the hill states be-



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tween Sutlej and Ravi, and he also seized the *taluka* of Palam from Chamba. He embellished Sujanpur-Tira, his capital with many new buildings.

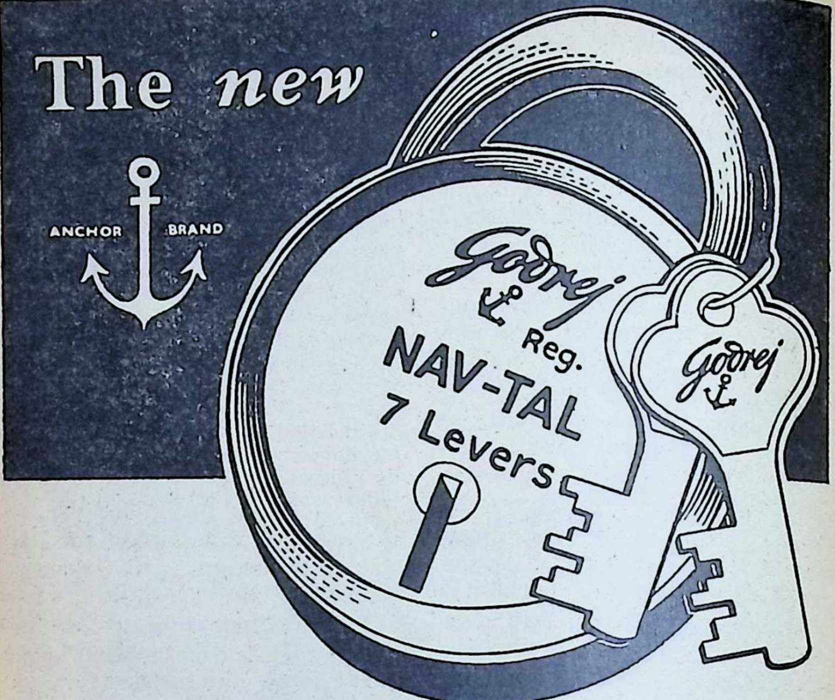
When Sansar Chand ascended the *gaddi* in 1776, he was only ten years of age. There was complete confusion in the plains of the Punjab. The Durranis of Afghanistan were unable to establish their power effectively, and the Sikhs under the missals, were holding sway over the plains, and were also extending their power towards the hills. Sansar Chand raised a large army of mercenaries consisting of Rajputs, Afghans and Rohillas, and extended his rule over all the neighbouring Rajput States. He successfully withstood many combinations made against him. Sansar Chand invaded the neighbouring States; killed Raja Raj Singh of Chamba in a battle, and made Ishwari Sen the Raja of Mandi his captive. Prakash Chand of Guler was virtually his vassal. In 1786 he obtained from Sardar Jai Singh Kanhaya the famous Kangra fort which he had conquered from Saif Ali Khan, the last Moghul Governor. A place impregnable by the arms and artillery of those times, its possession gave the control of neighbouring country. There is a proverb in the hills—"He who holds the Kangra fort, holds the Hills".

With the occupation of Kangra fort, Sansar Chand became the most powerful Raja of Kangra Valley. He gained renown which had not been surpassed by any of his ancestors, and ruled despotically for 20 years. He was able to establish law and order in the hills at a time when the Moghul Empire was in the throes of dissolution, and conditions in the plains were chaotic. On account of peace which he was able to establish in Kangra Valley, he attracted poets and painters and, encouraged fine arts. Thus writes Ghulam Mohiuddin in his *Tarikh-i-Punjab*:

"For many years he passed his days in great felicity. He was generous in conduct, kind to his subjects, just as Naushirvan, and a second Akbar in the recognition of men's good qualities. Crowds of people of skill and talent, professional soldiers and others resorted to Kangra, and gained happiness from his gifts and favours. Those addicted to pleasure, who live for the gratification of others, flocked from all quarters and profited exceedingly by his liberality. Performers and story-tellers collected in such numbers, and received such gifts and favours at his hands that he was regarded as the Hatim of that age, and in generosity the Rustom of the time!"

In 1820 Moorcroft, an English traveller, paid a visit to Sansar Chand, while on his way to Samarkand on a mission to purchase ponies. He has left an interesting account of Sansar Chand, his family and his daily life. Thus writes Moorcroft:

"In the evening I waited upon the Raja at his desire, and found him with his son and grandson in an open building in a garden. Raja Sansar Chand is a tall well-formed man, about sixty. His complexion is dark, but his features are fine and expressive. His son, Rai Aniruddha Chand, has a very handsome face and ruddy complexion, but is remarkably corpulent. He has two sons, one of twelve years and the other of five years, both less fair than himself. Sansar Chand was formerly the most powerful Raja from the Sutlej to the Indus. All the potentates from Sutlej river to Kashmir, were his tributaries or dependants, and he was extremely wealthy, possessing a revenue of thirty-five lakhs of rupees. He



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is now poor and in danger of being wholly subjected to Ranjit Singh.”

Describing the daily life of the Raja, Moorcroft writes:

> “Raja Sansar Chand spends the early part of the day in the ceremonies of his religion, and from ten till noon in communication with his officers and courtiers. For several days prior to my departure, he passed this period at a small bungalow, which he had given up for my accommodation, on the outside of the garden. At noon the Raja retires for two or three hours, after which he ordinarily plays at chess for some time, and the evening is devoted to singing and *naching* in which the performers recite most commonly Brijbhasha songs relating to Krishna. Sansar Chand is fond of drawing and has many artists in his employ; he has a large collection of pictures, but the greater part represents the feats of Krishna and Balaram, the adventures of Arjuna, and subjects from Mahabharata.”

Sansar Chand was romantically inclined, and apart from his three queens from Suket, Sirmaur and Bara Banghal, he also married Nokhu, a Gaddan beauty. The Raja was out on *shikar* and passed through the picturesque village of Bandla. At the fountain, he saw a remarkably beautiful woman filling a pot. Charmed by her beauty, he took her to his palace at Sujanpore. As she was a married woman, he paid some compensation to her husband and thus got her released. The romance of the Raja and Nokhu the Gaddan beauty, later on called Gulab Dassi, is celebrated in Kangra folk songs.

In the last days of his life which he spent at Nadaun, Sansar Chand fell in love with a dancing girl whose name is given as Jamalo. Now he was a frustrated middle-aged man, who had suffered considerable humiliation at the hands of Ranjit Singh. While he was dreaming of becoming the monarch of the Punjab plains, and the favourite salutation of his courtiers was ‘May you get Lahore’, he was deprived of his conquests in the hills too. With ambition gone, and glory faded, he found solace in the company of Jamalo who entertained him with song and dance. He shut himself with Jamalo in the riverside palace at Nadaun, and the courtiers and visitors were asked to salute a mango tree at the entrance to the palace and to depart. The mango tree and the ruins of Jamalo’s house are still pointed out to the visitors near the palace of the Raja of Nadaun.

Nadaun was a gay place during the reign of Sansar Chand and there was a saying current in Kangra hills, ‘Who will go away, once who comes to Nadaun?’. This is explained by the fact that there were two hundred singing and dancing girls at Nadaun, and whoever came under the spell of these enchantresses never thought of leaving Nadaun. Sansar Chand also built a temple near the *maidan* at Tira Sujanpur in honour of Krishna and Radha. Krishna’s grandson was Aniruddha. Sansar Chand also named his heir-apparent as Aniruddha Chand. All these facts indicate what devotion Sansar Chand, the ardent Vaishnava, had for Krishna. The most beautiful series of paintings on the Krishna theme were also painted under the patronage of Sansar Chand, such as the paintings of the *Bhagavata Purana*, Bihari’s *Sat Saiya*, and Jayadeva’s *Gita Govinda*.

After the death of Sansar Chand in December 1823, his son Aniruddha Chand became the Raja of Kangra.

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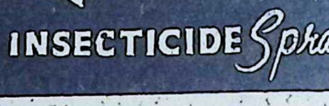

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However, he was Raja only in name and had to go to the court of Ranjit Singh at Lahore to pay feud from time to time. In 1829, Aniruddha Chand paid a visit to Lahore with his family. He had with him his two sisters. Raja Dhyan Singh of Jammu who was the chief adviser to Maharaja Ranjit Singh happened to see them, and he wanted Aniruddha Chand to marry them to his son Hira Singh, a handsome boy who had become a great favourite at court. The pride of the hill chief was roused at the proposition of so degrading an alliance, but the influence of Ranjit Singh procured from him a written promise, that the two young women should be at his disposal. The mother of Aniruddha Chand, however, succeeded in carrying them off, and took refuge with them in the hills under British protection. Aniruddha Chand soon followed her, leaving his possessions on the other side of the Sutlej at the mercy of Ranjit Singh, who sequestered the whole, and received the surrender of them without any resistance from Fateh Chand, Sansar Chand's brother. Gulab Dassi Gaddan, a concubine of Sansar Chand, was enticed away from the family, and fell on this occasion into Ranjit Singh's hands, with several children that she had borne to the late Raja. Two of the daughters Mahtab Devi and Rajbanso, Ranjit Singh married himself, and upon a son he conferred the title of Raja of Nadaun.

Aniruddha Chand carried the best paintings from the collection of his father, including those of the *Gita Govinda,* and illustrations to Bihari's *Sat Saiya* along with his two sisters to Tehri Garhwal. The two princesses were married to Raja Sudarshan Shah (1815-59) of Garhwal, and the paintings were given as a wedding dowry.

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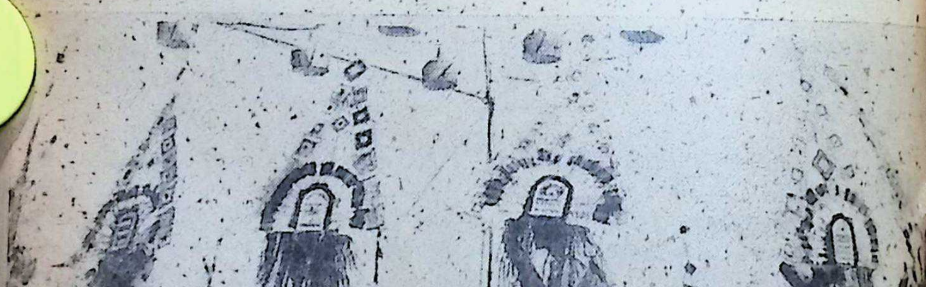
The Renaissance of Indian Dance and Its Consequences

DURING the last two centuries or so, the art of dance in India was not held in much respect, due to certain norms of prudery which were introduced into India by the alien rulers. For most people in India as well as outside, Indian dancing was associated exclusively with what was performed by the Devadasis and Nautch-girls, and as a result of the social stigma attached to these women, dancing in India came to be looked upon as a vain and vulgar pursuit. This state of affairs continued well into the first quarter of this century, till the setting in of the Renaissance of Indian dance, but after this the art of dance in India rapidly came into its own and since then it has not only retrieved much of its lost prestige and glory but also made marked progress.

The revival of the dance in India began a little over three decades ago, and important pioneering work in



In the last decade or so, folk and tribal dances have earned a new lease of life, mostly as a result of the annual Folk Dance Festivals at Delhi.

this direction was done by Uday Shankar, Rukmini Devi Arundale, E. Krishna Iyer, Menaka, Rabindranath Tagore and Mahakavi Vallathol. However, it deserves to be noted that before the revival proper began in India certain dancers in the West became interested in Indian dance and they endeavoured to present, to whatever extent it was possible for them, dances and ballets based on Indian themes. In fact it can be said that it is these early attempts to produce Indian dances and Indian ballets in the West that paved the way for the revival of the dance in India.

The first dancer in the West to perform Indian dance was the American ballerina Ruth St. Denis. From her early years Ruth St. Denis was much interested in the Orient and this led her, in 1904, to compose and present her first Indian dance, which she called *Radha*. This proved a great success, which prompted Ruth St. Denis to take *Radha* to Europe where she toured for three years before returning to America. Ruth St. Denis continued to take a great interest in Indian dance and during the next ten years or so she composed and performed several Indian dances in America, such as *The Cobras*, *The Incense*, *The Nautch* and *The Yogi*. In 1925 Ruth St. Denis and her husband, dancer Ted Shawn, visited India, and after their return to America Ted Shawn presented *The Dance of Shiva*, a solo number which he performed, with great success, for several years. It is to be noted that the dances presented by Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn were not in any authentic Indian technique but in their own improvised Indian style. However, the importance of these dances lies in the fact that they were able to create interest for Indian dance in America and Europe, and this interest, in due course, led to the revival of the dance in India.

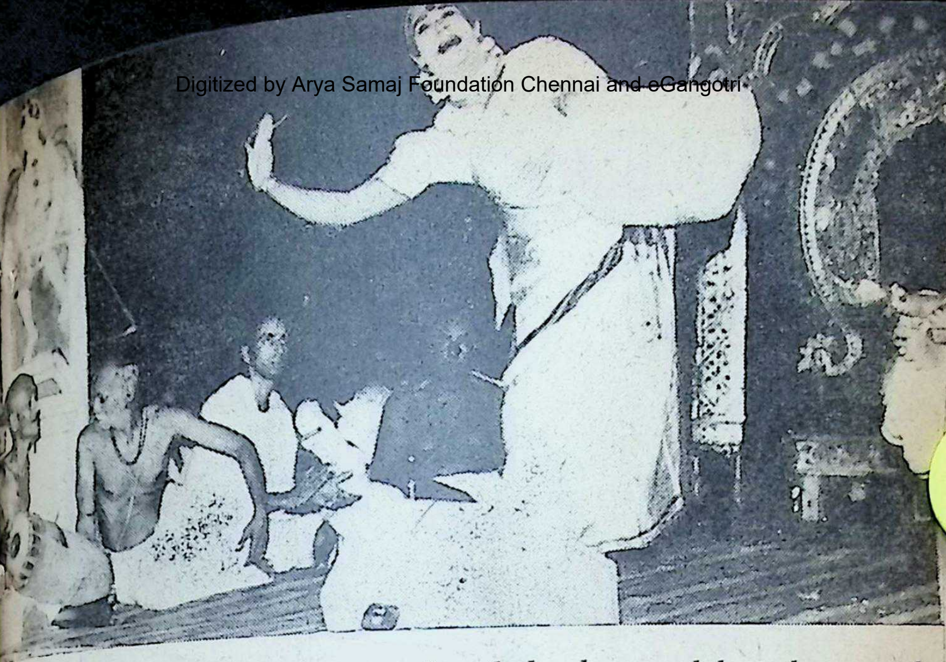
A scene from 'Ramayana,' a ballet by Shanti Bardhan, in which the dancers move and act like puppets.

After Ruth St. Denis, another Western dancer, the great Russian ballerina Anna Pavlova, took an interest in composing and performing Indian dance. She undertook an extensive world tour which lasted several years, and she visited India in 1922 but was thoroughly disappointed as she could not find any trace of the great art of dance in India of which she had heard so much. However when she returned to Europe she carried impressions of India with her and in 1923 she composed and presented two short Indian ballets, *A Hindu Wedding* and *Krishna and Radha*. For composing these ballets she took the help of Uday Shankar, who was then a student of painting in London, and Shankar also partnered Pavlova in *Krishna and Radha*. In 1928 Pavlova visited India again, and on this occasion she performed her Indian ballets in parts of India. This proved to be very helpful in creating interest for dance in India, and the seeds of the Renaissance can be said to have been sown at this time. After this Shankar played a leading part in the revival of Indian dance, and he was soon followed by two others, Rukmini Devi and Menaka, who, too, were inspired and initiated into the dance by Pavlova and were destined to make positive contributions in the field.

Apart from Ruth St. Denis and Anna Pavlova there are two other Western dancers who played an important part in the revival of Indian dance. They are La Meri and Ragini Devi, both Americans. Like Ruth St. Denis, La Meri was interested in the dances of the Orient from an early age, and this led her, in 1936, to visit India, to study Indian dance. She learnt Bharata Natya under Papanasam Vadivelu Pillai and Mylapore Gowri and Kathak from Ram Dutt Misra. And even as Pavlova discovered Uday Shankar and introduced the world of dance to him, to La Meri goes the credit of discovering Ram Gopal and introducing him to the world of dance. As for Ragini Devi, she was the first Western dancer to come to India to study Indian dance in a fairly serious manner and she was also the first to carry the Kathakali dance outside Kerala and to present it in other parts of India, which she did in 1932, with Gopinath as her partner.

Thus, it is evident that Western dancers like Ruth St. Denis, Anna Pavlova, La Meri and Ragini Devi became interested in Indian dance before Indians themselves did, and this in many ways paved the way for the revival proper of the dance in India. Uday Shankar left the Pavlova company, stayed in Europe a few more years dancing and gaining valuable experience, and then came to India to become the torch-bearer of the Revival movement. In 1930 Uday Shankar took a party of dancers and for eight years he toured Europe and America. This was the first time that Indian dance with authentic Indian music and costumes was carried outside India, and wherever he went Shankar won respect for himself as well as for Indian dance. In 1938 Shankar returned to India and soon afterwards he founded a school of Indian dance, known as India Culture Centre, at Almora. This Centre was established largely with financial help received from Shankar's admirers in Europe and America, and here, apart from providing training in Shankar's own style of 'Creative Dance,' classical dances like Bharata Natya and Kathakali were also taught and for this there were great masters like Sankaran Nambudri and Kandappa Pillai.

Having made a successful beginning, the Dance Renaissance in India soon spread to several parts of the country, with the result that the major forms of Indian classical dance began to get rehabilitated. In the South, Mahakavi Vallathol founded the Kerala Kala Mandalam for teaching

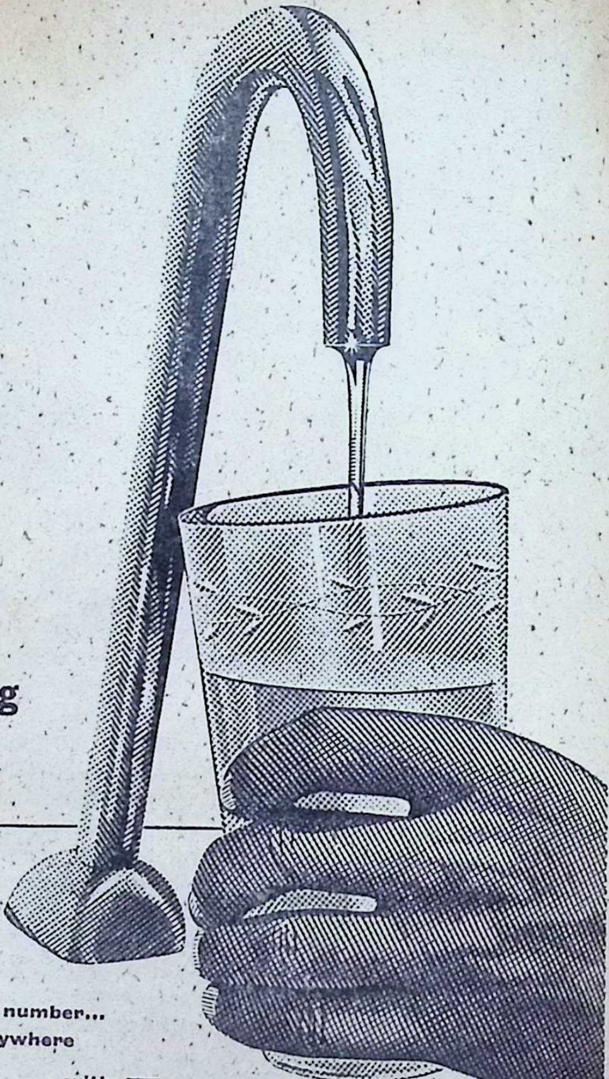


The Renaissance has brought the strictly orthodox dances and dance-dramas, such as the Bhagavata Mela seen here, from the temple to the stage.

Kathakali and Mohini Attam, and it is no exaggeration to say that even today most of the Kathakali and Mohini Attam dancers who matter have some time or other been associated with this institution. About the same time Rukmini Devi and E. Krishna Iyer rescued Bharata Natya from the depravity it had fallen into and, by themselves setting examples, gave the art a new, respectable status. Rukmini Devi augmented her contribution by establishing Kalakshetra, a school for teaching Bharata Natya and Kathakali. In the North, Menaka gave a new life to Kathak by being the first woman of respect and learning to take this art from the Nautch-girls and to perform it professionally. As early as 1936 Menaka even took a company of Kathak dancers to Europe and her performances at the International Dance Olympiad in Berlin won her three of the highest awards which, understandably, immediately raised the status of Indian dance in the West as well as in India. And, finally, Gurudev Tagore contributed his share to the Renaissance by introducing Manipuri dance as a subject of study in Santiniketan.

Apart from bringing about a general rehabilitation of the major forms of classical dance in India, the Renaissance also helped the emergence of the art of ballet in India. Ballet, it must be pointed out, is an art which is new to India, for though dances and dance-dramas and operas of sorts have existed in India since long, there is no tradition of ballet, according to the Western concept, in India. In ballet there is a story or theme, there is choreography, decor and music, but the music is purely orchestral and no songs are allowed.

Ballet was introduced into India by Uday Shankar, and he learnt the



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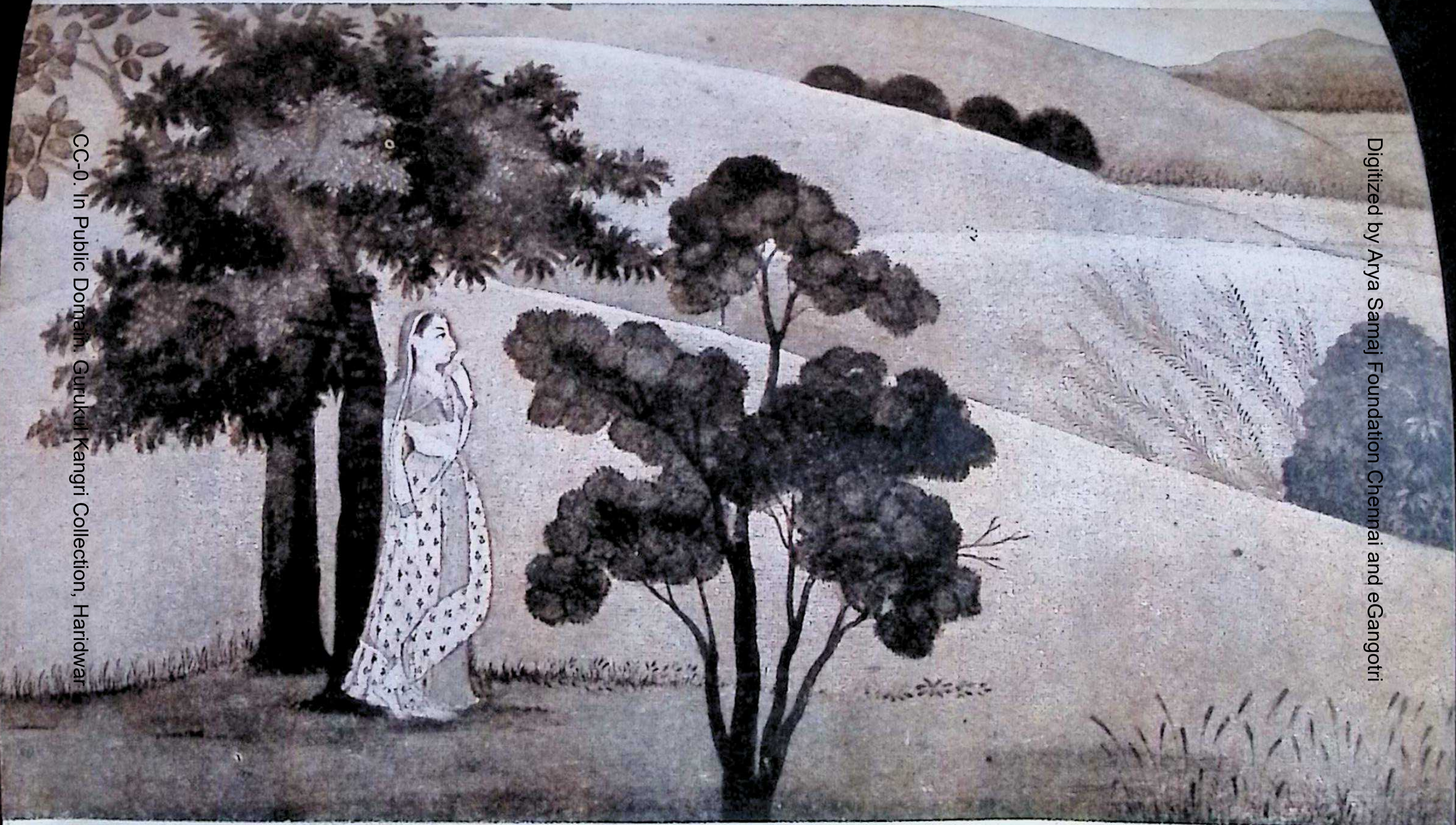

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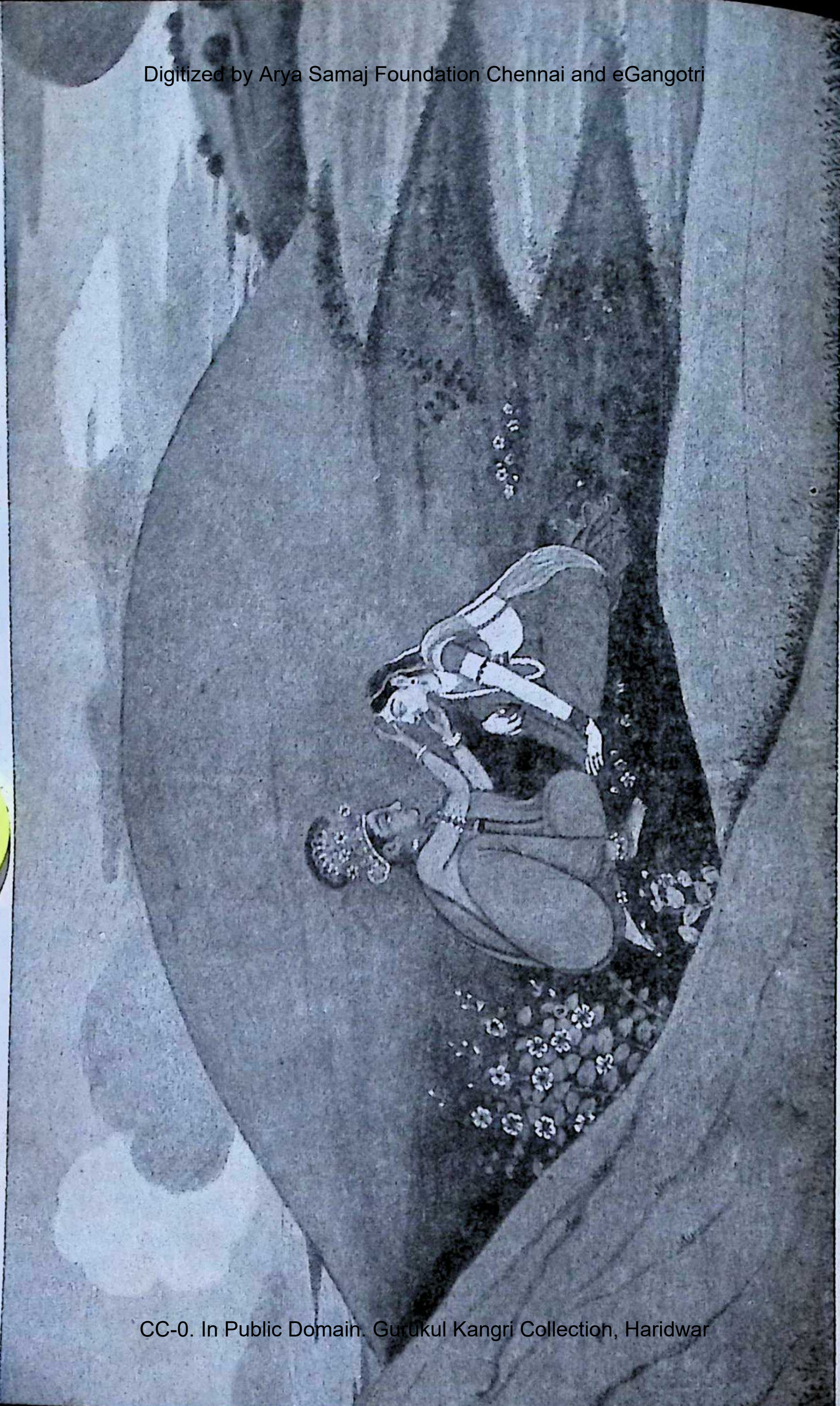

SRI KRISHNA PAINTING A TILAK ON RADHA'S FOREHEAD : KANGRA PAINTING technique and the presentation methods of this art through his association with Anna Pavlova and his long stay in Europe. Shankar's early ballets, such as *Tandava Nritya* and *Shiva-Parvati Nritya Dwandva*, were rather simple and were composed largely in Shankar's own style of dance. In this style the bulk of the movements and steps were original, but Shankar also incorporated traces of certain classical and folk dances of India and of dance forms he saw in Europe. Later, when Shankar made an extended stay at Dartington Hall, England, he came under the influence of the German dancer Kurt Jooss, who is an upholder of the Free-Expression Dance movement in the West, and this goaded Shankar to produce ballets like *Rhythm of Life* and *Labour and Machinery*. Many years afterwards Shankar took another step forward when he used the South-East Asian technique of shadow-plays and produced two ballets, *Ram Leela* and *Buddha*.

Shankar's example was soon followed by several other dancers in India. One of the first to do so was Menaka, who broke ground by producing four Indian ballets, *Krishna Leela*, *Deva Vijaya*, *Malavikagnimitra* and *Menaka Lasyam*. It should be pointed out, however, that these ballets were not composed in the Creative Dance style of Shankar but in the Kathak technique. Later a number of other dancers followed the lead given by Menaka and began to produce ballets using classical modes of Indian dance. The work of Rukmini Devi, Mrinalini Sarabhai and Gopinath is particularly important in this connection. They have produced a good number of ballets using Bharata Natya or Kathakali or, in some cases, both together.

The Creative Dance style evolved by Uday Shankar was further developed when he established the India Culture Centre, at Almora. This school produced a large number of talented dancers, many of whom later contributed a good deal to the development and spread of ballet in India. Some of those, all of Shankar's school, whose contribution in this direction has been truly outstanding are Zohra Segal, Narendra Sharma, Devendra Shankar, Sachin Shankar and Shanti Bardhan. Bardhan, who is unfortunately no more, made a noteworthy contribution by producing a ballet *Ramayana* in which he used an original technique wherein the dancers move and act like wooden puppets. It should also be mentioned that the art of ballet in India received a tremendous fillip from the 'forties onwards when, as an outcome of the national upsurge, a number of important ballet and theatre organisations came into existence, such as the Indian People's Theatre Association, Indian National Theatre and India Renaissance Artists. Indeed, some of the early ballets produced by these organisations, such as *The Spirit of India*, *India Immortal*, *The Discovery of India* and *Rhythm of Culture*, are still regarded as classics in the field.

Rabindranath Tagore, for his part, did much to help the revival of dance and the spread of ballet in India. Using Manipuri as the basis he evolved an individual technique, which came to be known as the Santiniketan style of dance, and in this he composed and presented many dances and dance-

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dramas, the themes of all of which were taken from his own songs and plays. With these productions Tagore toured several parts of India and these presentations no doubt added to the dignity of Indian dance and also helped draw students from all over India to Santiniketan who, later, were instrumental in carrying the Santiniketan style to practically all parts of the country.

The Renaissance of Indian dance began rather abruptly, but it has moved fast and has now achieved what by any standard are imposing dimensions. This has helped the resuscitation of the art of Indian dance as a whole, and all forms of Indian dance —classical, folk and tribal—have benefited. In fact, through the rendering of timely succour, many traditional dances and dance-dramas have been saved from completely sinking into oblivion, such was the state of neglect in which they existed on the eve of the Renaissance. Another major consequence of the revival has been that a number of traditional dances and dance-dramas have been carried from the temple to the stage, and this is something which would have seemed impossible even two decades ago, such was the sanctity attached to these arts. Today, for instance, one can see the Kuchipudi, Bhagavata Mela, Kuravanji and Krishnattam on the stage; yet only a few years ago, so orthodox were the regulations connected with the staging of these dance plays that performances were allowed only in certain temples and only at specified times in the year. Folk dances and tribal dances, too, have earned a new lease of life, and this has received its greatest fillip from the Folk Dance Festivals which for some years have become an important feature of the Republic Day celebrations at Delhi. In recent years similar festivals have also been organised in several other regions of India, and these have helped not only to unearth hidden and dormant forms but also to create wider interest in folk and tribal dances of all parts of India.

The cinema, which is a product of the modern age, has also been affected by the Renaissance of Indian dance, for the dance has come to be one of the most important ingredients to ensure the success of a film. In the early days of the film in India dancing was occasionally included to provide diversion and the technique used was a version of the decadent Nautch, but in recent years classical dance forms like Bharata Natya and Kathak have been successfully used in Indian films. On the whole, however, it can be said that it is rare that one sees pure and good dance in an Indian film, for what is generally presented is an adulteration or hybridisation of various Indian dance techniques, and more recently, there has also been a tendency to incorporate and ape dances and rhythms of the West in Indian films.

All in all, the three decades or so following the Renaissance have been very eventful in the history of Indian dance. And, though in the more recent years one has seen, to some extent, a lowering of standards brought about mainly by unscrupulous charlatans and dabblers in the art, one is at the same time happy to find the art of dance gain a new and more honoured place in popular esteem and also the emergence of Indian dance as an art with an international status.

PART III

Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by
H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

CHAPTER 8

A Sister's Love

WHEN Uday returned from Europe in the last week of August, he looked a much older man, almost as if he was approaching his fifties. He plunged immediately into his professional work and also began taking active interest in the work of the Legislature.

Uday wanted to forget Sheela, but try as he would, her image remained all the time before his eyes. The manner in which she had brushed him aside and rushed off to save her husband's life, had left an indelible impression on his mind. In his eyes, Sheela was not just an angry woman, angry with her beloved; she was a saint who was prepared to sacrifice everything that she held dear for the sake of what she regarded as her duty. He kept asking himself almost every day how Sheela could be keeping herself occupied, whether she was happy or miserable, whether she was being ill-treated by his cruel sensual husband, in spite of her devotion to him, whether she had cut herself off altogether from her friends and had no one near her to whom she could turn for a little sympathy. Such thoughts served only to increase his misery and unhappiness.

Many a time he was tempted to write to Sheela. But what was he to write and where would it lead to? Would it not just add to her worries and make her unhappiness more unbearable? If by any misfortune his letter were to fall in her husband's hands, would he not immediately make a terrific fuss about it? It was much better that he did not write. It was unthinkable that he would do anything to add to the unhappiness of such a noble soul as Sheela. His own feelings were of no consequence. This decision, however, caused him immense grief.

After Sheela had left Interlaken there was nothing to keep Uday in Europe. He felt he must return to Bombay. He had, moreover, a feeling of personal guilt when he thought of his mother and sister. What a wonderful mother he had! She had seen to it that he had the best possible education. Even when she was unhappy about his marriage with Alice, she welcomed her (his wife) unreservedly. Although she did not

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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

RAWA TRIPATHY (RAVI):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

RADHARAMAN DALAL:—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

SHEELA:—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

UDAY SOLANKI:—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

RAJBA:—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

MAJIBA:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

HANSKUNVERBA:—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

SAMAR SINH:—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

ROWJI SHETH:—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

NIRMALABEN:—His wife.

JAGJIVAN:—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

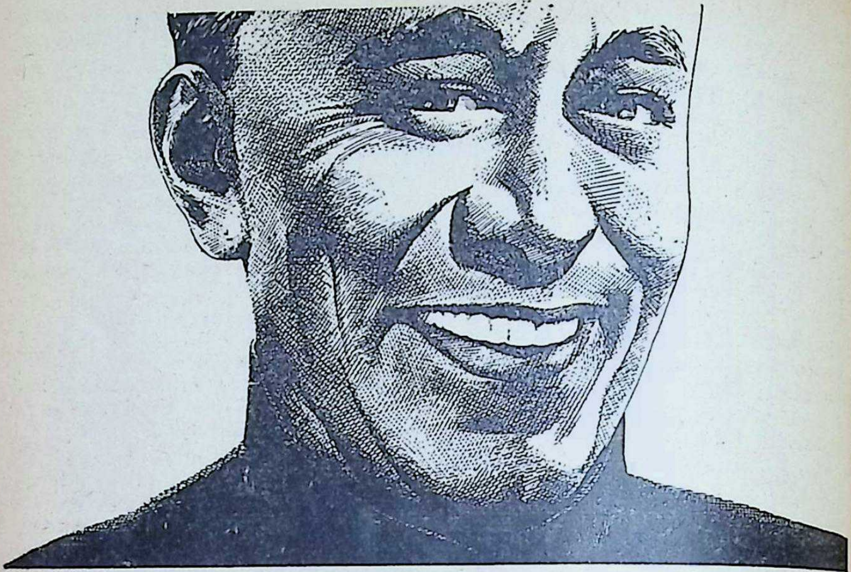
The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

The intrigues of Rowji Sheth and Hanskunverba bring about the death of the latter's mother in Bombay in an apparently accidental fire. Bheem, Uday's younger brother, a flippant youth, runs away from home with a servant-woman. Uday returns home from Europe.

---

like Western customs and ways, she did not let that come in the way of her accepting Alice wholeheartedly. She tried, of course, in her own way to persuade Alice to change her ways and behaviour. When Alice deserted him, it was again she who came to Bombay from Rajkot so that he should not feel lonely and miserable. But for her, Karan would have been far more miserable at the loss of his mother. And how had he returned all this devotion? He had just ignored her. He had allowed himself to be absorbed in his profession. He had let himself wallow in the sorrow of separation when Alice left him to return to England. And then he had fallen so deeply in love with Sheela that he forgot everything and everybody. What indeed had he done to make Majiba happy? In her old age, instead of devoting himself to her, he had fled to Europe. Uday felt nothing but contempt for himself. He realised that he had indeed been ungrateful to his mother.

And as for Raj, she was indeed like a goddess, who had come down to earth from heaven. She had done



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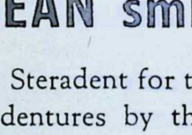
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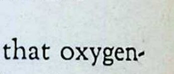

everything to make him happy. She it was who had all along appreciated and encouraged the love that he bore for Sheela. When he had his nervous breakdown, she it was who had nursed him day and night, until he regained his health. And in his turn what had he done for her? Never once had he given thought to her troubles and feelings. He had run away to Europe, and left her to shoulder the burden of looking after their aged mother and of bringing up her little nephew. His younger brother, Bheem, who had been sent abroad to be trained for the Army, had not done too well. And he, Uday, had not had the slightest compunction in throwing the burden of all worries on Raj. Bheem, after his return to India, had justified their fears; he had married their Maharashtrian woman-servant and the shock of it had led to Majiba having a paralytic stroke. All these troubles had come, not singly but close upon each other, and Raj it was who had stood firm as a rock and had not allowed herself to lose her nerve or her sense of proportion. She continued cheerfully to look after the helpless Majiba, Karan, who was still too young, and Krishna who had lost his mother Gangoo.

When he returned from Europe, he had been utterly unhappy and in a state of high tension. Rajba instinctively guessed what had happened and did her best to make him feel less unhappy and to ease his feeling of loneliness. But whenever he was by himself, he could not help thinking of Sheela, and what she must be passing through.

He could see that during his absence abroad a great change had come over Rajba. She was a source of inspiration to many persons. Ravi was now like a member of the family, and was no longer stand-offish. At Rajba's instance, he had begun to take active interest in Congress activities. He had made himself the right hand man of Bhagwandas Master. Whenever Jagjivan came to Bombay, he spent a good deal of time with him and discussed matters relating to Gandhiji's Ashram. Dr. Joshi and many other Congressmen of Bombay came frequently to his house to seek counsel. Among these was one strange Brahmin by name Maithilisharan Jha: he usually came at night and spent hours discussing political questions and current affairs. And it was Raj who inspired all these persons by the genuine and sympathetic interest she took in all that they did.

Uday was astonished when he was told that whenever the poet Mattamayur came to Bombay, he made it a point to come and pay his homage to Raj. Uday had not yet forgotten the incident at Matheran when the poet had slapped him and the propaganda he had carried on which caused so much unhappiness to Sheela and himself. Raj could not have been unaware of that episode. When he mentioned it, Raj told him to forget it all, adding that Mattamayur lived in the clouds as his feet were not firmly planted on earth. In his poems, she said, Mattamayur had depicted verbal pictures of magnificently beautiful women, and now he perhaps thought that he had found one such beauty in actual life and that it was that beautiful woman who was inspiring him to write fine poetry. Krish-

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na, whom he had described as a blot on respectable society, was now a great favourite with him and the two played all sorts of games together. What greater change of heart could one desire? Let him continue to write poetry, let him be happy in his own way.

"Nevertheless," said Uday, "tell him that he may come only when I am not here."

"He suffers from vanity. But we should know better."

"I wonder how you can put up with such a man,"

"I do not find it difficult at all," rejoined Raj smilingly. "On the contrary, I am amused."

Fortunately, nothing happened to make Uday lose his temper even once. As soon as Mattamayur heard that Uday had returned to India, on his own he stopped his visits. Once he sent a message through Bhagwandas saying that he would like Raj to visit him at his house. Raj sent a friendly reply. "My proper place is with my brother. Only when I am in my brother's house, does my mind work normally."

Uday also was amused when all this was narrated to him. It was only then that he wondered if the house in which they were then staying was his or Raj's.

Bheem, a few days after his marriage with Gangoo, came to take Krishna away with himself. He had rented a house in Wai and was apparently happily married. Uday did not like this, but he was not able to offer any other suggestion when he discussed the matter with Raj.

"I wonder how such a person as Bheem came to be born in our family. He seems to have no consideration for his mother, and even less for his family. Culture, refinement do not weigh with him."

"Do you know," interjected Raj, "had I been consulted, I would have advised him to marry Gangoo?"

"You are not joking, are you?" inquired Uday in amazement.

"My dear brother, whatever has happened, is for the best. There is God's hand in it."

"In everything that happens," exclaimed Uday angrily, "there has to be God! Even in Bheem's marrying this illiterate servant-girl!"

"Uday, please, think the whole thing over quietly. Bheem is a sentimental creature, hungry for affection. Have we all shown him the affection he stood in need of?"

"How can you possibly say such a thing, Raj?" objected Uday. "Has he not always been Majiba's favourite?"

"True, as the youngest, he was everyone's favourite. But we all treated him as a little babe, a plaything, not to be taken seriously. You and I were regarded by everyone as clever and intelligent, while he was treated as a dullard, to be tolerated and improved, if possible. When he went abroad, he had his opportunity. Why should he be thought incapable of achieving anything worthwhile? Unfortunately, he took the easy way of asserting himself. He decided to have a good time. He flirted with English girls and felt proud of his success with them. But he only managed to get into debt and almost got into difficulty with a girl. This caused a set-back to his career; he was discredited, and had to give up a pro-

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mising career. What was worse, he lost confidence in himself."

"But then," remarked Uday, "why did he not behave himself on his return? Why did he reject the offer of His Highness to be his A.D.C.?"

"That is true, but he would always have been conscious of the fact that it was because of my recommendation that His Highness had taken him up and that would not have done any good to his self-respect," explained Raj.

"And that self-respect was restored to him by Gangoo?" laughed Uday.

"Uday, is there a man who does not appreciate the devotion of a loving wife?" playfully replied Raj. "What Bheem wanted, neither Majiba nor I was able to give him. Gangoo was ready to do whatever he wanted of her. She was fascinated by his happy-go-lucky way of talking and behaving. She even loved his fondness for cheroots and thought his pipe-smoking to be wonderful. What is the definition of an ideal wife? Surely the ideal wife is one who fulfils the innermost desires of her husband: all other women, however wonderful, will have no attraction for him. Gangoo has restored him his self-respect and his self-confidence. He can now make something of himself."

"Do you really think so? Even when he has just settled down in that little village, and heaven knows if he is doing anything at all?" Uday commented, "All I can say is that you are a good student of Freud."

"Oh, no," objected Raj, "I am no believer in Freud. I consider his theory to be defective. What do his findings amount to? That not God, but the sex-motive determines all man's actions. This is no new discovery. It was first made six thousand years ago!"

And there, for the moment this episode was allowed to rest.

Uday's mind was greatly unsettled on the day Sheela returned from Europe. He wanted to get away, to run away from this cruel world. All day long this one idea kept coming back to his mind again and again, and late that evening, when he settled down, as usual, to read his brief, he was tempted to open his heart to Raj who, as was her practice, was sitting by his feet. He stopped studying his brief for a moment and looked down at her. A sudden wave of affection for her overwhelmed him so that he forgot his own problems. On his sister's face he found complete peace. Her well-formed body in repose was, to his mind, as beautiful and attractive as that of a tigress sitting contentedly in its forest lair. How amazingly attractive was Raj? Who, he wondered, was destined to win her and her affection? Was it possible that she was at heart unhappy and lonely? Could she be longing for marriage, now that she was in the full bloom of her youth? Surely she was not destined to remain a spinster, devoting her life to the welfare of her mother and her brother! Was he not himself dependent on her? But, then, would it not be selfish of him to go elsewhere and leave her and their mother to live by themselves until she got married? He had often wanted to talk these matters over with her and decided at last that this was perhaps the most opportune occasion.

"Raj, I have just thought of a

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poem," he remarked, as he began gently passing his hand through her hair. Raj turned to him smilingly and remarked affectionately, "Which is it? Tell me, which is it? Please recite it."

"Well, here it is," said Uday. And he sang:

There was a Rajdi,
There was once a Rajdi,
Who went and sat by the side of her mother.
There was a Rajdi,
And she was my little sister.

"Uday, I am afraid you will have to offer an apology to the poet Nanalal. Not only have you plagiarized a beautiful poem of his, but you have ruined it in the process. If he only knew, he would want to teach you a proper lesson," said Rajba, entering into the spirit of the game. Uday put his hand on Raj's shoulder and pressed it with warm affection. "Raj, do you ever feel unhappy that you are still unmarried? How long do you propose to spend your time looking after all of us?"

"But do you not know that a devotee is happiest when he can spend all his time looking after his God, singing to Him, feeding Him and generally keeping Him pleased and happy? Can there be any happiness for him except in such activities?" asked Raj, as she smiled her attractive smile.

"So we are your God! Is that so? And how well do we deserve to be so considered? Never do we enquire whether you have a headache or you are unhappy in any way. We are not concerned in the least as to when you will have your own home, and live happily. If we are God to you, then, indeed, we have so far not overwhelmed you with the affection and care that God always displays towards his devotees!"

"But then would you say that my God has left me in want of anything?"

"Raj, please be serious," interrupted Uday. "When will you agree to get married?"

"As soon as I can find a suitable husband."

"But how do you propose to find him when you never go out?"

"Well, at the moment I am so completely interwoven in your lives, Majiba's, yours and Karan's that I have no time to think of a husband."

"Don't you realise that you are growing older every day and a husband cannot turn up, just like that, out of the blue?"

Raj burst out laughing, as she replied: "Do you think that when I want a husband, it will be so very difficult to find him? He will turn up, uninvited. I have confidence in God that He will find a suitable man and send him to me."

"If indeed God were so considerate, parents would never have a day's worry and marriage brokers would have to look for another profession!"

"My dear Uday, please do not make yourself unhappy on my account. As soon as a suitable one turns up, I shall tell you. Is that enough for you? But before that, I want to and hope to see you and Sheelabehn happy."

"I am afraid mine is a hopeless case," said Uday and deep pain could be read on his face. "We—Sheela and I—have to keep away from each other. We may see each other and may weep, if we like. But we are

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tied to two different poles, and these poles are set well apart. And therefore, as soon as you are married, I propose to give up all this, and go away somewhere where I can find peace." Raj could almost see in Uday's eyes unshed tears, but replied quietly:

"Oh, so I am the one who is coming in the way of your plans! My dear Uday, I do not propose to let you run away in this way. God is merciful and when it is time, he will see that you get everything. But please control yourself in the meantime and have patience." Raj put her soft hand on Uday's forehead. Suddenly she sat up with a start and continued, "I have become very forgetful. There was a telephone call from Sheelabehn. She is coming here tomorrow to call on Majiba."

"Oh, God," was all that Uday could say, as he put his hands over his eyes. But Raj made him remove his hands and said firmly. "Yes, it is God alone who will come to your assistance, Uday."

"Raj," replied Uday with a sigh, "I have got into a real mess. Even God who freed Gangoo is powerless to get me out of it!"

"I wonder, Uday, when you will have faith in God." Raj sat down on the sofa and took Uday's face in her hands and embraced him. At last Uday's self-control broke down and silent tears streamed down his face.

CHAPTER 82

Hanskunverba Comes Begging

UDAY spent a restless night. Sheela was to visit his house the next morning and the renewed parting would only intensify the agony. He could not forget the scathing terms in which Sheela had attacked him in Interlaken. For him, that had meant loss of all that made life worth living. How would it help now to meet her again? With the dawn, Uday felt like going away from home. But once again his longing for even a sight of Sheela triumphed—and there was always the hope of being able to exchange a few words with her.

Sheela was to come at half-past nine. At nine, Uday went to his bedroom and tried to go through the brief of a case he was then handling. He was unable to concentrate, and so he changed over to a novel. But he had to throw that away too. He looked out of the window, hoping soon to catch the glimpse of the car that might be bringing Sheela. His ears were glued to the front door bell. He kept looking again and again at the ticking clock and felt, that the arms moved slowly. Then like a hungry tiger, he began to walk up and down into the room.

The clock struck the half hour, and now he became really impatient. A minute...two...three....five... still the bell failed to ring. The next minute it rang, and Uday's heart began to beat violently.

Uday knew that Raj was waiting outside. He had also invited Ravi so that Sheela might not feel embar-

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rassed to meet him alone. As soon as he heard Sheela's voice, his heart gave a sudden jump and every vein of his body tingled with excitement. He heard the voice of Ravi, Raj and one more man. As he listened attentively, he realised that it was the voice of Ranchhodji, the confidential secretary to Radharaman. Uday's anger flared up. How dare Radharaman send a spy to keep an eye on Sheela! He was so annoyed that in order to regain his composure, he had to sprinkle cold water on his face.

All of them went to meet Majiba. Uday walked up and down in his room impatiently for what seemed to him a long time. He wondered whether it would be wise to remain there all the time. Since a meeting with Sheela was inevitable, why not meet her now? Just then he heard Raj's affectionate voice calling him and informing him of Sheela's arrival. His limbs felt paralysed when he saw Sheela, standing in the doorway, dressed simply in white. She had looked tired and obviously embarrassed. He managed somehow to regain his composure, enough at any rate to greet her.

"Welcome Sheelabehn!" Turning to Ranchhodji, he said, "How are you?" even though he would rather have thrown him out. "Sheelabehn, how is Radharaman?"

"He is no better, though the voyage has done him some good."

"Radharamanji would be glad to see you sometime" replied Ranchhodji.

"I will come, but these days I am rather busy." And that brought the conversation to a standstill. After a brief, but embarrassing silence, Raj started talking to Sheela about Bheem. Ravi joined in to mention Bheem's latest wrestling bouts. Uday pretended to be interested in the conversation. Sheela spoke little. Seeing the conversation flag, Raj asked Ranchhodji and Ravi to go to the kitchen and prepare tea. "The servant has gone out," she said, "but you will find everything ready." Then she excused herself also, saying it was time to give Majiba her medicine. Before Uday and Sheela could say anything, Raj had already left the room.

Sheela's eyes were filled with tears as she turned towards Uday. In her nervousness, she began to twist the end of her sari between the palms of her hands. "Uday...Uday..." Sheela began, "Uday, I hope you have forgiven me. Last time I spoke very sharply to you. I was most ungrateful...please forgive me...and also forget me."

"What is there for me to forgive you about Sheela? Rather it is I who should be seeking your forgiveness."

"Anyhow you must forget me."

"How can I forget you, Sheela? I think of you every time I breathe!"

"We are not destined to be happy, you and I. You must imagine I am no more, but do not ruin your life—I beg of you."

Hearing some footsteps, Sheela turned her face towards the window to wipe off all traces of tears from her face.

"Is my dear Uday here?" inquired the newcomer as she entered. It was Hanskunverba.

On seeing Uday, the Maharani put on an air of affection, as she exclaimed: "Oh, Uday, my dear Uday, you are a difficult man to find! During the past four days I must have tele-

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phoned forty times. May you live long and add to the glory of your ancestors, my son!" Hanskunverba ended with a blessing.

Uday was not too pleased at this most untimely visit. Why must this lady come today of all days and at this particular moment? Since his return to Bombay, Hanskunverba had been trying hard to contact him, but having been told of what she was suspected of having done, he was not in the least inclined to see her. This lady had gone to Rowjisheth for assistance in a case.

Rowjisheth had placed a house at her disposal and she seemed to have made that her permanent abode. She had succeeded even in making that highly orthodox gentleman, a devotee of Gordhannathji (Lord Krishna), her infatuated slave. When His Highness came to know of what was going on, he asked Rowjisheth either to send the lady away or to relinquish his appointment as his agent in Bombay. Rowjisheth decided in favour of giving up His Highness' service.

For the past few days, Hanskunverba had been constantly telephoning Uday for an appointment, but Uday's telephone operator had been putting her off on the plea that he was busy. Hanskunverba, however, was not to be easily defeated.

She had come to his house, impressively dressed in a black sari over a huge pleated petticoat. A bunch of keys was neatly tucked in at the waist. She was accompanied by a maidservant who carried a shawl in her hands.

"Raj, Raj, where are you? Aunt Hanskunverba is here!" Uday called out aloud. At the same time, he stationed himself so as to prevent Sheela from being seen. Raj came out of Majiba's room, and was immediately warmly greeted by the Maharani. In the meantime Sheela had had time to compose herself and was sitting on a chair. The Maharani found a place for herself on a sofa and, pulling up her legs, sat on it crosslegged. Then she helped herself to a 'pan' out of a box which her maid servant carried. She made it clear that she had all the time in the world. Her first remark was a piece of advice to Uday. He was a well-established lawyer, and it was not in keeping with his dignity to live in such a small house. Then she turned towards Sheela and asked Raj to introduce her. She straightaway proceeded to introduce herself as Uday's aunt, the Maharani of Manigadh.

"And this is Mrs. Dalal. Perhaps you have heard of Barrister Radharaman? She is his wife." Raj completed the introduction.

"Oh! Who has not heard of your husband? And your name too?" remarked Hanskunverba, as she cast a knowing glance towards Uday.

"You are yourself very well known I hear you have recently returne from Europe. Is that correct? How is your husband? I must call onc day to ask after his health." Hanskunverba's words were sweet a honey, but each had a well calculated barb. Just then, fortunately, Rav and Ranchhodji brought in the tea.

"Oh! My dear boy Ravi! So yo too are here! Excellent! I have a lo of work for you." Addressing Uday she continued, "Had I got a son lik Ravi, I would have regarded mysel as the most fortunate of women. H

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is so very obedient, though lately he has been a little displeased with me. I have not seen you once during the past two months, my dear Ravi! And Raj, how is Majiba? I have come to see her. Is she in her room?"

"She is not well. She has dozed off to sleep only a few minutes ago." Raj said coldly but firmly.

"Yes, my dear! That is very fortunate. How many misfortunes has she not had to bear, one after another! When I heard about Bheem, I cried bitterly. That boy has indeed brought disgrace to the Solanki family. Now, my dear son Uday, the entire burden of the family is on your shoulders. And how is your son?"

"Karan is doing fine," replied Uday briefly.

"Raj, I am getting late. I must take your leave," with these words Sheela stood up. Everyone else also got up, except Hanskunverba and her maid-servant.

"Sheela, you need not take the trouble of coming here, since Mr. Dalal is so very ill. Send for me whenever you feel like it," said Raj as she affectionately patted Sheela.

"I will, Raj."

"Good-bye."

"And convey my regards to the Barrister," shouted out Hanskunverba. "Sheela is your name, is that so? Your name is as pretty as you are!" Then she turned towards Ranchhodji and said, "I seem to remember seeing you somewhere."

"I am Mr. Dalal's confidential secretary," replied Ranchhodji.

"Oh, yes! One day you came to Rowjisheth's house with a message from your master. Well, do come round some time."

"I shall certainly present myself, madam! Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Uday, I shall remain here with our aunt. You and Ravi had better accompany Sheela to her car," suggested Raj.

Without a word, Uday preceded Sheela down the stairs. Ravi, realising the tenseness of the situation, made small conversation until Sheela got into the car. As the car moved forward, Sheela and Uday looked at each other and there was deep love in their eyes. Ravi was moved but he was not sure of the wisdom of wasting one's life in such love. Both were cultured, but unlike him lacked strong will power, he thought. In a similar situation he would have escaped long before. Poor things!

When he came back, he found his aunt alone waiting for him. Raj had evidently gone away.

"Come and sit here, my dear boy! Please listen to the woes of your aunt. You are just like my son. If I do not turn to you with my troubles, to whom can I turn?" Then, addressing her maid, she said, "Fooly, go and sit outside." As soon as the woman had gone, Hanskunverba resumed, "Uday, what crime have I committed that you cannot find time to see me? You are, of course, a very busy man, but you can surely spare your aunt a few minutes!" And then she burst into tears. "I am alone, helpless. On his death-bed, your uncle made you and Majiba responsible for me. Yet today, I have to depend upon the charity of Rowjisheth. He is God's own man. Poor fellow, he is too good a

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man, and God-fearing, but my own . . ." Hanskunverba's sobbing was intensified.

"My dear aunt, I must apologise. Our ways are different. It is better for you and us that we do not meet. But please state the purpose of your coming today," Uday pleaded.

"What shall I say? I am helpless. My mother had left all the money to me and yet I have nothing. The genuineness of the will has been challenged by the guardians of the sons of that beggar and so the money is blocked. I do not have money to eat, much less a house to live in. It is because of Rowjisheth's help that I have something at all. He has also given me money for the probate proceedings. What will happen to me?"

Uday kept quiet, and so Hanskunverba continued, "There is only one way out, and that depends on you. My son, I need an affidavit from you. I do not want you to say anything untrue. You know that the late Maharaja had given eight lakhs of rupees to His Highness to form a trust for me. You were a witness to that deed. All you have to do is to state on oath that you witnessed that deed and that it is true. My work will be done. I am at your mercy. I have to make an application to the Governor-General and without this affidavit, it cannot even be entertained." As she concluded, tears started once again rolling down her cheeks.

When she stopped crying, Uday said, "So far as I know, your money was sent by His Highness to the Maharaja of Manigadh. If you go and live at Manigadh, the Maharaja will see to everything."

"My son, you are as simple as ever. The Maharaja of Manigadh is my enemy. If he can get away with it, he will not hesitate to poison me. I would prefer to drown myself here in the sea rather than go there!"

"I assure you on behalf of the Maharaja that you will be quite safe. Not only that, he will honour you as his mother. I know him well."

"My dear son, you still do not know Saurashtra. The day after I arrive in Manigadh, I shall not be alive. I have taken an oath that I shall not step into Manigadh whatever happens. So please give me this affidavit. Then I can sleep peacefully."

"My dear aunt, I am sorry, I cannot give any affidavit. Please excuse me. I do not wish to have anything to do with your affairs."

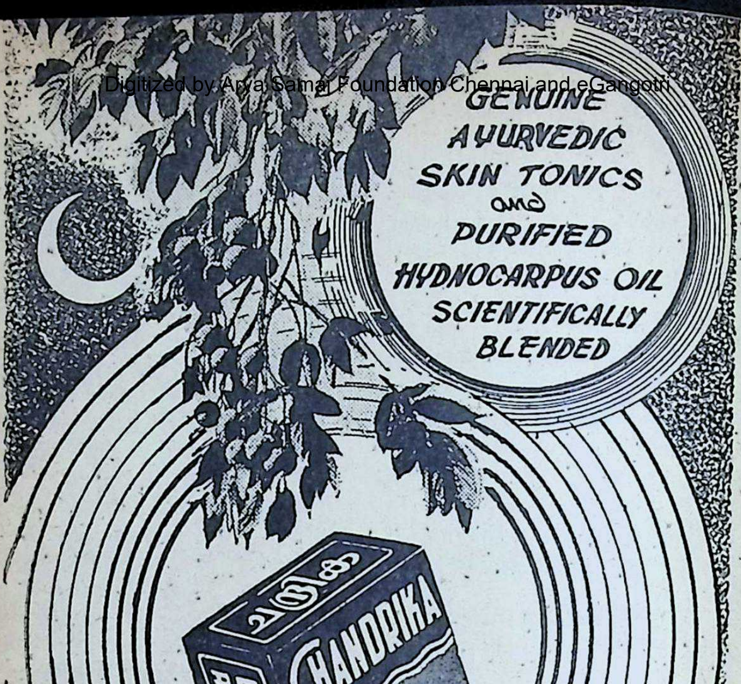
"How can you say this? Please have pity on me. What has made you so hard-hearted?"

"I am sorry. At the moment, I cannot give you any other answer. If I change my mind, I shall let you know."

"May you live to be a hundred years old, my son! Fooly, O Fooly! Bring my shawl." And Hanskunverba walked out impressively.

[*To be continued*]

Even the pains and griefs of good men contribute to their happiness, while even the wealth and fame of bad men cause misery to themselves as well as to the world. —Emerson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Story of King Pururavas

MOTHER SARASWATI

When the police roused Ananda the shepherd, he was having a frightful dream and when he opened his eyes and saw a posse of constables and a non-descript crowd standing at a distance, his worst fears were confirmed. For a moment he was completely nonplussed, not being able to connect their presence with his immediate past. But the manner of his police-handling awakened him to the seriousness of the situation. Slowly the nature of the charge unfolded itself to him from the accusations shouted out by the custodians of law.

The crowd has an anatomy and physiology of its own. It has developed, at any rate in India, a non-attachment to crime worthy of the Yogi. Without in the least being affected by it, the on-lookers would wax philosophically. Even before knowing the nature of the crime with which Ananda was being charged, people started commenting. Some commiserated; others put out their tongue in horror; a few doubted. All told, gossip among them gave it all romantic colour.

When at last it came to be known that Ananda was being charged with dacoity in the palace, with the tell-tale booty by his side, people cocked a snook at the innocent shepherd. Yet there were others who doubted the genuineness or plausibility of his connection with the crime. The combined effect of all this gave a dramatic touch to the whole situation which tended to petrify Ananda as he was being led to the palace under powerful guard. The crowd swelled in size as the procession went on.

Suspect Ananda was soon ushered into the presence of the King on whom he made such a fine impression that the latter asked his officials: "Are you sure this man is the culprit or are you producing a scape-goat?"

The King added: "To me he looks more a King than a criminal!"

The officials swore that he was the culprit; they did not detect him haphazard. They caught him by following the foot-prints which directly led to his arrest. The stolen jewel-box was right by his side.

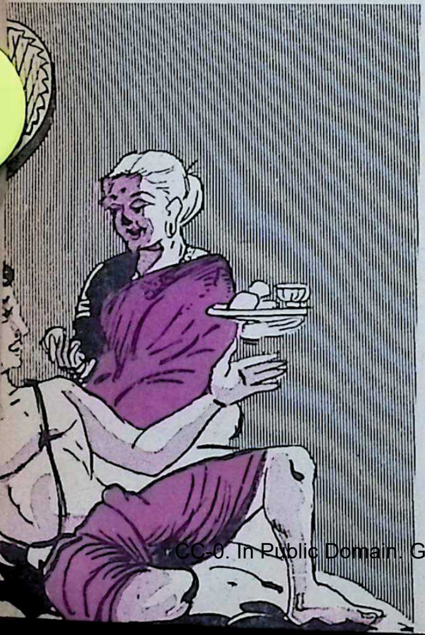
The King asked the accused: "What have you to say to this charge?"

Ananda replied: "Looking to the circumstances it would appear that I did the thing. It is for you to decide and deal out justice. I have nothing to say in the matter."

Finding the reply unhelpful, the King consulted his Ministers who were unanimously of the opinion that he was the criminal. Much against his will the King ordered that Ananda be maimed by the cutting of one hand and one leg, which the officials carried out to the letter.

No sooner Ananda found himself alone in the midst of a lonely forest sans a leg and a hand, than his stoic fortitude left him and he burst into a torrent of tears as he recollected what he was born to and what he was suffering. The remembrance of his wife and children added edge to his grief as he rolled on the earth, crying in agony: "God! Haven't I had enough of misery to merit this maiming too? If it is your will that I should continue to suffer them, be pleased to accept them, which I dedicate to you alone. God, do not for a moment think I am bitter ; on the contrary I am happy. But please, please give the strength of will to bear all my pain without complaining. This is the only request I am submitting to you."

Saying these words which brought him comfort, he sat down exhausted. But soon he remembered his favourite deity on whose worship he had spent a life-time and he plunged into the soulful recitation of Her *mantra* in which he was an initiate.



Mother Shakti, in Her aspect of Saraswati, was the favourite deity of King Pururavas. As the tempo of his *japa* increased, Mother Saraswati in heaven felt a tug at her apron, caused no doubt by the intensity of the anguish of one of Her great devotees. When She looked up to see who it was that sent Her the s.o.s., She could see the figure of Pururavas slumped into a heap in the midst of a forest. Dropping all other work, Mother Saraswati flew on Her swan thither. Coming near Ananda, however, She took the form of an aged lady sans her nose and sat beside the unconscious figure of Ananda. Taking hold of his head she placed it on her lap and smoothening a rebellious hair, poured down his parched throat a few drops of manna from a jug she carried, and then fanned him gently with her apron. Soon Ananda opened his eyes and looked at the figure which so tenderly nursed him to life. With infinite gratitude welling up from his heart he said, "Mother Great! I feel infinitely better ; but—do not mistake me if I ask you why you took this trouble at all. I was actually hoping to die, having gone through a chain of misfortunes. Death would have put an end to them. Please don't think I am being uncharitable, I was only giving vent to my sense of disappointment in my hope. That is all over now anyway. I am greatly beholden to you for my present state ; my pain is completely over and I feel my original self. Mother, now tell me who you are and what made you take this trouble."

The old lady replied: "My son! I am called the Old Lady Without the Nose, for I lost my nose on account of my past sins. Like you too, I am in the habit of helping the needy and distressed."

By this time Pururavas had fully regained his faculties and he felt intuitively, looking to the circumstances that his recent wounds too had cured overnight miraculously, that the woman before him was no other than Mother Saraswati herself.

He said to her: "Mother, I have little doubt in my mind that you are my God, my Mother Goddess Saraswati, at whose feet I worship day in and day out. You have come to help me knowing the anguish of my heart. Only the Mother can understand the sorrows of her son and will run to his aid. You have only proved that you never forsake your devotees. And I am so happy that I am lying on the lap of my mother."

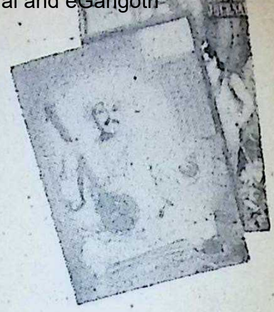
SARAS: "If you think so, you can have it that way. People say I have no children; but the fact is that many people call me mother. I always run to them who are deeply attached to me. Now tell me what else you want from me, for I have to hurry to attend to other children."

PURU: "I am so happy, Mother, to hear this. But tell me, Mother, why did I come back to life after having been openly incriminated and punished for felony?"

SARAS: "The simple fact is that no one, not even Brahma, can jump his destiny. The great Daksha lost his head; Agni his hand; the Sun his teeth; Bhagavan Shukra his one eye; Saraswati her nose. But do you think that they are any the less respected for these?"

Pururavas felt slightly better on hearing these words.

The old lady continued: "In your case too, you know that all your present misfortunes owe to the *leelas* of



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Shani Bhagavan. When the period of his rule is over, naturally he will take leave of you and you will be restored to the life to which you belong!"

PURU: "Mother, I feel greatly encouraged by your words. Now grant me this one boon before you depart, that even though I lose my limbs, I must not lose my soul. I should be true to my word."

SARAS: "Child, I have no doubt that God will grant your wish. Look, in addition, I offer to stand by you throughout your period of misfortune. I shall feed you and do all things that a mother is expected to do. Be of good cheer."

Saying these words the old lady disappeared. Pururavas too fell into a deep slumber.

When the sun rose to the immense relief of the mortal world, people of the city made a bee-line to the forest to see what happened to the shepherd who was maimed by royal decree. When at last they located him hale and hearty, with the wounds completely healed overnight, they were wonderstruck. They started to harp on that the man must have been innocent, he was superhuman, and all such sort of things. But the shepherd did not seem to mind the crowd at all but was lost in his own thoughts.

God who created the tiger has also created the cow. In the same city flourished a merchant-prince who went all out to help the poor and the needy and especially where injustice on the part of society, man or king, was perpetrated. It was a pity, people were saying, that that merchant was out of town when Ananda was implicated in the crime and got unjustly punished. Were he there, he would certainly have taken up Ananda's case and vindicated him.

As it happened, the merchant returned from his business tour of foreign lands on the day we are reading about. No sooner had he disembarked than people carried to him the story of how an innocent shepherd was punished by the King.

The merchant heard the people and hardly waiting for any other confirmation, followed the people to the forest where Ananda was having his siesta surrounded by the crowd. Making his way, the merchant approached the shepherd and said apologetically, "I am sorry to hear that you have been unjustly punished. I feel it a personal loss of opportunity to serve a right cause. However, I shall try to make good by being as useful to you now as the situation has arisen. Be pleased to accept my hospitality till such time as you like. I have brought my palanquin in which you may kindly ride to my place. I have made every arrangement for your comfortable stay. I am a friend of the poor and do not think of me otherwise."

Pururavas felt at home in his new environment and felt grateful to God for showing him an oasis even in the midst of the desert of his misfortunes.

After a few days of stay, the merchant came to him and after a pleasant talk asked him, "Sir, may I know something about you? Please don't think I am being rude to you; it is my anxiety to know more of you that has prompted me to ask this of you."

Pururavas smiled wanly and replied, "What shall I say about me except that I am an unfortunate being?

Please forgive me if I am unable to say anything further today. Perhaps you can ask my mother who will be visiting me today sometime hence."

The merchant took leave of him and went to take his food.

In the meantime Mother Saraswati took the form of the old woman and sought entrance into the home of the merchant asking to be taken to her maimed son living in that house. The attendants readily took her to him and Pururavas welcomed her with open arms calling out to her as Mother Great. The old woman set down the basket of food she had brought with her and started feeding the shepherd with her own hands when the merchant of the house entered.

This merchant was an old resident of the place and knew the residents of the place pretty well. Also he was well posted with the people nearabout. When therefore he saw from a distance the old woman, he did not remember having seen her at any time. Looking at her more carefully, he saw the defective nose. He thought he could not possibly have missed that landmark were she a resident of these parts. However he approached her and after bowing before her sat down. Pururavas told her all about the merchant and the old lady thereupon said: "I am so grateful for the help you are rendering to my son. I hope I can sometimes call on him here."

The merchant replied: "You are always welcome. But one second, Mother. May I know where you live and who you are? For I haven't met you in these parts with which I am fairly familiar."

Saraswati replied: "True; I belong to Devipura. When I heard that my son was punished, I took the permission of my husband and hurried to his side to be of such help as I can."

"I am sure you have, Mother; you seem to be an excellent cook. That food you have brought tickles my nose and palate. Will you give me a little of it?" asked the merchant quite informally.

The old woman smiled and gave a handful which the merchant swallowed avidly and said "Mother, I haven't tasted food so nice as this in all my life" appreciatively as the old woman started to leave.

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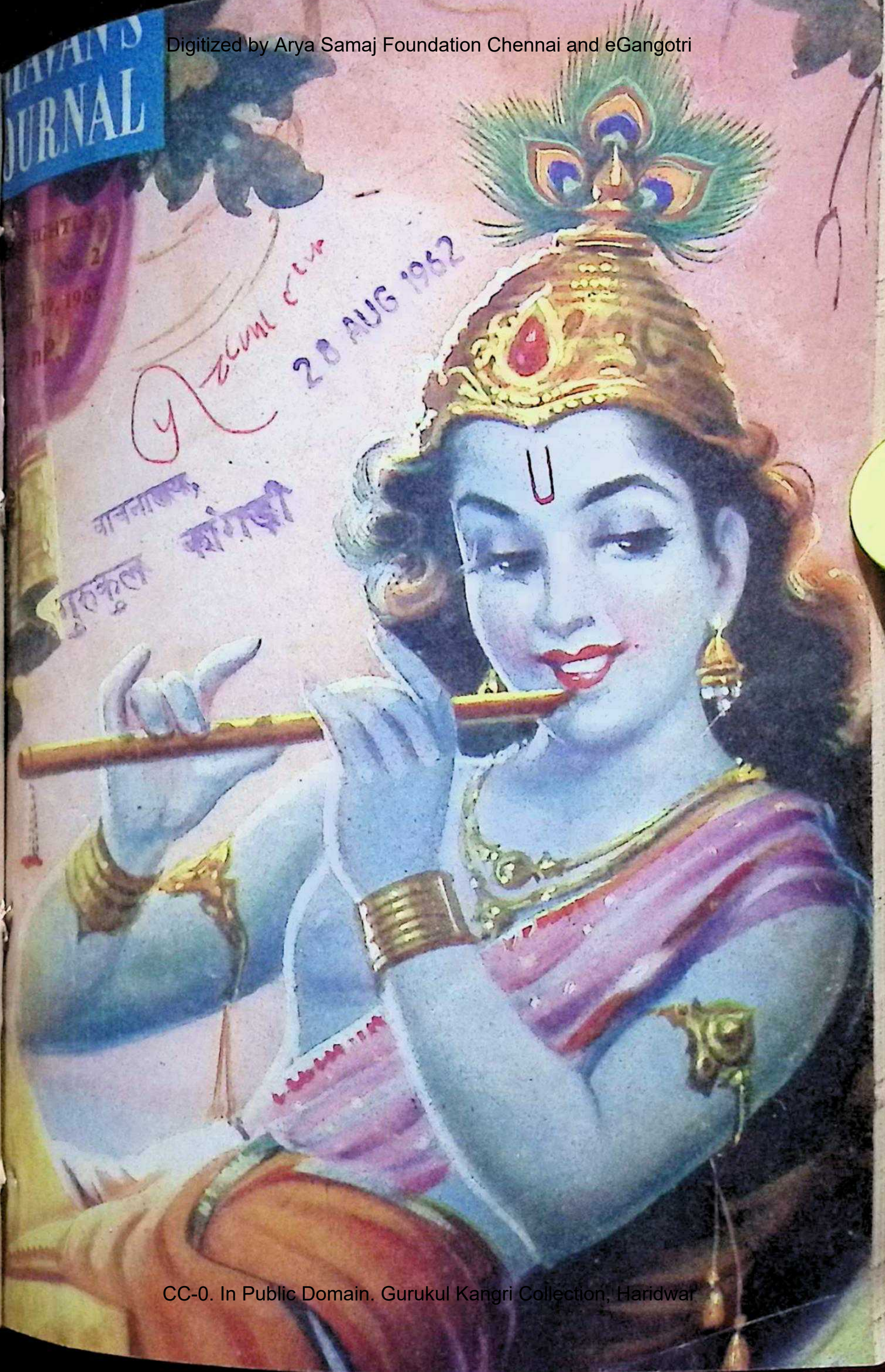

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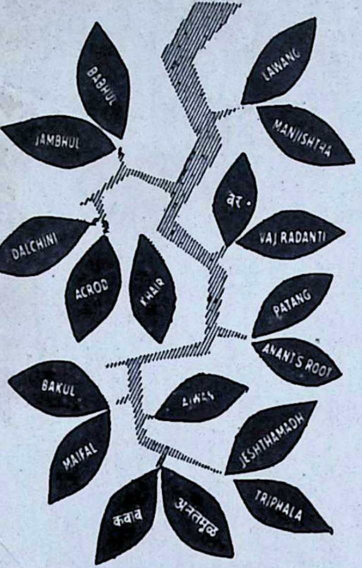
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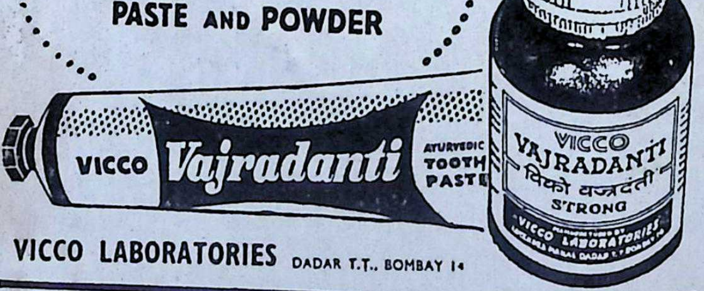
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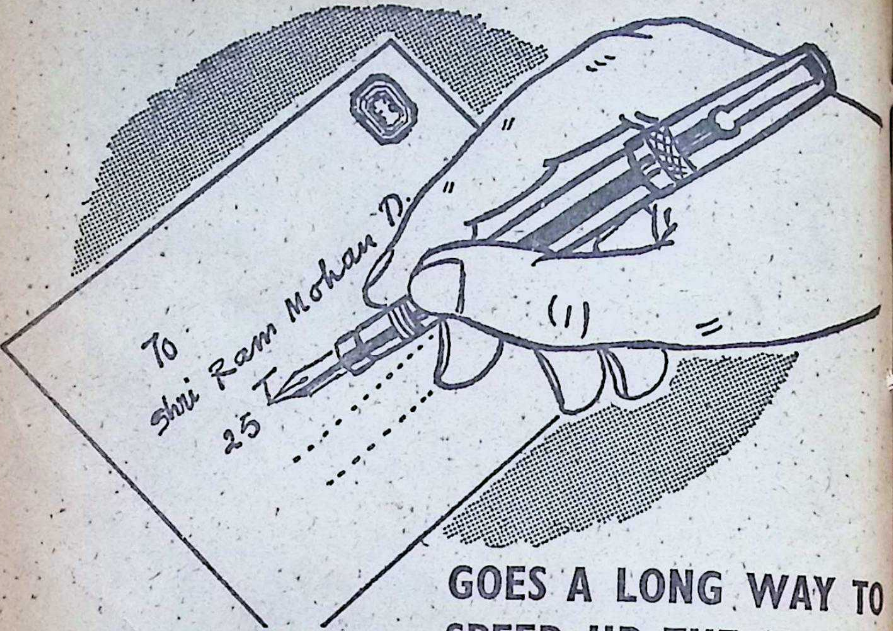
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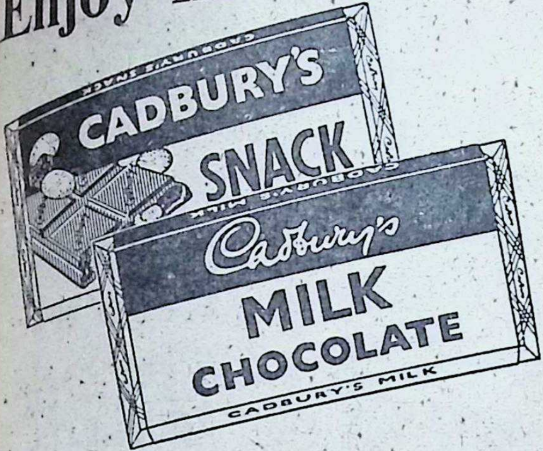
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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THE LORD'S PLEDGE

परित्राणाय साधूनां विनाशाय च दुष्कृताम्।
धर्मसंस्थापनार्थाय सम्भवामि युगे युगे।।

For the protection of the righteous,
Also for the destruction of the wicked,
For the establishment of Dharma,
Do I reincarnate (in this world)
epoch after epoch.

—*Krishna in the* Gita.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 264

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AS INTEGRATING FORCES

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
AUGUST 19, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

AFTER collective action, language and literature are the most powerful integrating factors in the life of a people. Many of our troubles have begun when regional languages came to be emphasized even at the cost of a common link for the university education in this country, an emphasis which is almost suicidal.

The unity of a country is not based upon geographical contiguity, nor on a unitary administration, except under a military occupation of a foreigner. It is the product of a collective consciousness on the part of the dominant minority of the people maintained through a common medium and a common literature.

Our national consciousness is no exception. It is the result of the collective spirit evolved during the last ten generations by men and women educated through the medium of English in British-established universities. If we fragment this university-educated minority into linguistic groups each developing its distinct chauvinism—as some of us are trying to do in some States—we will soon have several nations, not one. Then neither steel mills, nor socialistic patterns will come to our rescue.

Let us look at the past.

A common language, Sanskrit, and its literature have given the largest section of the Indian people, the Hindus, an unbroken continuity which Sardar Panikkar aptly describes as 'one of the marvels of history.' The makers of this unity—Panini, Katyayana and Patanjali—gave to this country in Sanskrit an unchanging national medium capable of infinite expansion in terms of content, so that the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of generations were, time and again, gathered in a common pool of Sanskrit literature and then distributed throughout the land, fertilising man's mind for over two thousand years.

By third century B.C., the Sanskrit literature had provided the literary inspiration as well as the common idiom of life for most parts of the country. The *Manusmriti* and the *Grihya Sutras* gave social values and organised social institutions not only in India, but outside, in Ceylon, Burma. Java and Cambodia. The *Ramayana* provided the national pattern of moral conduct, and the *Mahabharata* furnished, apart from a heroic tradition, the concept of *saamraajya*, i.e. the political unity of *Bharatvarsha*.

I am not referring to these matters as a matter of historical disquisition. I am doing it in order to remind ourselves of the role of language and literature in the integration of a people.

First, a common language and literature for India is essential for maintaining the conscious unity of its representative dominant minority.

Secondly, this unity alone will enable such minority to be the guardian of social, national and cultural consciousness on which the collective strength of the nation is based.

Lastly, such language and literature, vigorously cultivated, are a condition precedent to vitalise India's influence in the international sphere.

●●●

Another historical event would show how a common medium and literature arrested the process of disintegration in the past. The period from the twelfth to sixteenth century was one of cataclysmic vicissitudes for India. Most of her independent kingdoms were destroyed. Many of her shrines were desecrated. Her men and women were either sold as slaves or reduced to helpless subjects of alien tyrants. Her indigenous universities in many parts were either destroyed by vandalism or withered for want of patronage.

However, Sanskrit remained the inspiration which led to a renaissance. Through the *Bhagawat* and a hundred other works in Sanskrit, the stream of *bhakti* overflowed the land, keeping the hope of men alive, fertilising the Indian languages of the day. In the 16th and 17th centuries, it imparted a new creative vigour to almost all the languages in the country.

Languages differed from region to region, but they had the unity drawn from Sanskrit, which gave vitality not only to the literatures, but to the life of the people. One has only to refer Jnaneswar, Chandidas, Vidyapati, Narsi Mehta, Kabir, Surdas and Tulsidas—to name but a few—to show how the soul of the people, though crushed under the weight of alien, oppressive rule, retained its vitality through the inspiration of a common parent-language and literature.

●●●

A similar literary renaissance came about in the last two quarters of the 19th century. In the 18th century life had disintegrated, except within the narrowest possible limits of a caste. Sanskrit was a living inspiration for only a very small section of the *elite*. Then came the new university education. English literature taught in the universities, gave to countless young men in India a new inspiration. They turned enthusiastically to Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Macaulay and John Stuart Mill for inspiration and ideas, and to the histories of Greece, Rome and England for the secret of national greatness.

In the meantime, British and foreign scholars—and following them, Indian scholars too—opened up the buried treasures of Sanskrit literature. The English language became for the university men in India an instrument to recover the ancient wealth, and most of them, having read Sanskrit in the Universities, found in it a fresh inspiration.

Under the twin influences, modern Indian languages grew in expressiveness and vigour. Words from the English language were used for things which came into vogue with the British rule, and a large element of Sanskrit words representing feelings, concepts and thoughts came into use to represent corresponding English words. Sentences in Indian languages slowly came to be cast in the mould of English sentences. Often an English sentence was unconsciously translated literally with the aid of Sanskrit words rather than by a liberal rendering or a roundabout paraphrase. In this process, words assumed new meaning, and grammar and syntax were considerably affected.

And, who among the literary artists that gave new creative vigour to his language during the last century, can say that he was not inspired, moved or moulded by the touch of English literature or modern European literature through the medium of English? It was this common movement, so inspired, which produced the best of our renaissance masters, among them Bankim and Rabindranath in Bengal, Tilak and Apte in Maharashtra, Govardhanram and Nanalal in Gujarat, and Bharati in Tamilnad.

As a result of this common movement, all Indian literature turned afresh to the three mysteries of life: man's relationship with man; man's relations with the supernatural powers; and man's relations with woman. It found life itself, in all its varied richness, the supreme end of creative art and made the inner life of the individual the central theme of literature.

After the Second World War, however, there have been currents and cross-currents, accentuated by the confused language policies followed by the Governments and the Universities, from which, so far, a steady direction has not been found.

In so far as literature deals with the inner springs of a man's life, the new authors have begun to search for them —and very rightly—not only among the romantic and the affluent, but among the lowly, the poor and the unfortunate. To the extent that they have done so, they have added richness and variety to our literature and a new edge to the style in each language.

There are also schools of literature which, following some European models, delight in propagating the cult of the ugly and call themselves "realistic"; also the school which deals with the current external needs and ends of society, and assumes a lofty Messianic attitude. I may not omit to mention the school which caters to depraved taste by revelling in sexiness and wanton disregard of human values, and prides itself on its 'modernity'.

In spite of the struggle for novelty, the common inspiration throughout India continues to be the English literature—though not in its best aspects, but more often of the sensational paper-back-novel variety.

However, new assumptions, colouring our thoughts, beliefs, expectations, and imaginations, have not taken shape. Anyway, they have not become dominant enough to give a new tone and vitality to literary effort throughout India.

No new and comprehensive indigenous tradition of art can be traced which can give a new tone and fresh vitality to our literature. Even the Tagore Centenary was more of an obsequial offering to a revered ancestor than an inspiring worship at a living shrine.

* * *

The major difficulty in the way is the fragmentation of the literary world in the country, brought about by the neglect of a common source of inspiration, in the interests of a regional particularism.

We hesitate to accept frankly that English is and will, for a long time to come, continue to be the common bond which will maintain and strengthen intellectual unity in the country. We ignore the fact that emphasis on a regional language without an equal emphasis on a common medium, isolates one-language-group literature from another-language-group literature, preventing the interflow of literary contacts throughout India.

We need not go far to find illustrations. Most of our national leaders would have had no appeal in the country as a whole if their utterances were not reproduced in English language papers. India would not have been stirred to its depth in his own time, if Gandhiji had not used English with a pen of penetrating power. Many of Tagore's works have been accessible to us only through English.

To take an example from my own experience, some of my novels written in the twenties secured recognition in several Indian languages in North India in recent years only through their Hindi translations and in the whole of India only through their English versions. "*Bhagawan Parashurama*" became accessible to Keralites in the Malayalam version through its English summary. Week after week "*Tapasvini's*" Urdu rendering *via* Mr. H. M. Patel's English translation is securing an increasing audience. My historical romance on Sri Krishna has had an all-India impact only because of the English medium. Had I written it in Gujarati, possibly it would have been a better literary piece,—I would have certainly been able to pour my heart better—but then the impact would have been restricted only to the Gujarati-language-group in the first instance. We must face realities. It is the English language medium which for the present keeps us, literary men, throughout India together, giving us the benefit of new experiences made in the different languages.

Much as I prize my language, Gujarati, and much as I value the lifetime that I have spent in its service, I would state, even at the risk of displeasing some, that, as circumstanced at present, to discard English as the common all-India medium, would be to deny to our literatures the common impulse and the common inspiration which we might otherwise receive by a free exchange of literary tendencies current in all parts of the country. To deny it would be to retire into our several regional caves and shut out the wide, sunny vista of the best in world's literature, from our view. I say it from experience.

* * *

We naturally aspire to a national all-India medium which would serve the purpose, but national media are not made in a day nor in a generation. Hindi drawing its strength 'predominantly from Sanskrit'—to use the words of the Constitution—has made a great advance during the last few decades and will continue to make further strides in the future, but to be a medium of common all-India literature, it will take more than several generations, and that place Hindi will take only if it continues to draw inspiration from Sanskrit.

At this stage, let me pay my humble tributes to Rajashri Purshottamdas Tandon, whose recent death we all deplore. He dedicated every waking hour of his life to build up Hindi as the national language with rare singleness of purpose. When the history of our nationalism comes to be written, not in the rush of current loyalties, but from a detached point of view, he will be accepted as the architect of one of the greatest integrating forces in this country.

King Canutes may try to stop the growth of Hindi on the lines of the Constitution. They might attempt artificially to de-Sanskritise it. But they are bound to fail. To the vast majority of Indians, it is only the Sanskrit idiom and vocabulary that furnish the common measure of linguistic unity and provide a ready source from which higher thought and expression can be drawn.

If perchance, the Canutes of the day halt the tide, the development of Hindi, which is going on so well for over half a century, will be deprived of its common elements. We will then have a common link without anything in common with the basic resources of most Indian languages, and the new bazaar language which would have grown up will be utterly valueless as a medium of literary exchange.

* * *

Whatever the prevailing confusion, as literary men, we must keep before our eyes what is wanted of us.

I have lived in the faith that the mission of the literary man is to translate his inner richness into words of beauty. This he can only do if he stands firm in it. That would require, first of all, devotion to truth in the sense of absolute sincerity; sense of sacrifice in the sense of a constant surrender to higher values; and lastly, eternal search for beauty which comes out of a ceaseless effort to purge one's mind of grossness.

There are some literary men who, following the vogue of the day, want to re-shape the world. To them, I would remind of Pasternak's words put in the mouth of Lara when she laments over her lover Yury's bier:

> "The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the beauty of genius, the beauty of loving—that, yes, that we understood. As for such petty trifles as re-shaping the world—these things, no thank you, they are not for us."

The craft of the literary men, as I have seen it, is to lose oneself in the theme and the language. I have found that whenever I have so lost myself, I have written something worthwhile; otherwise, it becomes 'journalese.'

To quote Pasternak again:

"The ascendancy is no longer with the artist or the state of mind which he is trying to express, but with language, his instrument of expression. Language, the home and dwelling of beauty and meaning, itself begins to think and speak for man and turns wholly into music, not in the sense of outward, audible sounds, but by virtue of the power and momentum of its inward flow.....

"At such moments Yury felt that the main part of his work was not being done by him but by something which was above him and controlling him; the thought and poetry of the world as it was at that moment and as it would be in the future. He was controlled by the next step it was to take in the order of its historical development; and he felt himself to be only the pretext and the pivot setting it in motion."

To be the instrument of something above him and controlling him—to be the *nimittamatra*—is the privilege of the creative artist.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

There is no failure except in no longer trying; there is no defeat except from within; no really insurmountable barrier, save our own inherent weakness of purpose.—ELBERT HUBBARD

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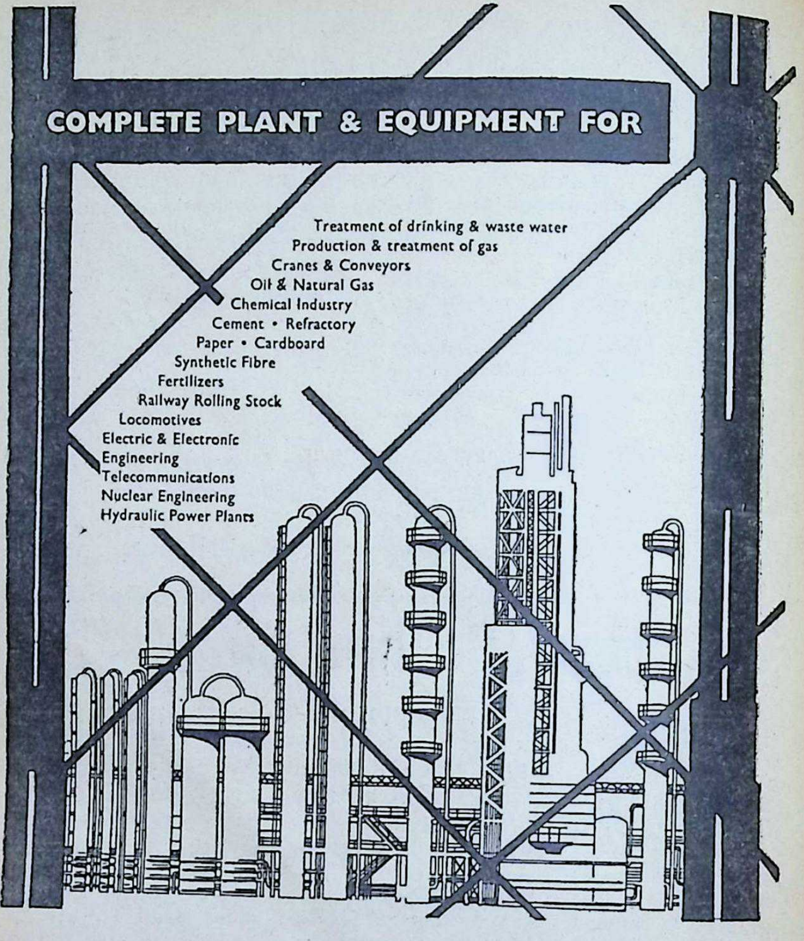

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GOD IS WITH US

Saint Nammazhvar has taught us that Great is God and, therefore, He is Worthy of worship.

But we may ask the Saint, "How is that possible, as if a lame individual were asked to mount an elephant?"

To this the Saint would reply thus, "Not so; if the elephant itself laid down, so as to allow the lame man to ride it. Then God though great is accessible."

Think of the Avataras.

Those who fail to recognise in them the Almighty, go the wrong way; but other fortunate men go into raptures seeing the Almighty descending to man.

Thou, Embar!* belongest to the latter holy band.

Charitable men dig tanks, for example; one man drowns himself to death therein whereas another allays his thirst therefrom ; Avatara is like a tank.

A lamp is lighted. The winged ants rush into it and die; at the same time, we do make use of the same light for various useful purposes. Avatara is like the lamp.

In other words God is *not away* from us, He is *with* us always.

—*Sri Ramanuja*

---

* Whom Sri Ramanuja was addressing.

O My Flute

O my flute, Sing Hari's name!
You cannot know the highest Truth
Without Lord Hari's grace.
His name removes our bitter grief;
Repeat the name of Hari, then
Repeat Sri Krishna's holy names.
If He bestows His grace on me
No longer shall I be afraid
Of this unfriendly world;
Sing then Lord Hari's name, my Flute!
Our only treasure is His name.

[From the *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*.]

SELF-CONTROL

Successful control over one's thoughts, words or deeds along moral lines will verily take one to the kingdom of heaven while lack of such control will throw him into the darkness of hell itself.

Therefore foster and preserve self-control as your most precious acquisition; indeed there is nothing so valuable to human life.

After learning all that is worth learning, if one puts them into practice with rectitude and self-control, his actions will not only be applauded by the good, but will fetch him further greatness.

The stature of a man who has an unblemished record of domestic life, is far greater than that of the tallest mountain.

Humility is an admirable quality in both rich and poor; but, as it happens, it indeed becomes an additional kind of wealth to the materially rich.

By withdrawing one's five-fold senses into oneself even as the tortoise withdraws its limbs into its shell, one becomes endowed with an anchorage that will help pilot him safely through all his seven births.

Even though you may not succeed in controlling your other faculties fully, you owe it yourself to control at least your tongue; failure to do so will assuredly entail suffering born out of its misuse.

Beware of your words while giving utterance to them by being uniformly graceful, for, one wrong word might, by hurting the other's feeling, completely undo the wholesome effect created by all other right words put together.

The burn caused by a live ember heals up quickly; but that caused by an untamed tongue is hard to heal.

Verily the god of Dharma will wait at the doorsteps of that man who successfully stifles anger at its birth, is learned and at the same time self-controlled.

TIME, THE GOURMAND

श्रीराम उवाच—
विकल्पकल्पनानल्पजल्पितैरल्पबुद्धिभिः।
भेदैरुद्धुरतां नीतः संसारकुहरे भ्रमः ॥
सतां कथमिवास्थेह जायते जालपञ्जरे।
बाला एवात्तुमिच्छन्ति फलं मुकुरबिम्बितम् ॥

Sri Rama continued—

Men of poor understanding fall into grave errors in this pit of the world being subject to the conflict of fanciful, superimposed, and gross idle talk. How can good people have any more attachment in this network of snares than children who wish to eat fruit reflected in a mirror?

इहापि विद्यते येषां पेलवा सुखभावना।
आखुस्तन्तुमिवाशेषं कालस्तामपि कृन्तति ॥
न तदस्तीह यदयं कालः सकलघस्मरः।
ग्रसते तज्जद्गज्जातं प्रोत्थाब्धिमिव वाडवः ॥
समस्तसामान्यतया भीमः कालो महेश्वरः।
दृश्यसत्तामिमां सर्वां कवलीकर्तुमुद्यतः ॥
महतामपि नो देवः प्रतिपालयति क्षणं।
कालः कवलितानन्तविश्वो विश्वात्मतां गतः ॥

Time destroys all flimsy hopes of pleasure entertained here as the rat does the strings. He, the all-destroyer spares nothing, but swallows all worlds as the submarine fire consumes the agitated sea. Time is the terrible, sovereign lord common to all, ever ready to devour everything that has visible existence. Lord of all, he does not wait even the great for a moment. Being the swallower of the entire Universe, Time has attained identity with the Universe.

युगवत्सरकल्पाख्यैः किंचित्प्रकटतां गतः।
रूपैरलक्ष्यरूपात्मा सर्वमाक्रम्य तिष्ठति ॥
ये रम्या ये शुभारम्भाः सुमेरुगुरवोऽपि ये।
कालेन विनिगीर्णास्ते गरुडेनेव पन्नगाः ॥
निर्दयः कठिनः क्रूरः कर्कशः कृपणोऽधमः।
न तदस्ति यदद्यापि न कालो निगिरत्ययम् ॥
कालः कवलनैकान्तमतिरत्ति गिरीनपि।
अनन्तैरपि लोकौघैर्नायं तृप्तो महाशनः ॥

He pervades everything though imperceptible, revealing himself imperfectly in such forms as eons, years and millennia. All, whether they be beautiful, well-begun or as great as the Meru mountain, are swallowed by Time as snakes by Garuda. Being merciless, callous, cruel, harsh, miserly and mean he spares none. Time is intent on devouring even the mountains. This great gourmand is not satiated even with the endless groups (of objects) of the worlds.

हरत्ययं नाशयति करोत्यत्ति निहन्ति च ।
कालः संसारनृत्तं हि नानारूपं यथा नटः ॥
भिनत्ति प्रविभागस्थभूतबीजान्यनारतम् ।
जगत्यसत्तया बन्धाद्दाडिमानि यथा शुकः ॥
शुभाशुभविषाणाग्रविलूनजनपल्लवः ।
स्फूर्जति स्फीतजनताजीवराजीवनीगजः ॥
विरिञ्चिमूलब्रह्माण्डबृहद्देवफलद्रुमम् ।
ब्रह्मकाननमाभोगि परमावृत्य तिष्ठति ॥
यामिनी भ्रमरापूर्णा रचयन्दिनमञ्जरीः ।
वर्षकल्पकलावल्लीर्न कदाचन खिद्यते ॥
भिद्यते नावभग्नोऽपि दग्घोऽपि हि न दह्यते ।
दृश्यते नापि दृश्योऽपि धूर्तचूडामणिर्मुने ॥

Time like an actor does a variegated dance on the stage of this world. He deprives and devastates, produces, devours and destroys. Time incessantly picks up the seeds of four types of creations in this illusory world as does the parrot the pomegranate seeds from the shell. Just as the elephant destroys with its tusks the tender leaves of trees as well as the lotuses of the pond so does Time destroy men by his tusks in the form of good and bad actions. Time pervades this expansive forest of the Universe whose root is Brahma and whose fruits and trees are gods. He is never tired of creating the creepers that have years and ages as body, days as flower-bunches, and nights as the bees resorting to them. He is divided though indivisible, consumed though imperishable, and is perceived though imperceptible. O Sage! Thus he is the most subtle.

एकेनैव निमेषेण किंचिदुत्थापयत्यलम् ।
किंचिद्विनाशयत्युच्चैः मनोराज्यवदाततः ॥
दुर्विलासविलासिन्या चेष्टया कष्टपुष्टया ।
दुर्व्यंकरूपकृद्रूपं जनमावर्तयन् स्थितः ॥

तृणं पांसुं महेन्द्रं च सुमेरुं पर्णमर्णवम् ।
आत्मंभरितया सर्वमात्मसात्कर्तुमुद्यतः ॥
क्रौर्यमत्रैव पर्याप्तं लुब्धतात्रैव संस्थिता ।
सर्वदौर्भाग्यमत्रैव चापलं वापि दुःसहम् ॥

He can create anything in a trice, and he destroys something immediately according to his wish. Having attained identity with worldly attachments that are degrading, ugly and full of peril, he makes men go round on their perpetual course. Time tries to appropriate for himself out of rapacity the grass, the dust and the leaves as well as the Lord of gods, the ocean and the Meru mountain. Time is the source of miserliness and malice. All misfortunes spring from Time as do the unbearable vicissitudes.

प्रेरयन् लीलयार्कॆन्दू क्रीडतीव नभस्तले ।
निक्षिप्तलीलायुगलो निजे बाल इवाङगणे ॥
सर्वभूतास्थिमालाभिरापादवलिताकृतिः ।
विलसत्येव कल्पान्ते कालः कलितकल्पनः ॥
अस्योड्डामरवृत्तस्य कल्पान्तेऽङगविनिर्गतैः ।
प्रस्फुरत्यम्बरे मेरुभूर्जत्वगिव वायुभिः ॥
रुद्रो भूत्वा भवत्येष महेन्द्रोऽथ पितामहः ।
शक्रो वैश्रवणश्चापि पुनरेव न किंचन ॥

As a boy flings in his courtyard a couple of balls playfully, so does Time in the sky set in motion the Sun and Moon as if in play. Time, the destroyer of all creation, shines at the end of a millennium adorned with a chain of bones of all the dead that extends up to his legs. At the end of a millennium, his activities becoming terrible, the Meru will be thrown into the sky by gusts of winds created out of his body, as rinds of the birch-trees. He shows himself then as Rudra, Brahma, Indra, Kubera and all others.

धत्तेऽजस्रोत्थितोधस्तात्सर्गानिमितभास्वरान् ।
अन्यान्दधद्दिवानक्तं वीचीरब्धिरिवात्मनि ॥
महाकल्पाभिधानेभ्यो वृक्षेभ्यः परिशातयन् ।
देवासुरगणान् पक्वान् फलभारानिव स्थितः ॥
कालोऽयं भूतमशकघुंघुमानां प्रपातिनाम् ।
ब्रह्माण्डोदुम्बरौघानां बृहत्पादपतां गतः ॥
सत्तामात्रकुमुद्वत्या चिज्ज्योत्स्नापरिफुल्लया ।
वपुर्विनोदयत्येकं क्रियाप्रियतमान्वितः ॥

Just as the ocean brings up incessantly from its bottom a series of fierce currents so does Time bring in a succession of creations day in and day out. He plucks out gods and demons as if they are loads of ripe fruits falling from the tree called Mahakalpa. Time appears like a large tree having the planets of the Universe as its fruits and the living creatures as resonant gnats about them. He regales himself with his beloved mate Action on this earth blossoming with the moonbeams of the Divine Spirit.

अनन्तापारपर्यन्तबद्धपीठं निजं वपुः ।
महाशैलवदुत्तुङ्गमवलम्ब्य व्यवस्थितः ॥
क्वचित् श्यामतमः श्यामं क्वचित्कान्तियुतं
ततम् ।
द्वयेनापि क्वचित् रिक्तं स्वभावं भावयन्
स्थितः ॥
संलीनासंख्यसंसारसारया स्वात्मसत्तया ।
उर्व्येव भारघनया निबद्धपदतां गतः ॥
न खिद्यते नाद्रियते नायाति न च गछति ।
नास्तमेति न चोदेति महाकल्पशतैरपि ॥
केवलं जगदारम्भलीलया घनहेलया ।
पालयत्यात्मनात्मानमनहंकारमाततम् ॥
यामिनी पङ्गकलितां दिनकोकनदावलीम् ।
मेघभ्रमरिकामात्मसरस्यारोपयन् स्थितः ॥

Time rests its form in endless and interminable eternity as a huge mountain rests on an (earthly) foundation. Sometimes he is dark, at other times intensely so, and then he is bright. At certain times his nature is devoid of both. As the earth by nature contains within herself the innumerable creations and is ponderous and steady, so is Time (having sway over the entire Universe). Even by the passage of hundreds of millennia, Time is never tired nor pleased; he neither comes nor goes, nor does he perish and arise again. He is never proud that he protects the world having himself created it playfully and effortlessly. Time resembles a reservoir whose mud can be deemed the night, lotuses the days and bees the clouds.

गृहीत्वा कृपणः कृष्णां रजनीं जीर्णमार्जनीम् ।
आलोककनकक्षोदानाहरत्यभितो गिरिम् ॥
संचारयन् क्रियाङ्गुल्या कोणकेष्वर्कदीपिकाम् ।
जगत्सद्मनि कार्पण्यात्क्व किमस्तीति वीक्षते ॥
प्रेक्ष्याहर्विनिमेषेण सूर्याक्ष्णा पाकवन्त्यलम् ।
लोकपालफलान्यत्ति जगज्जीर्णवनादयम् ॥
जगज्जीर्णकुटीकीर्णानिर्पयत्युग्रकोटरे ।
क्रमेण गुणवूल्लोकमणीन् मृत्युसमुद्रके ॥
गुणैरापूर्यते यैव लोकरत्नावली भृशम् ।
भूषार्थमिव तामङ्गे कृत्वा भूयो निकृन्तति ॥

Time, as a miser holding a black, worn-out broom-stick in the form of night collects the gold particles in the form of light around the Meru mountain. He searches due to his miserliness what is placed in the nooks and corners of this house of a world by spreading the light of the Sun through his actions. In the decaying forest of this world, he seeks with his unwinking eye in the form of the Sun the fruits that are Lokapalas, (to know) if they are ripe and then eats them. Time casts the rare gems of good men who are strewn in this dilapidated cottage of a world, in the hideous den of death in due course, as gems in a coffer. Those gem-like men who are full of rich possessions are worn by Time as if for ornaments' sake and then destroyed.

दिनहंसानुसृतया निशोन्दीवरमालया ।
तारकेसरयाजस्रं चपलो वलयत्यलम् ॥
शैलार्णद्युधराश्रृङ्गजगदूर्णायुसौनिकः ।
प्रत्यहं पिबते प्रेक्ष्य तारारक्तकणानपि ॥
तारुण्यनलिनीसोम आयुर्मातङ्गकेसरी ।
न तदस्ति न यस्यायं तुच्छात्तुछस्य तस्करः ॥
कल्पकेलिविलासेन पिष्टपातितजन्तुना ।
अभावो भावभासेन रमते स्वात्मनात्मनि ॥
कर्ता भोक्ताथ संहर्ता स्मर्ता सर्वपदं गतः ।

Fickle as he is, he adorns himself with wreaths of Kumuda flowers that are nights attended by swans in the form of days and having filaments in the form of stars. Time is a butcher for the sheep that is this world consisting of mountains, seas, sky and earth, drinking day by day drops of blood in the form of the stars. He wears away youth as the Moon shuts the lotus petals; destroys life as the lion kills the elephant. There is nothing however trifle or big that Time does not steal away. Sporting for a millennium in the act of killing and crushing of all living beings, indulging his pleasures as creator, preserver, destroyer, and remembrancer of all, he exists while allowing nothing to exist in him.

सकलमप्यकलाकलितान्तरं
सुभगदुर्भगरूपधरं वपुः ।
प्रकटयन् सहसैव च गोपयन्
विलसतीह हि कालबलं नृषु ॥

He shows all shapes, whether good or bad, while remaining beyond the knowledge of the intelligent. Manifesting and at once hiding, he sports himself. Thus the power of Time is revealed to men.

THE FLUTE PLAYER

Ah! What a happy, happy home hast Thou chosen to sing all day long! Down the sun-lit hill side, by the meandering river, in the midst of smiling flowers, with calves and cows standing all-round, oh! happy Cow-herd! Oh! What song dost Thou sing—the song that melts the hearts of all! What magic flute is Thine, the little flute that everyone longs to hear, and hear ever more! Gopala! Govinda! Oh! Hari! Oh dear, dear, Cow-herd! How long shall Thou sit on the same soft classic shore and pipe Thy melodious song? Thou wilt ever sing Thy song and the green woods shall ever resound with Thy sweet voice—the immortal voice from BRIDAVAN!

—V. A. Sundaram

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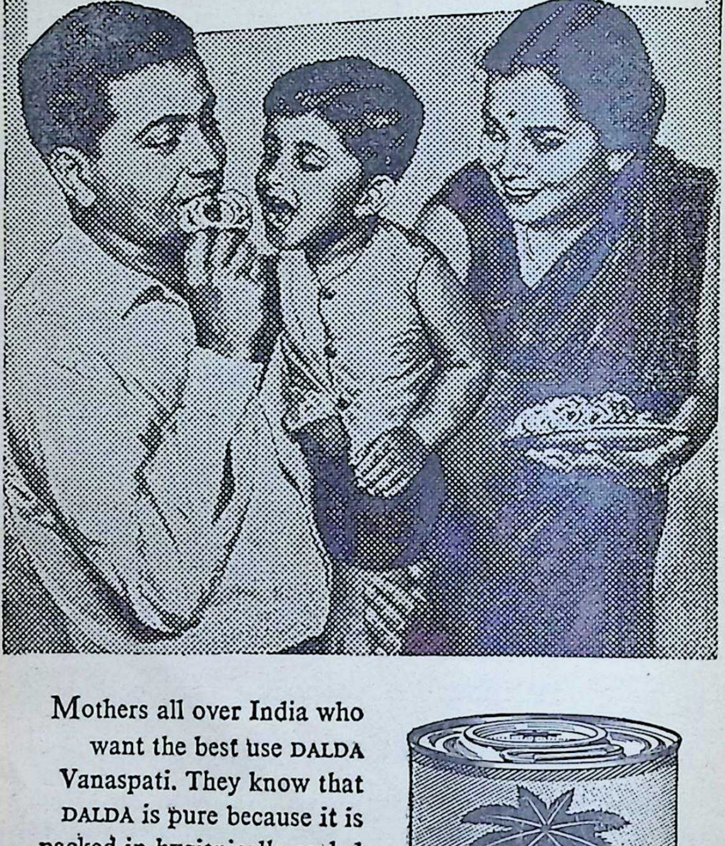

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It is essential to stress the conception of moral and spiritual man, as the foundation and the goal of political philosophy . . . Democracy on the plane of politics and economics imperatively requires for its fulfilment the fructification of humanism, ethicism and spiritual integration.

NEED FOR A NEW POLITICAL THOUGHT

Dr. Vishwanath Prasad Varma

POLITICAL SCIENCE is one of the oldest of systematic disciplines to have received the intellectual attention of thinkers. From Plato, Kautilya and Confucius to Hegel, Marx and Gandhi, it has engaged the creative labour of man. Its aim is to provide the philosophy and prescribe the means of a sound order and virtuous political existence.

To do so, it must start with the notion of man as a moral and spiritual subject. Against the attacks of barbaric forces and against the growing encroachments of the powers of nature and society, man's moral and spiritual sanctity has to be safeguarded.

Man is a creative being and it is extremely urgent that social conditions and situations be so designed and planned as will make possible his continuous spontaneous action and initiative in the pursuit of a system of coherent aims and purposes.

It is essential that the moral nature of man be asserted and he be given the opportunity to realize his destiny as an end and not as a means. Moral and spiritual man and not merely man as a political animal is to be the starting point of political enquiry.

At once thus,we condemn all ideas of planned regimentation and all conceptions of a coercive *Machtpolitik* and we dissociate ourselves from all perverse conceptions of politics either as the art of the demagogue or of the prince who can resort to force and fraud and war as the dominant technics of international politics.

The emphasis on the spiritually creative nature of man postulates the eventual establishment of a regime of political liberty, social and economic justice, peace, progress and human fraternity. It commits us to seek to institutionalize the free unity of human existence. The spiritual creativism of man makes it necessary to redefine the content of liberty.

Political science is the intellectual discipline which tries to understand the problems of man in society. It is concerned with the instrumental and proximate problems of power, coercion and obedience but not for the sake of power politics or for safeguarding the interests of a small section.

Political science in the framework of democracy is concerned with the problem of common good. It studies the most rational technics for building and administering a satisfied, comfortable and happy world for human beings.

But mere rationality and efficiency are not the goals of human societies. Human society has to provide for justice, common welfare, liberty and peace. Hence we can say that the harmonious development of human beings and the realization of the rational integration of their powers is the real ultimate goal of politics.

Hence it is clear that interpreted in this broad sense political science has a significant and meaningful role to play in today's world. What we need today for the success of democracy is a new political theory. The democratic theory of the natural rights of life and liberty, the concept of no taxation without representation, the goals of equality and justice are still full of maximum appeal and much more so in the African and Asian socio-historical context. Without the autonomous exercise of the power of franchise the ethical substance of man will not attain embodiment.

It is essential to build a new integral political philosophy. To-day there is too much of fact-finding, too much of positivism and too much of quantitatives and empirical analysis of political power. We have to make a reiterated stress on theory. Only a systematic conceptual scheme can organize the results of empirical investigations. But this theoretical conceptual structure will be different from the morally neutral scheme of the natural sciences.

The concrete data for this theoretical construction are provided by the actions, attitudes and modes of behaviour of men who in their real essence are spiritual beings with the capacity and the urge for integral fulfilment.

Hence we have to get rid of a mechanical methodology and accept the spiritual dialectics of moral creativism.

In place of a mechanical science of government and public administration we need a spiritually-and-ethically-oriented political thought. The aim of this theoretical political science will be to harness the empirical knowledge obtained by the factual studies and field investigations towards planning a better, more satisfied and morally perfected humanity.

Political theory in the modern West is burdened with the methodological legacy of the natural sciences, since the days of Hobbes and Spinoza. In the context of modern India, for providing a stable basis for our democracy, we have to reinforce our political insights with the heritage of our spiritual Vedantic and Buddhistic culture.

We have lost our links with the older traditions of Indian political enquiries. We have to take note of whatever good elements there are in the eastern and western traditions of politics and then establish on their basis the framework of this new political philosophy which will be adequate and comprehensive in its scope.

The valuational foundations of western democratic theory have been derived from ancient Judaism, Christianity and partly classical Greece and Rome. To-day the democratic theory is spreading in the Asian and African world and hence it is essential to interpret democracy in the context of the ethics and religious philosophies of these old civilizations and cultures.

Democratic theory, in order that it may not become rootless, should affiliate itself with the metaphysics of Vedantism and Buddhism which teach the unity of existence and the abnegation of the materialistic quest for power and lust.

If democracy has to receive the affection, loyalty and devotion of the masses of India, an appeal has to be made to them not only in terms of the arguments of Locke, Rousseau, Mill or Lincoln but also in terms of the arguments of Buddha, Sankara, Kabir, Vivekananda and Gandhi. Only the latter can evoke the sympathetic responses of the Indian masses and can crystallize the expressions of their psychic energies round some dominant goals and values. Hence it is essential to build a political philosophy to strengthen the case of democracy in Asia and Africa.

We need a synthetic and comprehensive political philosophy. This new comprehensive political philosophy will not negate history and social experience but will provide the conceptual tools to interpret that experience for the purposes of the moral and spiritual subject.

India, in the nineteenth century rediscovered her spiritual soul in the domain of religion and now the political and social contents of that soul are being defined.

After the movement of renaissance came nationalism and now the country is planning for economic advancement.

In the enveloping darkness of modern totalitarianism and imperialistic power-politics it is essential to stress the conception of moral and spiritual man, as the foundation and the goal of political philosophy.

Democracy on the plane of politics and economics imperatively requires for its fulfilment the fructification of humanism, ethicism and spiritual integration. This synthesis alone can be the dynamic faith of a democrat. It will provide the necessary capacity of vital endurance in the struggle against challenging odds.

This integral political philosophy will alone save our country and the world from the perils of anarchy, despair and hopelessness.

[Courtesy: *Calcutta Review*].

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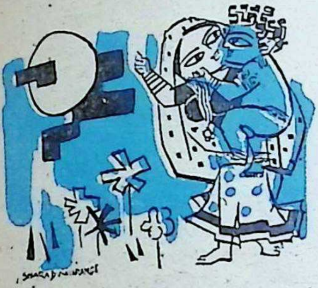
[Among the moving Sanskrit poetic compositions on the life of Lord Krishna is Krishna Vilasa Kavya *by Sukumara Kavi. Following are selections from that work.*—Ed.]

KRISHNA THE TODDLER

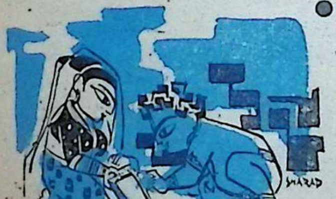
Sukumara Kavi



पश्य मातुलमिति प्रदर्शितं
यामिनीषु गगने यशोदया ।
आजुहाव ललितेन पाणिना
शीतभानुमरविन्दलोचनः ॥

Pointed out at the sky at nights by Mother Yashoda with the words, "Look at Uncle Moon!" the lotus-eyed Krishna beckoned to the cool rayed moon with his tender hand.

●●●



आत्मनः प्रतिकृतिं विलोकयन्
मातृहस्तमणिदर्पणोदरे ।
एहि मित्र ! किमिहेति कौतुकात्
व्याजहार शतपत्रलोचनः ॥

Seeing his own reflection in the mirror of precious stones held by Mother Yashoda, lotus-eyed Krishna asked of the reflection gleefully: "How is it, friend, you are here in the mirror's bosom?"

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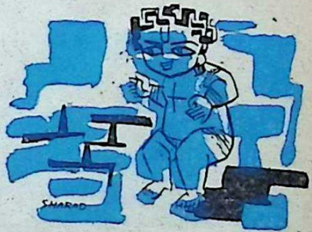


गौरवं कथमियं सहेत मे
मेदिनीति कृपयेव चिन्तयन् ।
माधवः पतनभीतिमुद्वहन्
मन्दमेव निदधे पदावलिम् ॥

Afraid of falling, toddler Krishna walked slowly with unsteady steps. It appeared as though he did so out of mercy for Earth thinking "How possibly can poor Earth bear my weight?"

10 YEARS OF SERVICE

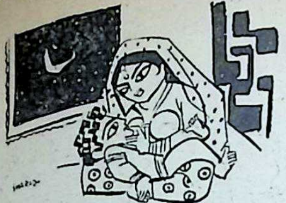
Ten years ago, the handloom industry was passing through an acute crisis. Stocks had accumulated, sales were on the decline, production was curtailed, thousands of weavers were facing unemployment. A helping hand was sorely needed.

Set up in 1952, the All India Handloom Board adopted many positive measures for rehabilitating the industry and placing it on a sound footing. The Third Five Year Plan has set a target of 2800 million yards of handloom cloth as compared to actual production of 1100 million yards in 1952 and 1900 million yards in 1959. India's most cherished cottage industry is well on the way to meeting the challenge.

A Helping Hand

ALL INDIA HANDLOOM BOARD

TO INDIA'S LARGEST COTTAGE INDUSTRY



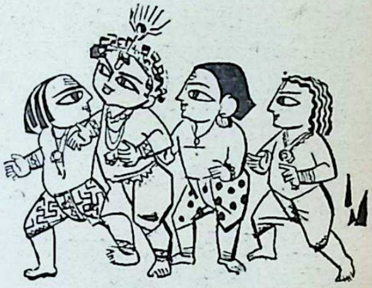
देवो निशासु हरिरङ्कगतो जनन्याः
श्रृण्वन् कथा मधुमुचो महताऽऽदरेण ।
मन्दं तदीयकरपल्लवताडितोरुः
सुष्वाप कुड्मलितलोचनपुण्डरीकः ॥

Lord Krishna as he lay on the lap of Mother Yashoda listened attentively to (puranic) stories related by her saying 'Hm,' 'Hm'! before sleeping. As her tender palm stroked his thighs gently the lotus-eyed Krishna closed his eyes in sleep.

○○○

मुखडिण्डिमवादिना परीतो
मधुजित् कौतुकिना सुहृद्गणेन ॥
अधिरोपितवारणेन्द्रभावः
ललिताभिर्गतिभिर्गृहेषु रेमे ॥

Surrounded by enthusiastic friends who with their mouths made the sound of *dindima* (a wind instrument), the slayer of Madhu played at home like a leader among cub-elephants with his delightful movements.



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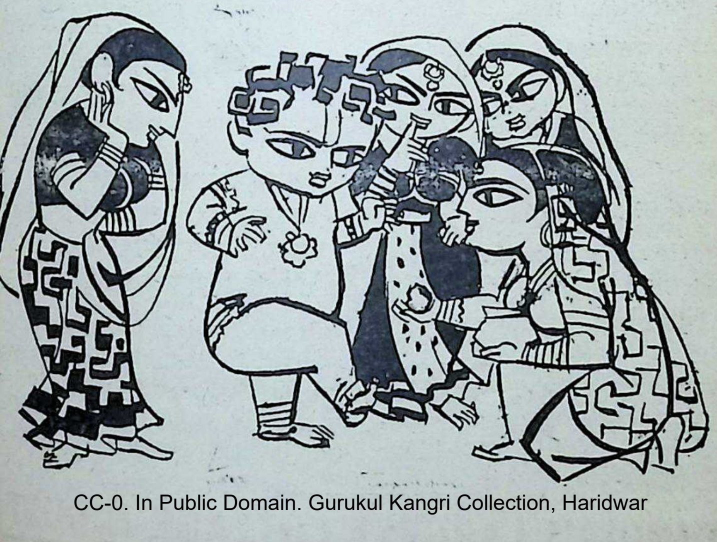
कुरुष्व नृत्तं नवनीतमूल्यं
कृष्णेति साभ्यर्थनमूचिषीणाम् ।
व्रजाङ्गनानां स पुरः सलीलं
उदञ्चयामास पदारविन्दम् ॥

Prayed for by the women of Braj: "Krishna! Would you not dance?" We shall pay you with butter!", he play-



fully raised his lotus foot and danced before them.

तासां मनः प्रीतिविधानदक्षे
तथा क्षणं तस्थुषि शाङ्गपाणौ ।
एकांघ्रिसंस्पर्शवियोगमात्रात्
अधन्यमात्मानममन्यतोर्वी ॥

As Krishna lifted one leg for a short while with eagerness to please the Braja women, Mother Earth felt for the time unlucky, having been deprived of the contact of the Lord's other leg too.

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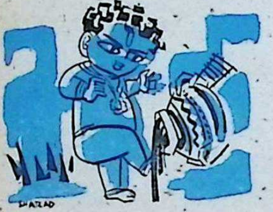


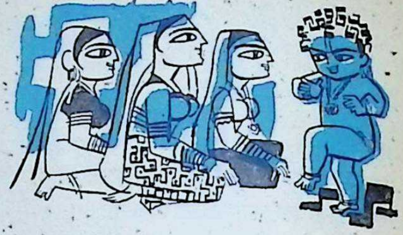
उदञ्चितं तस्य विलोक्य पादं
वेधाः पुनर्विक्रमशङ्किचेताः ।
कमण्डलुं पाणितलेन गृह्णन्
अभ्युद्यतोऽभूदवनेजनाय ॥

But Brahma, seeing the raised foot, became afraid of another Vikrama-avatara, and hurried, his Kamandalu of water in hand, to wash the Lord's upraised foot.

● ● ●

नृत्तामृतं गोकुलयोषितस्तत्
कृष्णस्य नेत्राञ्जलिभिः पिबन्त्यः ।
प्रीतिप्रकर्षस्तिमितैर्मनोभिः
आलेख्ययोषित्प्रतिमा बभूवुः ॥

Drinking the nectar of Krishna's dances with their eyes, the women of Gokula, their minds becoming spellbound by their excessive God-love became drawn pictures of themselves.



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विदुर्न तद्दर्शनपारवश्यात्
दातुं करस्थं नवनीतमेकाः ।
विस्रस्य भूमौ पतितं तदन्याः
न मेनिरे पाणिपयोरुहेभ्यः ॥

Captivated by that vision of the Lord, some forgot to give him the promised butter. Others did not even notice that the butter had fallen from their outstretched fingers.

● ● ●

अजस्रमेवं भवनेषु तासां
बभ्राम कृष्णो नवनीतभिक्षाम् ।
पुरा किलान्यैरनिवर्तनीया
निर्वर्तिता येन हरस्य भिक्षा ॥

That Hari who long ago brought an end to the begging of Lord Siva, others being unable to do so, was now going about the homes of Gopis thus begging for butter!

PART III

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER I

KING DRUPAD'S RESOLVE

THE Panchalas occupied lands to the south of the river Ganga. After the Kurus, they were the most powerful of the Arya races and Kampilya was their capital.

Their King, Yajnasena Drupad, was an austere and unforgiving man, who had for years brooded over a humiliation. To avenge it, had become the sole purpose of his life.

In his young days when he was studying in the *ashram* of his Guru, he had an intimate friend, Drona by name, the son of a learned Brahman by name Gautam. With the woolly unrealism of early youth, the friends took a pledge that each would share the other's fortune in life. After completing their studies, the friends separated, Drupad to become the King of the flourishing kingdom of the Panchalas.

When Drupad became a king, Drona went to him and insisted on the pledge being redeemed. The young king rejected the demand to share the royal opulence and repulsed his erstwhile friend.

Drona took the insult to heart. He neither forgot nor forgave it. In order to avenge it, he underwent intensive training under the great Parashuraama and acquired mastery in arms.

Later, he was lucky enough to link his fortunes to those of the Kurus, when he was appointed to train the Kuru princes, the sons of Dhritarashtra and his brother Pandu, in arms. When his pupils completed their

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

Balaraama, His elder brother.

Vasudeva, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.

Devaki, His mother.

Devabhaaga, His uncle.

Uddhava, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.

Yuyudhana Saatyaki, His friend and a Yadava Chief.

Guru Sandipani, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.

Acharya Shvetaketu, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.

Rukmini, Shaibya: His wives.

BHEESHMA (also GANGEYA)

King Shantanu, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.

Satyavati, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.

Chitrangada, Vichitraveerya: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.

Ambikaa, Ambalikaa: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.

Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.

Jaimini, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

Pandu, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.

Kunti, Pandu's wife.

Yudhishthira (also Dharmaraaja), Bheema, Arjuna: Pandu's sons by Kunti.

Maadri, Pandu's second wife.

Nakula, Sahadeva: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

Dhritaraashtra, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.

Gaandhari, Dhritaraashtra's wife.

Shakuni, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.

Duryodhan, Dushaasan: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.

PANCHALAS

Yajnasena Drupad, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).

Krishnaa Draupadi, Drupad's daughter.

Dhristadyumna, Satyaajit: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

Jaraasandha, Emperor of Magadha.

Dronaacharya, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.

Aswatthaama, Dronaacharya's son.

Kripacharya, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.

training in arms and became formidable warriors, Drona demanded of them a reward: they must avenge the insult Drupad had offered him years before.

In obedience to their tutor's commands, Arjuna, the third of the Five Brothers, an archer *par excellence,* organized a sudden attack on Panchala and captured Drupad. When the King was brought before Dronaacharya, the Brahman warrior had his revenge. He extracted an apology from the King for the insult and as ransom demanded a part of the Panchala kingdom north of the river Ganga.

Drupad had to accept the terms imposed by Drona. However, smarting under the humiliation, he never would forgive Drona nor his pupil Arjuna. His whole life was poisoned by its bitter memory and he lived but to avenge it.

Drupad also injected this dominant passion of his own life into his two sons, Dhristadyumna and Satyajit, and daughter Krishn*aa* from their very childhood. To fulfil their father's vow became the mission of their lives too.

The boys grew up as fine young warriors and began to prepare for the day when they could fulfil their father's pledge. Dominated by the same passion, Draupadi—the dark-skinned, stately, wondrously beautiful maiden—resolved to marry the most redoubtable warrior in Aryavarta, so that she could help in fulfilling the aim of her father's life. This aim became more difficult to attain as the years passed.

Dronacharya, his son Asvatthama and his brother-in-law Kripacharya were in high favour with the Kurus, who, led by the powerful Bheeshma, grew from strength to strength. Their hold over the Kurus increased as Drona's pupils became formidable warriors, notably Bheema and Arjuna, the sons of Pandu, Duryodhana, the eldest son of Dhritarashtra, and Karna, a charioteer's son, but who had been made the ruler of Anga by Duryodhana.

Drupad's growing frustration was converted into panic when his kingdom was menaced in the east by Emperor Jaraasandha of Magadha. That ambitious monarch, whose ominous power had cast its shadow over the Arya kings for more than a quarter of a century, had started nibbling at the territories of his easterly neighbour, the King of Kashi. Drupad was afraid that once Kashi came under the hegemony of Jaraasandha, Panchala would have hostile powers on both its fronts.

He was growing old, Drupad felt. His sons, in spite of their best efforts, had not acquired neither the ability nor the skill of expert warriors. His hope of securing for Draupadi, now past twenty, a husband, who could fulfil his ambition, had not been fulfilled. His pledge stood as far removed from fulfilment as when it was taken.

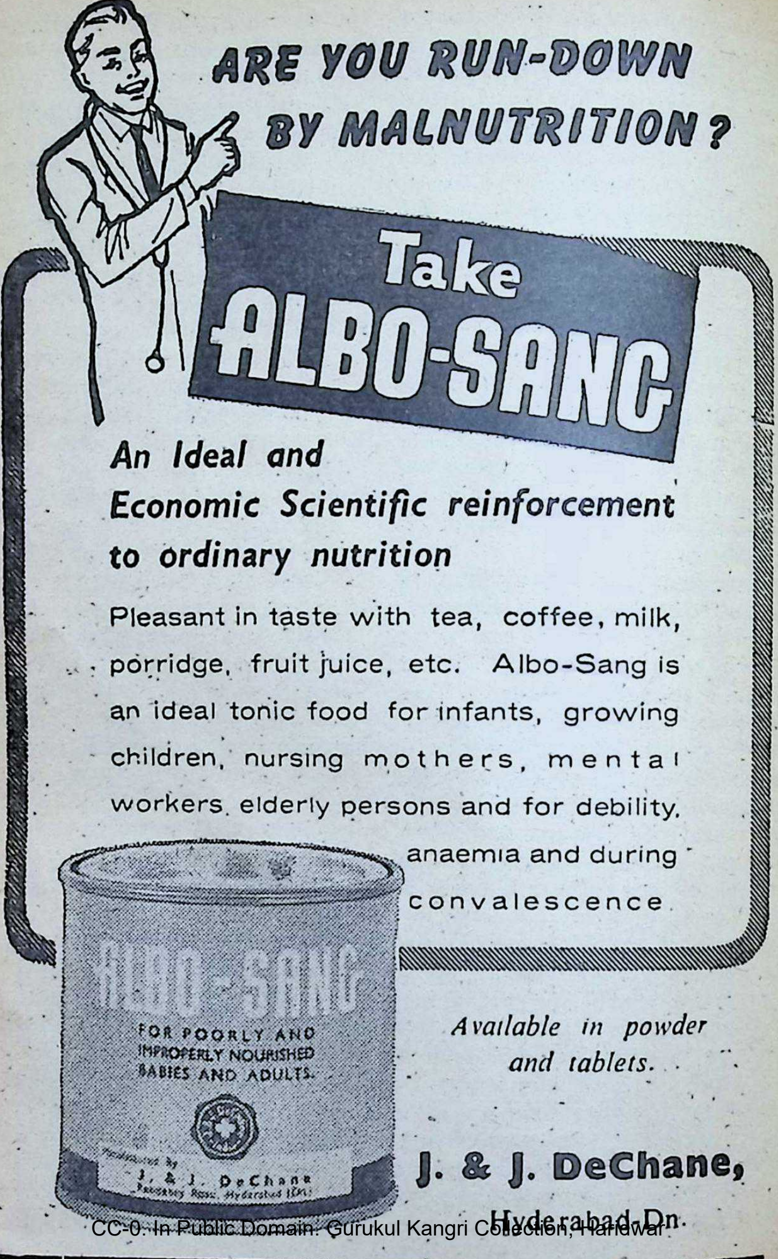
In the meantime, Yudhishthira, the eldest of the Five Brothers, was appointed the Crown Prince of Hastinapur, and Arjuna, his enemy, was fast gaining the reputation of being the greatest warrior in Aryavarta.

Frustration made Drupad furious, and his resolve waxed ever more grim.

About this time, to the court of Drupad came Guru Sandipani, one of the disciples of Parashurama in the art of war. Himself one of the great teachers of the martial art, the Guru conducted the most reputed school in Aryavarta which initiated promising young men into the *Vedas* and the *Shastras* as well as the skill in arms and strategy in war.

His pupils were drawn from many royal houses of Aryavarta and some of the leading *ashrams*, for the Brahmans and the Kshatriyas received the same education till they chose to specialise for a life of learning or of war. Few kings or *rishis* ever thought that the education of their aspiring sons and disciples could be complete without giving them some training in the Sandipani school.

Guru Sandipani trained his pupils as he took to walking tours all over the lands ruled by Arya kings. They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spent the rainy season in Avanti where Sandipani had his *ashram*, a month or two in Prabhas Kshetra on the sea of Saurashtra and a few weeks at Kurukshetra in the *ashram* of the Best of Munis, Veda Vyaasa, where Brahmans specialised in highest learning. In between these halts, Sandipani visited the courts of different kings or *ashrams* of notable *rishis*, giving to their young inmates the benefit of training.

Sandipani always made it a point to stay for at least two weeks in a year at Kampilya, the capital of Panchala, as he had great regard for its king.

In spite of his one-track mind and the passion which dominated his life, Drupad was a king who ruled over Panchala in the best traditions of *dharma*. Drupad held the Guru in great respect. In his company, he sometimes forgot the bitterness which had taken possession of him. And during his stay, the Panchala warriors had the opportunity to learn the latest about skill in arms.

Sandipani, therefore, was the only person who knew everything about arms and also about kings and cadets in Aryavarta. So when he visited Kampilya this time, King Drupad unburdened his heart of the frustration and bitterness which filled his heart. And as the King spoke of his wanting to wed Draupadi to an invincible warrior, his lean face was set in grimness and his hawk-like eyes flashed in ill-concealed hatred.

After hearing the King patiently, Guru Sandipani said: 'Noble lord of Panchala, I understand your feelings. But among all the young warriors I know, Arjuna, the Pandava, is by far the most irresistible. He has brought archery to perfection. The Gods appear to have blessed him with miraculous skill.'

Then Sandipani mentioned several young princes of repute but Drupad rejected them outright. 'Find out for me a real warrior, one who can overcome all the pupils of Drona,' said Drupad almost fiercely, for he was at the end of his patience.

Sandipani smiled indulgently at the King's impatience and spoke in sympathetic accents. 'The only other young warrior who can to some extent match the skill of Arjuna is Karna. But he is a charioteer's son, a loyal pupil of Drona and a dependant of Duryodhana, the son of Dhritaraashtra. Any alliance with him is out of question.'

Drupad was silent for a little while, gazing almost absently, and when he spoke, there was almost a ring of finality in his voice. 'I must find a suitable warrior to match the pupils of Drona. My pledge will not remain unfulfilled. And Krishn*aa* will keep her vow; she will marry the warror who will destroy Drona.'

Sandipani looked anxiously at the flaming hatred which burnt in Drupad's eyes. He almost felt that if Drupad's vow remained unfulfilled for long, he would do something terrible. 'Noble King, you have done her great harm in bringing her up in the way you have done,' remarked Sandipani in a soothing voice. 'It would embitter her whole life.'

'No. She is the finest daughter a father can have. She often says that had she not been a woman, she would have outstripped Drona's pupils and avenged the insult,' replied Drupad, a smile dissolving the sternness which overcast his face.

Sandipani tried to soften Drupad's grimness by smiling persuasively. 'It is very difficult to think of a master bowman, for in these days bow and arrow are weapons of miracle. I know many excellent young warriors, but most of them are skilled in the sword, the mace or the battle-axe. Few of them have mastered archery to perfection.'

'I agree. In these days, the battle is the master bowman's. He could aim from a safe distance. Given a sure aim and powerful arrows, he is invincible,' said Drupad.

'That is why Arjuna has emerged as the irresistible warrior,' remarked the Guru. 'You must have heard that he could shoot at a target even in the dark.'

Drupad frowned, thought for a while and said: 'You are considered a great teacher in archery. I have already heard of some of your pupils who are experts in bowmanship.'

'Princes Vinda and Anuvinda of Avanti are expert archers,' said Sandipani.

Drupad shook his head. 'Neither of them can ever come up to the best pupils of Drona. But there is one pupil of yours whose bow has been blessed by the Gods. He has the reputation for taking a deadly aim from a running chariot even as he handles four horses—a feat which even Arjuna cannot perform.'

Sandipani laughed at the earnestness with which Drupad made the remark. 'I know whom you mean. You mean Krishna V*aa*sudeva, isn't it? He is the only pupil of mine who has outstripped even his *guru* in the use of arms. He could match the best archer in Aryavarta. But it is no use counting on him.'

'Why not?' asked Drupad, speaking with appealing insistence. 'I have heard so much about V*aa*sudeva. He routed Jaraasandha, killed the Karvirpur V*aa*sudeva, destroyed the savage Kala Yavan. He led the Yadavas through the desert to the shores of the distant sea. Recently he is said to have inflicted a defeat on Shalva. And he has come to be recognised as the finest chariot warrior.'

'You need not tell me all that,' said Sandipani, glowing with pride. 'In V*aa*sudeva's hands, a bow is a formidable weapon of war. As you know, shooting an arrow from a running chariot is a very difficult art; speed, poise, swiftness and agility all have to be timed to the movements of rushing horses. All these have come to Krishna by the favour of Gods.'

'It is said that he can not only shoot a deadly arrow, but can speed his *chakra* at an opposing warrior from a running chariot, even when the enemy is rushing forward in the chariot,' remarked Drupad, who for the moment allowed his enthusiasm to overcome his grimness.

'It is true,' said Sandipani.

'What more do I want then?' said Drupad. 'Get him to wed my Krish*naa*, I beg of you. He is your pupil and will listen to you'.

'I know Krishna' said Sandipani. 'He will not wed a young woman unless she wins him, and it is very difficult to win him. I know what Rukmini and Shaibya had to go through to be his brides.'

'My Krishn*aa* is a wonderful maiden. She will stand up to all the tests,' said Drupad with pride.

'I know your daughter well, noble King. She will make a noble and heroic wife to the finest *kshatriya* in Aryavarta,' said Sandipani.

'She will suit Krishna, I assure you,' remarked Drupad.

'Krishna is not likely to accept your proposal. If he does, he will have to pledge himself to fight his cousins, the Five Brothers whom he loves well,' said Sandipani.

'Gurudeva, I am sure he will listen to you,' said Drupad. 'And if Krishna accepts my daughter, I will give him all that he wants even a part of my kingdom, and see that the Yadavas are rehabilitated in Mathura.'

'Will your daughter be willing to win Krishna V*aa*sudeva?' asked Sandipani. 'Krishna may not accept a bride who wants him, not for what he is, but for what she wants him to be.'

'Draupadi has heard the story of his exploits. She admires him very much. But she is a proud girl,' said Drupad with a smile. 'She inherits her father's spirit and may not stoop to conquer.'

'It may be that she may forget her pride when she meets him, who knows? His being a master charioteer is the smallest part of him,' added Sandipani.

'What is he like, by nature?' asked Drupad.

'He is not merely a warrior. In three years, since the Yadavas settled in Saurashtra, his leadership has given them not only freedom from fear, but strength and riches. Their horses and cattle have multiplied. Their ships fare forth from the port of Dwarka on the high seas and bring back immense wealth from unknown shores,' said Sandipani.

'Now I can understand why the Yadavas worship him as if he is a god,' said Drupad.

'He releases mysterious streams of faith and has become the source of inspiration to the Yadavas; they are no longer what they were--turbulent and irrepressible. The trials they have endured and the leadership of Krishna, have given them a wonderful sense of discipline. That is why the Yadavas could subdue the surrounding principalities and, as a crowning achievement, inflict a crushing defeat on Shalva, the ally of their arch enemy Jaraasandha,' said Sandipani, and carried away by admiration, added with a smile: 'Besides, Krishna is a very dangerous person to meet, I tell you. To meet him is to love him. To love him is to surrender oneself to him. Though he is my pupil, if god could be a man, he would be Krishna.'

'Then, I beg of you, Gurudeva, help me,' said Drupad folding his hands. 'I will do everything that I can to win him for my daughter. He would fulfil the pledge for me. That would also bring about an alliance between the Panchalas and the Yadavas.'

'Noble King, when I go to Prabhas Tirth next, I will tell him what you have offered. But I have yet to see a man who can make a decision for Krishna,' said Sandipani, and the Guru's face glowed with pride.

[*To be continued*]

In the previous instalment the author has pointed out how life, consciousness and human society are subject to eternal deterministic laws and the imperative need for man to seek liberation from them.

IS CULTURE ESSENTIAL?

Count Arnold Keyserling

THE source of consciousness, the force of attention and concentration, is not easily attainable—the normal waking consciousness of Man is illusory, he follows his aims and objects in reaction to the demands of the outside world. In order to make real consciousness the master, he has to delve into his subconscious, beyond the state of dreams or imagination and deep sleep to complete emptiness or relaxation, to attain the state described as *Turya.* Only after having established himself in this state, he can start on the road to liberation and integration. The former steps belong to the task of the pupil dependent on his master. And only those people who are firmly established in their deep consciousness are really free human beings, are normal in the sense as any animal is normal, because consciousness and freedom, and not determination, are the characteristics of the human being in difference to the other realms of life, the plants, animals and insects, who are directed by an instinctive and unconscious urge beyond their individuality.

In delving into Indian metaphysics, we arrive at a view of Man and his task other than the actual public philosophies. Since the French revolution, more and more people have held that all Men are born equal, and that all differences of caste, heredity,

Concluded from last issue

history and environment are accidental, which means that there is no justification whatsoever for the establishment of a caste or class society. Now that human beings, of all races and countries, whether belonging to a historical civilisation or not, have fundamentally the same structure can no longer be doubted. There is certainly a strong influence of the soil and of heredity, determining the local characteristics, which are different everywhere. However, these differences are differences of talent, not of nature—as Germans, for example, by their national and racial heritage are gifted for philosophy, theoretical science and technology, but less gifted in politics or literature than the English. Hence, every effort to create a difference of nature between human groups based on race or history is scientifically wrong.

Furthermore, the spiritual differences among people are always due to the efforts of the individual, and cannot be transmitted through heredity; every Man has the same distance to go in order to achieve his illumination, and thereafter the integration of his talents. Therefore, a fixation of spiritual or religious levels in castes or classes is likewise impossible. It is often held today that the former class societies, as in India or in Medieval Europe, were much more spiritual than our actual world. Personally, I doubt it—the historical record shows that everyone who really wanted to become free had to face and to overcome the same formidable obstacle. This development was even more difficult in times when public authorities affirmed to be the upholders of metaphysical truth than in periods like ours, when secularism is the fundamental basis of practically all civilisations.

However, in one respect, these lovers of tradition are right: in times when somebody affirmed to know metaphysical or religious truth, the existence of this truth was at least admitted, and the necessity for the individual to strive in order to attain this truth was acknowledged. Against this, our actual times hold that Men are equal not only in opportunity and structure, but also in achievement; the man who strives is explained by some special glandular disposition, or by heredity and environment. But nowhere is striving to achieve first clarity and illumination, and after that integration of all one's gifts, taken as the aim of human existence: on the contrary, public authorities all over the world proclaim that this is the age of the Man in the street, the common Man, who furthermore has the firm intention to stay as common as he is, and even to hinder everybody else to strive personally.

This now is the general attitude prevailing today. And although accepting the positive results of the social revolutions that have done away with the false social stratifications, we have to admit that to design the present state of the world with the term 'culture' is a very doubtful undertaking. The very term culture, derived from the Latin agriculture, meant to till the soil in order that something may grow. And in its use to denote the state of a human being, it means the cultivation and growth of the human being, the transformation of the uncultivated into the cultivated humanity.

Naturally, I am aware that very often the term culture is used for people having acquired a certain amount of learning and *savoir-faire*. But if we are to take this term in its positive or metaphysical meaning, it should denote the development of the human being to its highest possibilities, his spiritual development. Culture should never be a description of the so-called common Man—which we gladly accept as the lowest common denominator, from which everybody has to start—it denotes the results of the efforts of Man to change into a free and spiritual person. So, whereas the term common Man denotes the equal human basis, the term culture should only be used to describe the human aspirations and their fulfilment.

Let us therefore describe culture as the sum, the concretisation, and also the possible system of human aspirations. But here now, we come up against another difficulty: many people who would agree with this definition will hold that culture must by necessity be based on regional or national tradition. They speak of a national genius, a national spiritual heritage, and say that a world culture might possibly arise out of a mutual understanding of the existing national or regional traditions and civilisations. And if a Man has aspirations, then these aspirations should be regarded as a fulfilment of the national genius. Hence, we come to the following question: Can a world culture spring from a deeper reciprocal appreciation of the different national heritages and traditions, by delving into their roots, and have all culturally minded people to be national—a view most eloquently held by the late German national socialists, but also by many religious communities—or has culture to be defined as something supra-national, beyond the individual national heritages, through which people accede to the real human community?

Upon the answer to this question depends whether there can exist a truly human culture. If we have to answer that there exist only national cultures, then the situation would be hopeless to all those people not belonging to a traditional historical society like the Indian, European or Chinese, and also for those where the traditional roots have practically been cut, as in Africa, South America and now in Central Asia. But if culture were something supra-national, not depending upon the national heritage, but to which one could accede in the same way as the study of science is open to everyone, then every human being, regardless of his race or origin, could take part in this human culture.

But in order to achieve this aim, the human aspirations would have to be divorced from their historical and national roots and described as concrete rational fields of endeavour. Thus we would arrive at two levels of humanity: one, which would determine the all-human basis, the "common Man" considered in the signification of what is common to everybody—the pre-condition for any healthy development; the idea, which was fundamentally implied, although not clearly expressed, by the declaration of human rights in the 18th century. And the other level, which should set the standard for the human aspirations, and which would give to all striving people the criteria by which they could judge their aspirations and achievements. Thus we would have two sets of criteria—the human minimum requirements, or the rights and dignity of Man, and the human maximum criteria, the highest possible achievement, in any cultural field. Between these two levels, the minimum and maximum level, would stand the national civilisations or traditions as the source or matrix, from which the individual could draw his inspirations as well as his working material.

I have no doubt that this double supra-national standard—the fundamental rights of Man, and the representation of the highest achievement in any field—is the historical aim to which actual humanity is slowly evolving. Once achieved, the cultural world unity would be attained, which also would act as a harmonising factor which finally might make wars impossible. But there are tremendous obstacles before this attainment: on the one hand, the existing national and historical exclusive civilizations, which have canalized the aspirations of their people in quite definite directions, and the religious communities, who do not only affirm that human aspirations have to be linked with their special creed and ritual, but who moreover positively announce to their followers that they are the only ones who know the real truth, and have not only objective and scientific knowledge, but also mystical and irrational means at their disposal—the different churches and ideologies of all denominations. For the moment, as the whole effort of revolutionary mankind is directed towards the definite establishment of the lower common denominator, the rights and dignity of Man and of the worker, these creeds and traditions live in relative harmony with each other. The public does not dispute their respective claims, as it is irrelevant in the actual struggle. But once if the question of aspirations, and of qualitative development will arise again, it will be revealed that the upholders of the different national and religious exclusive ideologies are as rigid and as intolerant as ever. Moreover, in claiming mystical, supra-natural or national charismatic authority, they do not even allow criticism: Faith usually means to accept the affirmations of one's creed without questioning.

On the other hand, the aspirations have never been critically and clearly defined outside of the small fields of the natural sciences, and to a certain degree, economics, so that many people are doubtful whether they could be defined at all, and assume, as we said in the beginning, a relativist and hence, conformist position. For the moment, only economy and state problems are really accepted as being essential, and the world conflict between capitalism and communism is the main preoccupation of public life. For all the other fields of culture, like education, free religious development, and politics, there exist practically no generally accepted critical standards. And especially the scientists and technologists who accept the highest critical standard, are frankly sceptical

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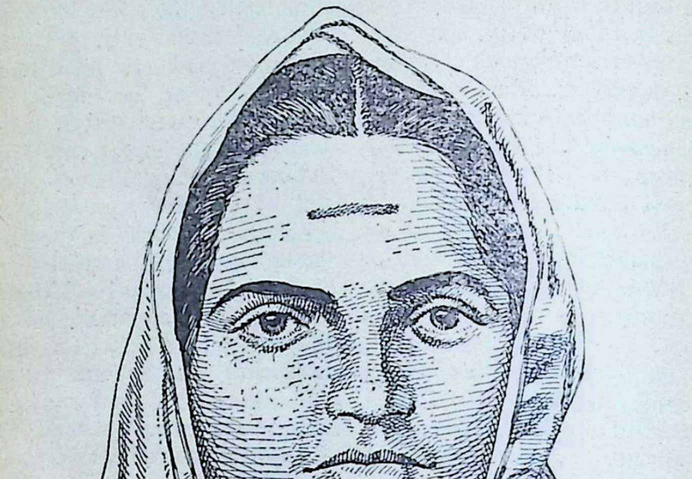

AHALYABAI HOLKAR

[*b.* 1735; *d.* August 13, 1795]

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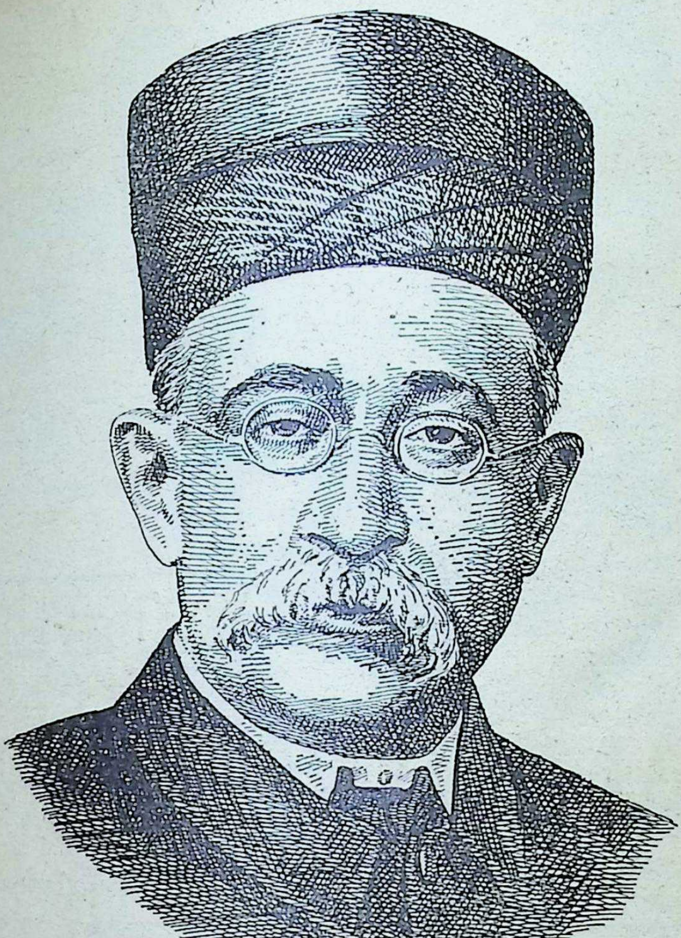
—Sir John Malcolm



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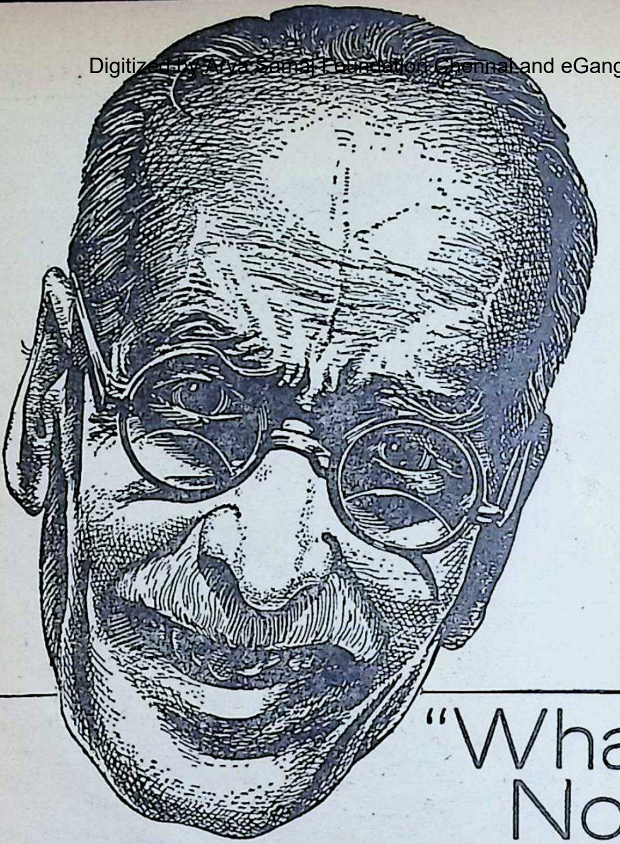

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whether any objective criteria for the other cultural fields can be established. They concur with the churches that much is hidden and mystical in the world. And as an answer, the churches proceed to affirm that this unexplainable *mysterium* has to be the basis of human aspirations and salvation.

Now it is certain that the field of the unknown is always infinitely greater than the field of the known—otherwise, there could be no development. However, coming back to the formerly cited Indian metaphysical discoveries, we have to add their perhaps most important realization, common to Indian, Chinese and Japanese metaphysics: that the daylight, the waking consciousness, the sober rational and critical endeavour leads to liberation and integration, and not the mystical and dark womb of the national and instinctive urges. Especially, Indian and Tibetan metaphysics affirm the value of sober consciousness and light: Man has achieved liberation if, before or at the time of death, he has made the clear light of real ratiocination his active centre of being. Otherwise, after death, if the subconscious urges, impulses and instincts carry him away from the real light, he will become subject to their impact and has no longer the possibility of free development; he is bound to the *samsara*. In other words: the door to heaven is the illuminated, clear and rational consciousness, not the mystical, irrational upsurge of Dionysian urge, and coming from the earth. However, this means that the urge has not to be condemned—it constitutes the fuel which man has to burn on his way of striving, the raw material of his development.

Hence, from the point of view of metaphysical truth, cultural and religious aspirations are identical. The door to fulfilment does not open to the mystery of rebirth and instincts, but to rational clarity—the instincts and impulses, originating from the national heritage, are the driving force. But only if all the cultural fields could achieve the same standard of clarity as the natural sciences propose, then the criteria of the human aspirations, of the maximum human level, could be clearly established.

But here we come to our last difficulty: there is not one field which could act as the common denominator, but there are a certain number of cultural fields, which cannot be reduced. We cannot simply take cul-

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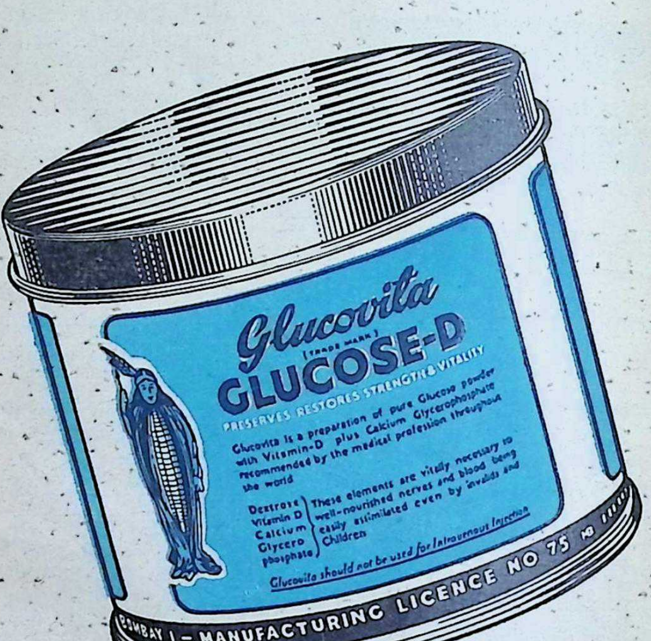
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ture—defined, as it were, as the sum and criteria of human aspirations, as a superscience—we have to discern a certain irreducible number of subject matters. At least, we have to discern the following twelve fields:

1. Science, meaning the establishment of relations and laws describing exactly the pattern of events in space and time, and being based on the human faculty of abstraction. Against this stands, in natural opposition, the field of religion, poetry, literature and free development, whose criterion is not abstraction and logical coherence, but the echo which a poem or a religious utterance finds in the receptive mind of the listener.

2. Moral life, the care for one's family and agriculture, which by necessity are driven by the motor of self-interest and of profit. Against this stands the field of administration, whose purpose is to see that every citizen lives in peace and can pursue his own development without hindering the other.

3. The arts, the creation of beauty in life, and the preservation of given establishments—against which will always stand the representation of war and destruction, whose purpose is to destroy rotten institutions and injustice.

4. Law and justice, which have to start from the given customs and laws —and against it the field of politics, whose protagonists try to change unjust customs and institutions, and achieve their purpose by personal courage and leadership.

5. Technology, which helps Man to fulfil his wishes and needs, and to have more time for his essential development, and against it education, whose protagonists try to train and to form the human being, and to discover all possible ways and means to strive, and to struggle against inertia, which so often is the by-product of technical comfort.

6. The field of economy, of finance, and of productivity in work, determining the change in value of matter, and the regulation of profit which people attain from their work—which field has as a common denominator money. Against it stands the field of healing, from medicine to religious healing, which is the natural opposite to values expressed in quantity and in money, and whose protagonists endeavour to help Man to achieve wholeness, from physical well-being and sanity over psychological content-

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ment to the right behaviour and the right attitude in face of death.

Culture can be divided into many more aspects, but it cannot be reduced to fewer component fields. And if one of them gains preponderance, the others will have to suffer. If the state is too powerful, then the free economy cannot thrive. If the natural scientists with their logical temperament have the absolute power, then the religious cultural development will be scorned as well as poetry and literature. If politics become the master, as in the 30s, the rule of law is ended. All the different fields where human aspirations can thrive, have to be admitted on the same level—only then, the culturally developed person, the all-round personality in the meaning of Goethe, can emerge, who will achieve not only psychological, but also spiritual and metaphysical integration and fulfilment.

Hence, we can answer the question which we formulated at the beginning: *culture is essential*. It means the canalisation and concretization of the human aspirations which are fundamentally the same for every human being. However, only then can culture become the harmonizing factor of the world, if its criteria are firmly established beyond national, ideological or religious communities and creeds. Today, we seem farther away from the fulfilment of such an aim than in any historical period. The world even seems at the brink of total destruction. But nevertheless, I believe that the establishment of a world culture is the basical aim of the new Age, and that we will live to see its beginning.

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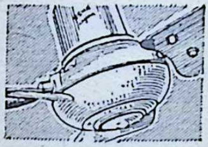

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Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1026

Sri Tirumala Rao, Shreeramanagar.

Q: *Is it proper to go to temples with empty hands?*

A: No. You must go with humility and a devout heart, and give whatever you can. It is a kind of *yajna* in which you part with some part of your possessions and it will lead you on the path of devotion.

1027

Sri R. K. Rao Prabha, Chatrapur.

Q: *Can you suggest any medicine which will increase my memory power?*

A: The only medicine is greater attention and concentration on the work before you.

1028

Sri P. Sankaran Unni, Karinkalli.

Q: *In these days how can one decide one's* swadharma? *Should it be based on caste, profession, etc?*

A: By following the rules of the caste or the profession or by performing whatever duty is in front of us, we can train ourselves to follow *swadharma*. As we go on training ourselves, our *swadharma* appears clear before us as a distinct goal. When that happens, we have to follow it at all costs.

1029

Sri Ram Parkash Vohra, Amritsar.

Q: *In our religion many gods have lotuses either as holding them or sitting on them. Can you tell me its significance?*

A: Lotus is the symbol of beauty, which is purity of mind and body.

1030

Sri B. B. Samanth, Siriquda.

Q: *How to distinguish between love and lust?*

A: Why do you ask such obvious question?

Lust is the passion to satisfy the animal desire without investing the other side with the psychological and spiritual bond of unity.

In love, the psychological and spiritual bond is the principal factor.

1031

Sri P. M. P. Namboodiri, Lakkidi.

Q: *Why has a formless God been given a figure?*

A: Because imperfect man cannot grasp the infinite.

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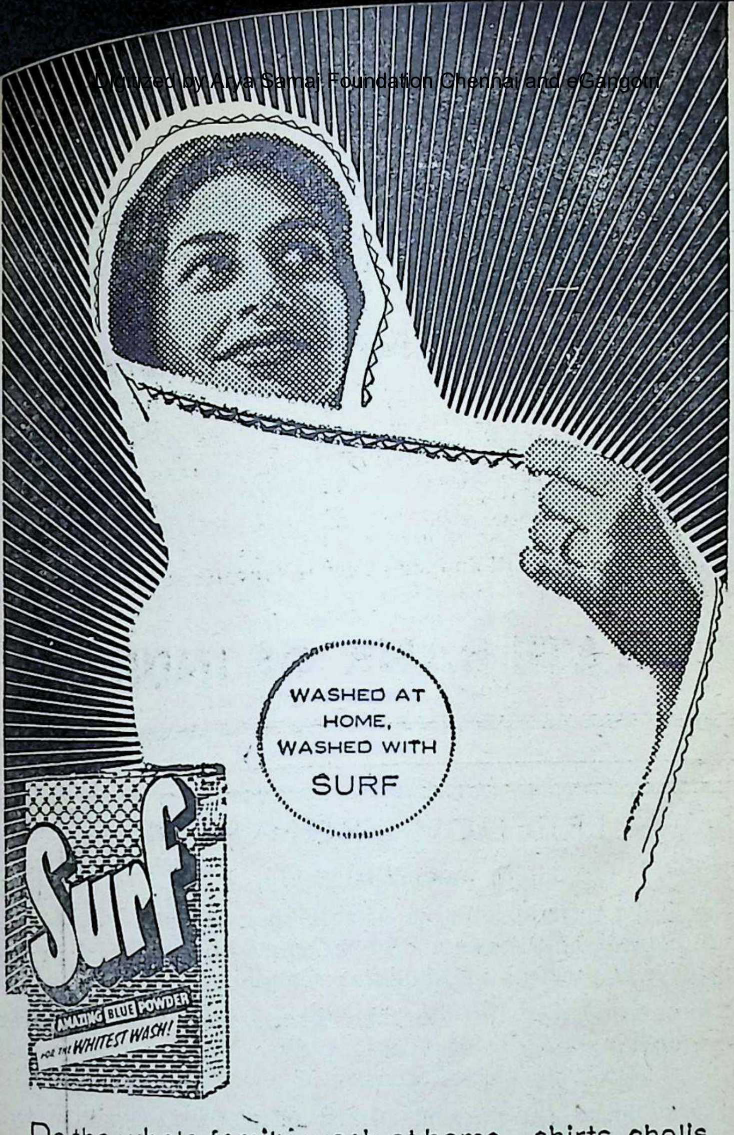
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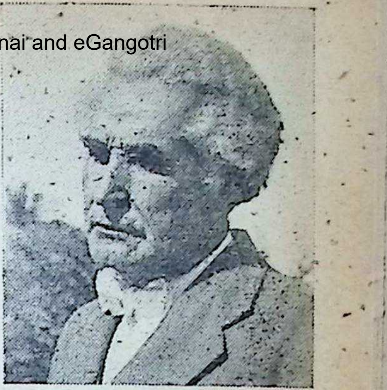
Sir Alexander Bustamante



ON the 6th of August, Jamaica, one of the ten British island-colonies in the Caribbean attained independence within the Commonwealth after over three centuries of British rule. The event was appropriately marked by the fanfare and excitement with which we are all familiar, namely, fireworks, flood-lighting, procession of floats, parades, drama and music festivals, art-shows and the rest of them. The presence of Princess Margaret as the Crown Representative added charm to the solemn ceremonial and official functions connected therewith. The new Premier is their popular leader, Sir Alexander Bustamante.

While it is a truism to say that no government is a substitute for self-government, enlightened world-opinion has it that the British Colonial Office bungled in the case of Jamaica by trying to be too clever. In these days of integration, according to the same opinion, enabling Jamaica to cut away from the West Indies Federation cannot be called an act of statesmanship. Indeed it is on a par, they say, with the carving of two countries out of India at the time of British departure. A re-apprisal of the political events in Jamaica that led to the present will make this clear to any one.

Discovered by Columbus in 1494, Jamaica was ruled by Spain until it was captured by the British in the days of Cromwell. The island figured largely in the history of the buccaneers of the West Indies. In 1866 it became a Crown Colony and the 1944 Constitution gave it a bicameral legislature, universal adult suffrage, and a Governor's Executive Council, followed by further instalments of freedom at intervals.

Now, after several years of negotiation, a West Indies Federation of ten British colonies of which Jamaica is one, came into being by agreement among their representatives, in 1957. As a result, the federating units were given increased internal autonomy. The first Federal elections took place in 1958 and Britain had actually set the stage to grant full self-government within the Commonwealth to the entire Federation by May 31, 1962. But that day never came and the man responsible for torpedoing the whole scheme was Sir Alexander, the new Premier of Jamaica, the British Colonial Office having been an unwitting accomplice to it. Reason: the other Federating partners were poor relations! It became, further, a cue to a few other islands of this group which chose to leave the Federation and opt for independence without, at the same time, having the means to stay so. What was once a grand Federation is now being reduced to a nondescript aggregate.

Bustamante has always been the shrewd banker that he was at the start of his life. Demagogy is his strong point. As a close observer put it: "He speaks the idiom of the working man.... He is a pastmaster at the art of driving home his point to worker audiences. His words are accompanied by appropriate gestures. And he possesses that greatest of all gifts, a magnificent sense of humour."

A six-footer with upright, almost military bearing, no one will suspect that he will soon be an octogenarian, had it not been for his shock of white hair which, however, is neatly done. Born of Irish father and Jamaican mother, he changed his name from Clarke to the present one later in life.

His parents having been none too well off, Alexander left his home at 14 to work on a farm. He left Jamaica in his 19th year and worked around in various countries like U.S., Canada, Cuba etc. till the middle thirties. He returned to his native country in 1934, a prosperous man and set up life as a private banker in Kingston, the country's capital.

At the same time he started interesting himself in politics by writing to the press and associating with his cousin Norman Manley, the outgoing Premier and future Leader of Opposition. It is rather strange that the government of Jamaica has become a ball that is being tossed between the two cousins for a number of years now.

In 1938 there was a political upheaval in Jamaica and the police and militia had to be called out to quell the disturbance. Alexander saw in it his opportunity and jumped into the fray and by the gift of his tongue found himself overnight the leader of workers. He founded a trade union after his name and soon came into conflict with constituted authority which put him in gaol for sedition. But cousin Manley being an eminent King's Counsel, secured his release.

Coming out in 1942, Alexander founded the Jamaica Labour Party of which he continues to be the leader. Although the party goes by a leftist name, it is really right of centre, the other parliamentary party being Manley's People's National Party which is truly progressive.

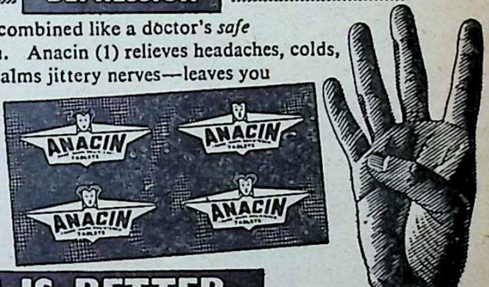
Elected to the House of Representatives in 1944, Alexander's party won a sweeping victory in the elections and came to power. In 1953 when ministerial form of government was ushered, he became the Chief Minister. At the 1955 elections, however, the JLP was defeated by Manley's PNP, as also in the 1959 elections. On both occasions Alexander automatically became the Leader of Opposition. During these years Alexander had an innings at Federal politics too as leader of the Democratic Labour Party of West Indies, but threw up the sponge dissatisfied and returned to Jamaica determined on its secession from the Federation.

As a result of Alexander's ceaseless

campaign for secession from the Federation, Premier Manley agreed to a referendum on the issue. The referendum was held in September 1961 which gave a small but decisive majority in favour of secession. Following this decision Trinidad and Tobago, two other units in the Federation, also followed suit and the Federation had to be dissolved. In February 1962, a Constitutional Conference was held in London attended by both leaders, which decided to grant Jamaica complete independence on August 6.

Now, the verdict of the referendum was only in favour of secession. Manley therefore sought the verdict of the electorate as to who should run the Government of Independent Jamaica. The 'independence election' held in April 1962, gave 26 out of the 45 seats in the House of Representatives to Alexander's party. With that mandate Alexander, who was created a Knight Bachelor in 1955, has become the Premier of Jamaica.

Jamaica has an area of 4,411 sq. miles and a population of 1.6 million. Her beaches, famous throughout the world, form a paradise for tourists. Besides cricket, she is famous for bananas, sugar and bauxite, all of which earn her a tidy sum by way of foreign exchange. With her advancing industrial development, independent Jamaica can yet become a good neighbour towards her ex-partners who are less happily placed economically, for, these are days when narrow nationalisms are out of date.



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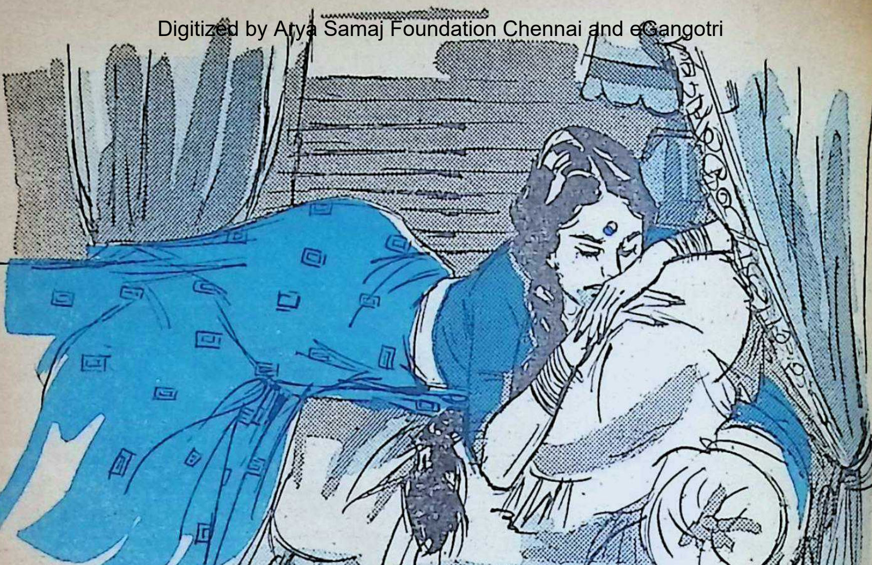

TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.

PART III

CHAPTER 83

The Poet's Letter

RAVI left Uday's house in a very agitated frame of mind. He was astounded at the quality of affection and the strength of bond that tied Uday and Sheela to each other. Both the affection and the bond were rooted in purity and limitless self-sacrifice. Ravi had seen with his own eyes how Uday all but lost his balance of mind when Sheela left him after their visit to Poona and how in the hospital, while still unconscious, he had bewailed his lot because Sheela was unattainable. He had also been given a brief account by Rajba of what had happened in Europe, how the two had met and what had led to their subsequent separation. And yet when the two lovers met at the docks, they dared not even lift up their eyes to

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

RAWA TRIPATHY (RAVI):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

SHEELA :—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

UDAY SOLANKI :—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

RAJBA :—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

MAJIBA:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

HANSKUNVERBA :—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

SAMAR SINH :—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

ROWJI SHETH :—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

BHAGWANDAS :—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

NIRMALABEN:—His wife.

JAGJIVAN :—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

The intrigues of Rowji Sheth and Hanskunverba bring about the death of the latter's mother in Bombay in an apparently accidental fire. Bheem, Uday's younger brother, a flippant youth, runs away from home with a servant-woman. Uday returns home from Europe.

look at each other. Radharaman's jealous eyes had missed nothing of this silent play and today he had sent Ranchhodji to accompany Sheela, the object quite obviously being to keep a watch over Sheela. Was it surprising if, in the circumstances, there should exist considerable restraint and even a feeling of embarrassment when the two met?

"What is love?" exclaimed Ravi to himself. "Whatever it may be, its essence certainly seems to be tragedy." His conscience gave him a prick, for would it not be right to say that he was himself the cause of all their misfortunes? During the Bardoli campaign, when he was working along with Uday, Sheela had given him some letters for Uday. One of these letters got separated at the time and when he looked for it later, and was tempted to read it, he found that it was a message of love from the 'Poet' to his beloved 'Tapasvini.' He had assumed that Uday had written this love letter and adopted the pen name of 'Poet'. Instead of returning the letter to Sheela, as he ought to have done, he had retained it. He had no doubt at the time that the two were living in sin. In the hope that Uday might be discredited, he had shown the letter to Yashodhar.

The result was that Uday and Sheela were socially discredited. Sheela was forced to return to her husband's house and Uday had a nervous breakdown. It now dawned on Ravi that it was he who was really responsible for the misfortunes of these two. That he should have become capable of realising this was in itself a discovery of the great change that had come over him. During the past two years the poison in his nature had begun gradually to disappear and he was beginning to accept higher standards of conduct. And who may be said to be responsible for bringing about this reform? Surely Uday, Sheela and Rajba: these three had welcomed him and treated him as if he was one of their own circle. Rajba had been responsible for removing the difficulties in his path. She was indeed his inspiring deity. In the company of these highly cultured people, he had also begun unconsciously to adopt their standards of conduct and to accept all their values. The naturalness with which all of them behaved towards one another and towards him, that naturalness he had not yet been able to acquire.

How was he to atone for the great wrong that he had done? How could he make himself fit for the affection that all of them had showered on him? It was not enough for him to admit the crime that he had committed. He must do something effective to atone for it, to help Uday and Sheela, however little that may be.

It occurred to him that the letter which the 'Poet' had written to his 'Tapasvini' might still be amongst his other papers and the least that he could do would be to trace it and send it to Sheela. By an association of ideas, this led Ravi suddenly to think of Mona. For her, fanatical devotion to communism had been everything, and for its sake, to tell lies, to deceive or to cheat, had all become second nature to her. In her company, he too had imbibed something of that approach to life. Now, however, it was Rajba who had become his guide, friend and philosopher. Her company had so influenced him that even this relatively small act of deceit made him squirm with discomfort. What a change indeed had come over him!

It was not easy to find this letter in the old books and papers. This task of securing domination over the Congress Committee was not simple and it occupied so much of his time that he found it difficult to spare the time needed to search for this letter. And then there were other preoccupations; he had to go out of Bombay and later in January he had to accompany Bhagwandas Master to the annual session of the Congress in Lahore. On the 26th of January 1930, that memorable session proclaimed complete independence as its objective. It authorised Gandhiji to take such steps as he considered necessary for its realisation. Thus on his return from Lahore, Ravi became immersed in organising the campaign for passive resistance.

But all the time that feeling of guilt had remained with him, and so at last one day he made up his mind not to rest until he had found the letter. After a day-long search he met with success. He put the letter in an envelope and immediately sent it to Sheela by registered post.

It so happened that Ranchhodji was present at Radharaman's house when the letter was delivered by the postman and he was intrigued. He signed for it. Ranchhodji was shrewd and cunning, but loyal to his employer and was prepared to do anything to please him. So long as the relations between Sheela and Radharaman were normal, he had been of no account in the household. It was only when they became unsatisfactory, that his importance increased. When Sheela went away to Bardoli, he had his opportunity. He became confidential secretary to Radharaman. To his mind Sheela was a most unreasonable woman who had ruined his master's life: for that reason, he had learned to hate her.

Radharaman had made a new will the very day after his return from Europe, without telling Sheela about it. Ranchhodji had been a witness to it. Although Ranchhodji was not told of its contents, he knew that he had been made an executor and that pleased him. From that moment, he felt that it had become even more than before necessary to keep a close watch over Sheela's conduct and movements. When he, therefore, saw the registered letter, he felt convinced that it must contain a love letter from Uday. Instead of handing it over to Sheela, he put it into his pocket and later when Sheela had retired to her room, he entered Radharaman's bed-room and informed him of the letter.

Radharaman stretched out his hand to take it, for his first reaction was one of anger. But he soon realised that that would be wrong and asked Ranchhodji to deliver the letter to Sheela. Although he was astonished at this, Ranchhodji did not dare to disobey his master and handed over the letter to Sheela. Not recognising the handwriting on the envelope, Sheela opened it rather carelessly, but she was startled when she recognised the handwriting inside, and went straight into her room. For quite a few moments she found it difficult to concentrate and it was with some effort that she could bring herself to read it.

"Tapasvini, when I saw you, it seemed to me as if we had been together, not only in this birth but even in an earlier one. We must have belonged to each other ever since the world was created. All night I could not sleep. I tossed about in my bed all day and all night. Awake and yet not so awake, in a dreamland as it were. Restlessness took possession of me. I could see nothing but your face and it seemed to me as if your eyes were smiling and laughing at me.

"I was convinced that the sweet sound of your soft voice was designed only for my benefit. Every part of my body longed for you. I became conscious of the fact that I was a part of you. My personality had disappeared in yours. This was a terrifying realisation and it is rarely indeed that one experiences such a feeling. Immediately I realised what it signified, what your wishes are, what you are like, what you think about me, why should I worry myself about all these matters? Do the flowers which are placed at the feet of the god ever ask themselves what the god is like, whether he will accept them or not? Why then should I waste my time in such thoughts?

"The place where I met my goddess in this dream was a beautiful place, where trees abounded and their branches swayed gently hither and thither. The song of the birds surrounded us as we walked about, crushing the flowers which lay all over the place. At that moment, in the whole world there were only you and I, the 'Tapasvini' and the 'poet.' There was no other person. My goddess was as gentle as a lotus stem and she had aroused in my heart flames of fire. She was loving and gentle and reflected pure thoughts and ideals. In her eyes I saw the open doors of heaven. Only the tresses of her hair covered her eyes. But as if she did not like this dividing veil, she gently moved them aside with a finger as delicate as the rose petal. Her eyes shed the light of a loving heart. It entered my heart and burnt it to ashes and then she began to sing.

"Do you remember how the atmosphere was filled with the echo of your beautiful voice and my heart danced in response? I fainted away with the pain caused by this inexplicable delight! I moved like an intoxicated person on some amazing planet which no one had ever seen or imagined. Tapasvini, that happy dream faded and soon disappeared. But that night you had a glimpse of my wounded and helpless heart and I saw into the depths of your gentle and loving heart. I had a glimpse of emotional whirlpools, which terrified me.

"Two separate bodies had been created by God and they had been let loose in two separate orbits. They had been kept apart and forbidden even to destroy themselves in each other's company. This heartless blow of fate paralysed me and the pain was so great that I became incapable even of shedding tears.

"Tapasvini, you came. You were exactly like the image I had built up in my imagination of my beloved who would guide my life and who would for all time be encrusted in my heart. I may not have seen you or heard you, but that you came is a fact. How can I forget it? Your breath blew gently on my face and your lips grazed my forehead. And that touch which was like a wave blown by the gentle wind of the dawn saved me from the hell of despair which exists for those whose hearts are broken. In that breath there was life-giving quality. For it, I willingly sacrificed my all. Tapasvini whatever I had in me to give I have given to you. I have even surrendered my ego to you and now I have nothing left with me."

Each word of this letter reopened the wounds that had already been partially healed. Sheela read the letter again and again and asked herself where this letter could have come from. It was clearly an old letter.

The ink had already faded. Had she not read this letter before somewhere? Yes, indeed, she had read it when she was working in Bardoli. At that time Uday had given her some new chapters and pages he had written for the second edition of his novel 'Tapasvini', and she had read these pages on the way to Bardoli. She had, however, returned the manuscript to Uday. And this letter was part of that manuscript. It must have got separated somehow, but who could have sent it and why had it been sent now?

She was quite convinced that Uday could not have sent it, but then who else would have sent this one page from the manuscript? Why should it have been sent to her now when she was in this extremely difficult situation? Someone must be conspiring against her. The very thought of a conspiracy terrified her. Who could this unknown hunter be who was waiting for an opportunity to trap a poor unfortunate creature like her? Ranchhodji was undoubtedly an enemy, and was also playing the role of a gaoler. He had taken the letter from the postman and if he had the slightest suspicion about it, he was certain to mention it to Radharaman.

But when she went later to see Radharaman, she found him a transformed individual. As soon he saw her he began to supplicate her, exactly as he had done in Paris.

"Sheela, you are a truly incomparable wife. You are placing me under one obligation after another. Everyday indeed you are sacrificing yourself on my account." These words made Sheela feel that Radharaman had found out about the letter she had received and was now at her feet only because he was afraid that she might leave him. And so, forgetting her own mental agony, she sat down to console her husband, a duty which she disliked as much as she found it difficult to discharge. How was she to satisfy this semi-paralysed person that it was not her intention to run away and that for his sake she had made up her mind to let Uday suffer? Sheela knew that all these appeals were not really genuine and were nothing more than a display of his old skill as a lawyer. Nevertheless, she had no option but to put up with it. It was her fault, she felt, that her husband had become a drunkard and a womaniser. It was her carelessness again that was responsible for his heart disease and now, if he died on her account, she would have no option but to commit suicide. And if she had not the strength to do so, then she would have to spend the rest of her life weeping and bemoaning her fate, for she would never be able to forgive herself.

A few days later Ranchhodji gave Sheela the message that the former Maharani Saheb of Manigadh would be coming to see her that evening. Ever since the day that Rajba had made His Highness of Premkot write a letter to Gandhiji at Matheran, she had taken a dislike to the very name of Hanskunverba. Nevertheless, she had to respect the social customs. So she met her and endured the twenty minutes of meaningless conversation. Towards the end, Hanskunverba shed a few tears, much to Sheela's embarrassment. She said to Sheela, "My sister, you are a happy woman. I am an unhappy creature. Would you do me a favour?"

"What do you think I can do?"

"Only you can do this little thing."

"Please say what it is."

"Please persuade Udaybhai to sign an affidavit. On that affidavit depends my future. My sister, please help me. I am helpless and there is none to help me. You, of course, look upon Uday as your elder brother and he will surely listen to you." Hanskunverba kept up her appeals for several minutes.

"Maharani Saheb, I am sorry I cannot do anything. Uday is Rajba's elder brother and that is why I also call him 'Motabhai.' Our relationship is not such that I can influence him in any way."

"No, that cannot be. He has known you for years. Please do what you can for me, a poor woman. I am sure you will succeed."

"Maharani Saheb, I am afraid I cannot interfere in this in any way."

"Will you please think it over? I shall meet you again."

Hanskunverba was not accustomed to accept 'no' as an answer. But here she found no response.

"It does not matter how often you see me. I am afraid you will not be able to convert my 'no' into 'yes'."

"But why do you speak in such a final manner?" "Anyway, Jay Mahadev. Please think it over. It is in the interest of all of us," concluded Hanskunverba, as she took leave of Sheela.

As if she was shaking the dust off her clothes, Sheela shook her *sari*, and almost spoke aloud what she thought. "Whenever this awful woman enters, she spreads filth and evil." She left the room immediately and went into her own apartment. Reference to Uday had recalled to her mind the old letter. It was two days since she had not looked at it, and so he went straight to the cupboard in which she had put it. "Uday, when will we live our life on earth so that in the next birth we may have a chance of meeting again?" she said to herself, as she opened the cupboard with a key she had kept on a thin chain round her neck. To her horror, she discovered that the letter had disappeared. She was in a panic, and made a fresh close search, but failed to find it. She was quite clear in her mind that she had put it there two days ago and locked it up. When she was quite convinced that the letter had disappeared, she was in deep distress. She threw herself on her bed and lay there, unconscious of what went on around her.

CHAPTER 84

Ravi's Enthusiasm

ON the 31st of December 1929, the Congress announced that the British Government had been given one year to make up their mind, but that although the year had expired, the Government had not given any indication of its desire to give to the country the dominion status it had asked. The country had, therefore, now to take up the challenge and begin its fight for complete independence. At midnight, after the resolution announcing complete independence was passed, the national flag was unfurled. Ravi's instinct told him that there was the dawn of a new power. The time had come for revolutionary activity; with it, Ravi felt that his moment of destiny had arrived.

Civil disobedience would begin. Legislatures would be boycotted. There would be appeals to the people to refuse to pay taxes. He listened to Gandhiji's address with close attention. "Independence can only be achieved through peace and truth." Ravi was amused at this pronouncement. How could independence be achieved peacefully? And what place had truth in politics? Nevertheless, he was also carried away by Gandhiji's inspiring madness. He was convinced that these new standards and new values would open up a fresh path for his own advancement.

On the 2nd of January 1930, the Congress Working Committee met and decided that the entire country must celebrate the 26th of January as Independence Day. This proclamation brought new life into the country. On that day, a tremendous wave of nationalistic emotion overran the country. Millions of men, people in every village, read or listened to the pledge to obtain complete independence. Ravi was a little dissatisfied on that day. He did not think that there was as much enthusiasm as there ought to have been in Bombay. Nevertheless, he remained at the beck and call of Bhagwandas and other leaders of the city. Enthusiasm in the country grew day by day. One hundred and seventy-two members of the various State legislatures sent in their resignations. On the 14th of February, the Working Committee gave Gandhiji full authority to conduct the movement for civil disobedience. Everybody's attention was thereafter riveted on Gandhiji.

Gandhiji's views were given publicity in every paper and were read in every household. The British rule must be destroyed. The daylight robbery of India by the British must be stopped. The crushing expenditure that India was made to bear under British administration must cease, not at some day in future, but immediately.

Now it was Ravi who was carried away by enthusiasm. India could no longer be ruled by the British, with none to question them. Another authority had been created by the people themselves, which wanted the British to leave. It was as if the chains of slavery had been broken. Everywhere people began to say to themselves: "Let the English depart`; let them not worry about us. If they leave us, our condition will not be worsened. It may even improve."

Gandhiji got his first batch of volunteers ready for the march to independence. Whoever came in his contact at the time was filled with enthusiasm for non-violence and expressed his readiness even to sacrifice his life. Ravi joined in all this, but at the back of his mind was the thought that without revolution nothing worthwhile could be achieved. When Gandhiji decided to start his campaign for civil disobedience in respect of salt, Ravi was unhappy. After so much talk, all they were going to do was to manufacture a little salt illegally! Whatever Ravi's own feelings might be, people throughout the country were thoroughly aroused and everybody was speculating as to what Gandhiji would decide to do when the Government seized him, or when he would begin to break the law in regard to salt. Gandhiji announced that the first sacrifice he had to make was that of his Ashram. "This," he announced, "is my last decision. But what will you do after I have been arrested?" He then made a will in that respect.

Late in the evening of 10-11th March, on the prayer ground of the Ashram, thousands of men and women collected to wish godspeed to the small disciplined group of men about to start out on a march which was to terminate with a challenge to the might of the greatest empire in history, the British Empire. On the 12th of March the march to Dandi began.

On the face of it, one would have thought this was a minor effort: just a few people had made up their minds to be arrested. But Gandhiji's personality had made all the difference. It had created the impression in Ahmedabad, as throughout the country, that a big army was about to set out on a triumphant march of victory. Journalists from all over India and outside India had flocked into Ahmedabad. So also had come hundreds of photographers. Large numbers of people from the neighbourhood had also come into the city. The ordinary people saw in all this one simple fact: Gandhiji, a pure, saintly soul, was about to be thrown into the sacrificial fire. Gandhiji's favourite prayer, 'Baishnav Jan' was sung as the party moved out of the Ashram. A large crowd of people accompanied Gandhiji and his party right upto the Chandola lake on the outskirts of the city.

To Ravi the whole atmosphere resembled two historical or legendary incidents, which are known to every one throughout the country: one, the army which marched out with Sri Ramachandra to conquer Ravana and its confidence in itself; and the second, the Rajput women as they prepared themselves to jump into the fire when they realised that the enemy was about to enter as a conqueror.

As the march proceeded, the enthusiasm of the people rose to an incredible pitch. A desire for sacrifice dominated the minds and thoughts of everybody. When Gandhiji sent out an appeal for civil disobedience in respect of salt, hardly anyone in Bombay, with the exception of a few of his very close followers, had any faith in the success of such a movement. Most people thought the whole scheme to be madness and indeed many said so in terms. It was hardly surprising that the British administration should also have looked upon the movement as scarcely worthy of serious consideration!

At every village through which Gandhiji and his followers passed, they received an overwhelming welcome. Everywhere Gandhiji spoke as if with an inspired tongue, and his speeches were received with wide publicity in all the daily newspapers throughout the country. To everyone in India, very soon, the Dandi march was like a comet which had suddenly made its appearance in the celestial atmosphere. Every day they read descriptive accounts of the progress of the march and what they read intensified their enthusiasm. People had interest in no other subject; Gandhiji's march was the one and only topic of conversation. People waited with bated breath for Gandhiji's arrival at Dandi, for then he would proceed to make salt and give the signal for the start of the civil disobedience movement throughout the country. Would Government even then arrest Gandhiji or not, was the one question uppermost in everyone's mind.

By February, Bhagwandas Master, Dr. Joshi, Kapadia and other followers of Gandhiji had succeeded in obtaining control of the Bombay Congress Committee. They had prepared a programme for Bombay City for the manufacture of salt day after day, as soon as the civil disobedience movement was inaugurated by Gandhiji at Dandi. Crowds had begun to flock at the Congress House everyday. This was the proof of the striking success of Ravi's efforts during the preceding weeks and months. Pahadkar had made available a sufficiency of volunteers. Bheem and Gangu came back to the city from Wai; Bheem took over the leadership of the volunteers, while Gangu joined the corps of women volunteers.

Ravi obtained large financial help from Rowji Sheth. Boycott of foreign cloth and propaganda for Swadeshi, use of only indigenous goods, had been linked with the movement of civil disobedience. As soon as the movement gathered momentum, it was a reasonable certainty that the price of indigenous cloth would go up and profits of Indian mills would soar. Rowji Sheth had made these simple calculations and had no hesitation, therefore, in giving money liberally himself and undertaking to persuade others to do likewise.

Gradually, Bombay too was seized with the fever of the movement. One group of young men took upon themselves the responsibility for issuing a daily Congress bulletin in English, Gujarati and Marathi. The Girgaum, Bhuleshwar and Kalbadevi areas of the city resounded with all manner of nationalist slogans such as 'Victory to Mahatma Gandhi,' 'Vande Mataram,' 'Victory to Revolution.'

Every morning groups of women, dressed in saffron-coloured saris, would set out in procession through various localities, singing rousing patriotic songs designed to arouse nationalistic enthusiasm amongst the people. News of Congress activities were transmitted everywhere by announcements scribbled on pavements and walls. Congress flags were displayed from balconies and windows of a great many houses.

By the time Gandhiji had arrived in Dandi, the people of the city of Bombay were fully converted. Congress organisations began to receive offers of assistance, financial and other, from all sections of people and from every part of the country and even the world. Burning of foreign cloth in different parts of the city became a frequent occurrence. Large numbers of people purchased spinning wheels and started learning to spin and *khadi* shops were overcrowded.

School-children absented themselves from school without taking permission. The atmosphere slowly but surely was electrified.

When the public saw that Gandhiji was not arrested, in spite of his rousing speeches, they felt encouraged. Boys did not need much encouragement to shout rhythmic slogans through the streets and lanes of Bombay. It was considered the height of courage and bravery to be sent to jail for making salt. That was indeed the magic of Mahatmaji. It was some time, however, before people in the city of Bombay showed such courage.

Gandhiji arrived at Dandi on the 6th of April and proceeded with great ceremony to make salt. Photographs of the occasion were taken and reproduced in every newspaper. All over Gujarat, unknown individuals showed remarkable courage. Leaders at numerous places were arrested for breaking the law. The day after Gandhiji made salt and initiated the Civil Disobedience Movement, the President of the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee publicly proceeded to make salt on the sands of Chowpatty. Government immediately arrested him. The following day a procession was taken out from Bhuleshwar along Kalbadevi and right upto Marine Lines. When Bhagwandas and Dr. Joshi also made salt, the police, however, did not arrest them. This had a demoralising effect on the enthusiasts, and one evening, a few days later, Bhagwandas Master, Jagjivan, Dr. Joshi and Ravi came to consult Rajba. They were worried and as they put it to Rajba, if Government were to continue in that policy, the whole movement in Bombay would collapse. They wanted her to persuade Uday to take the lead.

"I am afraid he has not been taking interest in policies," said Rajba.

"But he is a leading legal practitioner and if he breaks a law, Government will have to arrest him," said Bhagwandas.

"He really must come. We cannot do without him," supported Dr. Joshi.

"If you like, I will speak to him. Ever since Gandhiji started out on his Dandi march, he has been greatly agitated. He may perhaps feel that he is losing faith in the ideals that once moved him," remarked Rajba.

"That, of course, is the astonishing thing about Gandhiji," commented Bhagwandas.

"Moreover, Uday does not believe in this salt movement."

"Well, never mind. We shall come tomorrow morning. Please talk to him when he returns this evening."

After Bhagwandas, Jagjivan and Dr. Joshi had left, Ravi remarked, "Rajba, I have not been able to see you for many days. Please forgive me. I have been lately heavily pressed with work."

"That is quite all right. I am glad that what you are doing is to your liking. What else can one desire?" said Raj affectionately. "You must come to see me only when you are free."

"I want to come every day and tell you of my experience. When I find you approving my policies and actions, I feel like working with redoubled strength."

"What do I understand of the intrigues you are now indulging in? But you may take it that you have my full support in anything that you do which helps you to make full use of your abilities. You must be true to your real self."

"Rajba, nothing would make me happier than to be of service to Bombay. I am convinced that the organisation which I helped in establishing will win."

"But right at the outset you are having difficulties. What will you do if the Government refuses to arrest your leaders?"

"Only after Bhagwandas and Joshi are arrested can I do something which will force Government to arrest our people. But at the moment, these Gandhiites will not let me try out any of my schemes."

"I know that you are not really a follower of Gandhiji. You are not at all concerned whether in the process truth and non-violence suffer. But what would happen if you are arrested?"

"I do not think that the police are much concerned in me. I am not going to be arrested nor am I going to court arrest."

"I am glad you persuaded Bheem to come to Bombay. He was only being fossilised staying in Wai. But please keep him and Gangu in your room. If they come here, Majiba will have a shock and she might have another paralytic stroke," said Raj.

"Don't worry about Bheem," said Ravi reassuringly. "He has engaged a room close to mine and both are in form. If they are arrested, then we will have to make some arrangement for Krishna."

"Don't worry about him. If both of them go to jail, Majiba will have no objection to looking after Krishna," replied Rajba.

"Anyhow do your best to persuade Uday to join this movement," said Ravi, as he took leave. In reply Raj just smiled her usual gentle smile.

[*To be continued*]

We need to remember that it isn't the big trees that trip us up as we walk through the forest, but the vines on the ground, the exposed roots and the low underbrush.

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Story of King Pururavas

Narada Takes a Hand

ONE day when the cripple Pururavas was staying at the home of the philanthropic merchant, Sage Narada calling himself Uparishi came to that place. Asking for the cripple shepherd, he was shown the room he was occupying.

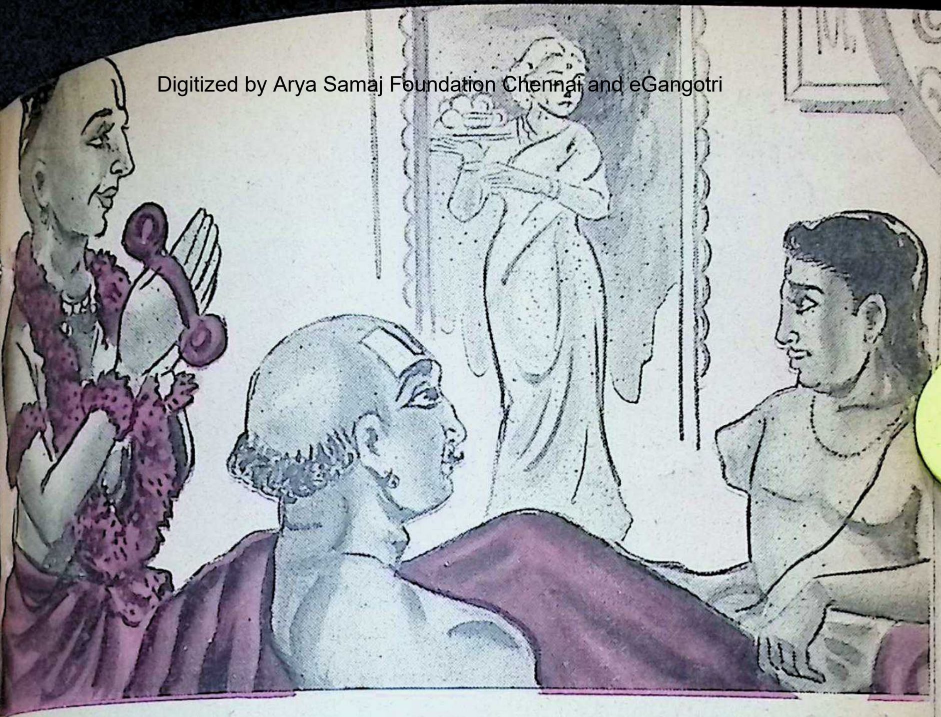
At that time the cripple was deeply engrossed in a discussion with the merchant-prince on metaphysical subjects like the immanence of God and other *puranic* topics. As soon however as Uparishi was announced, both of them rose from their seats—the cripple supporting himself against the wall—and, receiving him with great respect, pulled a seat in front of him and after washing his feet, offered him fruits and milk. The *rishi* was wreathed in smiles on seeing them and after blessing them sat.

No sooner had they settled themselves down than the old woman without the nose made her appearance at the door, carrying with her as usual the tray in which she had brought the food for the cripple 'son.' On her arrival, all the three looked back but to the surprise of others, the *rishi* cast aside his erstwhile sense of ease, went with great fervour and solemnity and fell at the feet of the woman to which he clung and exclaimed "Mother Great, Mother Great!"

Uparishi, naturally, being endowed with divine sight, resulting from his *samskaras* was able to perceive immediately Goddess Saraswati in the old woman. This sort of *darshan* is rarely vouchsafed even to *rishis* and hence it was that the *rishi*, subsequently, started praising Goddess Saraswati as the embodiment of Knowledge and the endower *par excellence* of all the *vidyas*. The other two men looked on petrified at the example, but their whole bodies were aflame with the divine presence. The experience was even more poignant in the case of the cripple King who had the unique fortune of being fed at her hands.

Mother Saraswati soon cut short this state of awareness on the part of the three with her *maya*, finding things rather embarrassing. And so, asking them to sit down, she talked to them about the weather, the crops, her own domestic worries and what not. After feeding the cripple as was her wont, she left.

The state of mind after a beatific vision or intense religious experience is one of undescribed peace but if the experience is rudely cut short, it brings about an indescribable sense of void, something resembling the state of a donkey before a glare of light. The faculties would have lost their legs. This kind of sudden change from the ecstatic to the humdrum is fraught with dangerous consequence. If it is not ungeared properly, the process



... the old woman without the nose made her appearance ...

may well damage the very faculty of cogent thinking later. Herein is shown the need for a *guru* in such matters.

While the Uparishi quickly recovered his norm, it took time for the others to do so and thanks to the *maya* of Mother Saraswati, the other two clean forgot the experience. They took the exit of the old woman as a matter of course. Nevertheless the mellowed soul of the philanthropic merchant prompted him to ask Uparishi: "Revered Sir, although I have the fortune of having the blessed company of this gentleman, I have not been able yet to uncover his identity even though something tells me that he does not belong to the common run of men; or for that matter, who that old woman who comes to feed our friend and whom I profoundly respect is."

Smiling disarmingly, Uparishi replied: "My dear man! You are quite justified in asking me about them. All I can tell you now is this: wait for three more years and you will see this gentleman rejoining his wife and children. Gods themselves will witness the reunion. The old woman who regularly feeds him is a great personality. This man, I can tell you, has no equals in his mastery of the science of music. You will learn a lot more about him. So long!" and he took his leave from them.

After sometime, Sage Narada in the guise of Uparishi was seen wending his way towards the home of the shepherdess at whose home the two sons of King Pururavas were being brought

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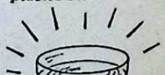

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up. The saffron robe, in those days, was the safest passport to any sanctum, rich or poor and the home of our shepherdess was no exception. As he entered the portals of her mansion, the woman was having her afternoon siesta but on seeing the sage, she hustled before him and after prostrating, offered him a respectable seat, milk and fruits. As she stood fanning him gently, the sage asked her: "My dear woman! Where are your sons?"

She looked startled at first but the innocent looks of the saint emboldened her to say: "They will be round about the house practising bows and arrows. Shall I call them?"

SAINT: "Do not bother, my child. I came here to talk to you about them. They are real princes. As they are in your sacred custody, you have to see they do not fail in their *dharma*. For that purpose you must arrange to give them soon the sacred-thread; secondly, you must arrange for teaching them the Vedas, *shastras* and the royal arts. If you fail in them, you will have fallen from your duty."

SHEP: "I am quite conscious of my duties, Sir, but who will give them the thread and teach them the Vedas? Can you suggest to me some one who can do it?"

SAINT: "If you have no objection, I shall myself undertake to do them."

SHEP: "O, my! Splendid! Do please accept my invitation to initiate the boys into them, now only."

The sage offered to return on a particular day and asking her to keep things ready for the ceremony, he left. On the appointed day, the Sage returned and in the presence of the village-folk he invested the boys with the sacred-thread and thereafter regularly taught them the Vedas, Upanishads and *shastras*. The boys grew up under his tutelage remarkably well.

One day, at the time of reading *Manu*, the boys asked their instructor: "Sir, have there been in the past or are at present many Kings conforming fully to the dicta of Manu?"

The Sage replied: "Many. Our *puranas* are full of them. Harishchandra, Nala, Muchukunda, Kartaveerya, Raghu-Nayaka and presently Pururavas!"

The boys asked: "Sir, may you be pleased to tell us the story of Pururavas who, you say, is now living!"

Thereupon the Sage described to them graphically how King Pururavas ruled according to the letter of Manu's laws; how Lord Saniswara invaded his life and how, on account of his sense of righteousness, King Pururavas fled his country and how in the course of his self-imposed exile he had become separated from his wife and two darling children; how he became a cripple and yet had not lost his faith in God and how as a result, Goddess Saraswati personally came and fed him from out of her own hands.

As the youngsters heard the moving story, their eyes started shedding tears. At a certain stage, they felt indignant at the inequitous ways of fate.

Calling the boys to his side, the sage embraced them warmly and concluded the narrative thus: "My children! You will be happy to hear that after a while, the King will rejoin his wife and children, little worse for all his sufferings and rule his Kingdom with glory!"

On hearing those words, the youngsters wiped their tears and smiled.

Another day, the Uparishi found himself gliding into avenue in the island where Seth Navakoti had installed himself as a merchant.

As he entered the business-cum-private residence of the Seth, the latter betook himself hastily from the *gaddi* on which he was reclining and profusely apologising for his inability to rise quickly, invited the holy one to take his seat on a sofa which had been formerly new.

The Seth ordered a multitude of fruits for the visitor.

After the Sage had partaken of a little of them, the Seth asked him: "Holy Sire, it is hard to find men of your order in these parts and imagine my surprise and privilege in receiving you!"

"Surely" replied the sage.

SETH: "Let us talk something interesting. Now, Revered One, you must have travelled far and wide; you must have seen wonderful things. As I am cooped up in this island for quite some years, I am eager to hear anything of extraordinary interest coming from Bharata Desa. Please be kind enough to tell me something about my country."

The Uparishi replied: "Of all the Kingdoms I have had the fortune to visit in Bharatavarsha, none impressed me more than that of King Pururavas. I have not seen a more *dharmic*-minded person and yet I have not seen another person who had had more to suffer."

SETH: "O, I see! Please be good enough to tell me all about King Pururavas then. I am so eager to hear."

The sage related how when Pururavas was ruling his country justly, he lost his wife in a fire accident (at this the Seth gave an involuntary jerk) how while crossing a river in spate, he almost drowned himself leaving his two sons as orphans; how the children, unknown to him, were being brought up by a shepherdess and how subsequently, he became a cripple.

The Seth was profuse in the expression of his sympathies for the stricken King, while inwardly, he felt happy at the success of a strategem similar to his.

Jayaprada, the unfortunate Queen, who was confined to the tell-tale box placed near the sofa, listened to this narration with rapt attention.

In the course of the following few days, Seth Navakoti wound up his business; sold away his merchandise and after re-exporting materials from that island home, he himself sailed for his native land, sub-consciously confident in his mind that his crime would ever remain undetected.

But in doing so, he counted without the host; for his ship lost its moorings in mid-ocean and stranded on a strip of land flanked on one side by a hill, a river on another and the sea on other sides.

Any other man under similar circumstances would have thrown up the sponge; but not Seth Navakoti. He knew of no defeat. Coolly getting down from his ship, he surveyed the land and decided that it was a most suitable place for starting a new industry.

[*To be continued*]

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Notes & News

VYASA JAYANTI

VYASA JAYANTI was celebrated at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan on 17th July '62 at 4.30 p.m. Bhavan's Vice-President Sir H. V. Divatia was in the chair. Vedic Pandits recited *mantras* of their choice from Rigveda, Yajurveda and Samaveda in the traditional way. The large audience enjoyed the occasion and admired the religious spirit that had kept the tradition still alive. Swami Akhandanandji in his lecture spoke about the greatness of Vyasa's works and the methods he adopted to propagate it through them. Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President of the Bhavan, paid a tribute to the enduring works of the great sage. Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan, thanked the Swamiji for having come to bless the function. Sri Munshiji was also present. After Panditasatkar the meeting came to a close.

INDEPENDENCE DAY AT BHAVAN

The Flag Salutation Ceremony on the Independence Day was performed at 9.30 a.m. at the Gita Mandir by the members of the Bhavan. Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Vice-President of the Bhavan, unfurled the National Flag. It was followed by National Songs sung in chorus by the Sangit Shikshapith students and the Sugam Sangit unit.

MADRAS BRANCH OF THE BHAVAN

THE Prize distribution to the winners of various dramas in the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition organised by the Madras Branch of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was performed by Sri Munshiji, President of the Bhavan, at a function on 20th and 21st July 1962.

Sri Munshiji was the Chief Guest on the occasion of the staging of the Sanskrit drama, King Shudraka's 'Mrichhakatikam' on the first day by the Students of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Madras, at the Rama Rao Kala Mantap, Thyagarayanagar. Speaking on the occasion Sri Munshiji said that everybody should have some familiarity with Sanskrit language, as the language was the store-house of Indian Culture and as such its study would make for the cultivation of moral and spiritual values which were essential for a noble and happy life.

Sri Munshiji who presided over the prize distribution function the next day touched on the controversy over the linguistic medium in educational institutions and said that though Hindi was acceptable to many, continuance of English at least at the University stage, was certain to serve as a link to keep the country together. He regretted acts of violence and disruption of certain sections of people in Madras and said such activities would inevitably lead to national disintegration.

The following were the prize-winners: the Presidency College, Madras, won the Asoka Chakra Pillar Trophy for their English play "The Dear Departed". The Silver Trophy for Tamil was won by the Vivekananda College for their play "A Satire on Film Life". The Munshi Shield was also awarded for the same play. The Bhavan's Central Home Shield was awarded to Vivekananda College for their Telugu play "Kopamu". The Saraswathi Shield for Sanskrit play was awarded to S.I.E.T. Women's College for their "Bhagavad Ajukeeya". Besides these, Silver cups and certificates of merit were awarded to individual actors for meritorious performances.

REPUTED WRITER

IN the recent death of Richard Aldington, British novelist, poet and biographer at the age of 70, the world of letters has lost a distinguished son. His biography of 'Wellington' won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize and his books about T. E. Lawrence and Norman Douglas created a literary controversy. He started with writing minor poems, and like Hemingway, matured into a war-returned writer. He lived for the most part, away from Britain and in his later years had developed exclusiveness. His works sold well in Soviet Russia where he toyed with the idea of settling. It may not be generally remembered that in his earlier days he threw open the doors of hospitality to D. H. Lawrence when the latter was in trouble with the police.

MEDICAL REGISTRY

WRITING in the latest issue of 'British Medical Journal', Dr. L. J. Witts of the Oxford University desires that Governments should start medical registries to which medical practitioners should report harmful drugs-reactions occurring in the various systems of the body, noticed by them in the course of their prescriptions.

According to him, this new check is necessary because it takes prolonged observation in clinical practice to ensure that drugs are free from toxicity, however careful their initial screening might be.

This registry is very essential in the case of widely—but often unwisely—prescribed antibiotics which have often been causing great harm. This advice is particularly apposite in the case of India where a wide variety of malpractices are being reported even on life-saving drugs, distilled water etc. Such a registry will besides helping detection of malpractices, spurious drugs and nostrums, will also be of great help in improving the quality of standard products. It is suggested that this reporting may be made a statutory obligation on the part of medical practitioners.

BIRTH CONTROL PILL

A SYNTHETIC hormone tablet named "Conovid" widely used as an oral contraceptive has been reported to have caused the death of a woman in Great Britain. She developed, as a result of taking it, phlebitis in the leg with thrombosis and died a week later from a clot in the lung. It is now known that there have been other cases of thrombosis resulting from this pill although not fatal. It is noteworthy that no contra-indications were indicated by the firm's reference manual. This is a clear warning to Family Planning Associations to realise the limitations of the present state of our knowledge on contraceptive drugs.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

(*Bhavan's Journal*, July, 22, 1962)

(57) Time. (58) A school master trains the mind and a station-master minds the train. (59) Feet. (60) Pimples and bad company. (61) Yesterday. (62) North, east, south, west. (63) Blacksmith. (64) A hole. (65) The doctor's wife was the priest's sister. (66) Eyelids. (67) Cocoanut. (68) Bamboo. (69) Earthquake. (70) The betelnuts, green betel, white chunam (lime) and red khar. (71) Onion. (72) Candle. (73) Mosquito curtain on a bed. (74) Storm. (75) Moon, sky and stars. (76) Mango fruit. (77) Hair.

THALIDOMIDE BABIES

THALIDOMIDE, a German drug, was recently put on the British market by an English firm under the name "Distaval". Widely prescribed as a sedative and hypnotic, it is said to be free from acute toxic effects, as even large quantities do not harm life, unlike other sedatives like the barbiturates. As a result of taking this drug, it is disclosed that pregnant women in Britain have given birth to malformed babies. There have been over 500 such cases in Britain alone. While the parents of such babies are sorrowing, the Government is faced with an epidemic of congenital abnormalities, for millions of tablets of the drug have been sold, and many would-be mothers who have taken this sedative are faced with this calamity. Further distribution of the drug has of course been restricted. Here is one more proof where inadequate knowledge of science plays havoc with human life.

OUR BOOK SHELF

PHILOSOPHY OF SRI MADHVACHARYA. By Dr. B. N. K. Sharma. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 374+xxv. Price: Rs. 15.

THE volume under review is a complete, critical and dialectical exposition of Sri Madhva's *Dvaita Vedanta* in English. At every stage in the exposition, we have the comparison instituted with the *Advaita* position and also with the *Visishtadvaita* view. This makes the exposition clear and brings out the logical strength and the metaphysical consistency of Madhva's doctrine and his criticism of Sankara.

Dr. Sharma with his massive erudition of not only the entire Dvaita literature but also of the allied and opposed systems, is able to throw into clear relief the special contribution of the distinctive doctrines of Sri Madhva's philosophical analysis. The doctrines of *Sakshi, Svatantra, Saviseshabheda* and the *Paradhinaviseshapti* are dealt with great ability and we have a masterly exposition of them in the volume. At every stage Dr. Sharma thoroughly supports his position with appropriate texts. The learned author explains the inter-connection of the different doctrines of Madhva philosophy and makes us appreciate the precise value and significance of the doctrines in relation to the problems of philosophy and religion. Dr. Sharma follows the western method of explaining the essential elements of Sri Madhva's thought. In the general introduction he explains to us what the goal and function of philosophy is to Sri Madhva. It is not to realise the distinction between the *Real* and the *Appearance,* but to realise man's misplaced assumption of his independence and the clear realisation of the distinction between the *Independent Real* and the *dependent realities.* In four pages 26-30 Dr. Sharma gives us a summary of Madhva's contribution to Indian thought and he designates Sri Madhva's thought as *Rational Realism.*

It is very difficult in a short review to detail the excellent fare we get in the book. The sections on the epistemology and ontology are of special interest to the student of philosophy. The concept of *visesha* and *sakshi* are dealt with great astuteness. One feels that the metaphysical subtleties of Madhva regales even the ardent lover of dialectics and on occasions baffles the expert. The drooping faith, in some ignorant quarters, that Madhva's philosophy is all theology and abuse of other schools is given a severe counterblast. Dr. Sharma has brought to light the *shastraic* dignity of Madhva's system, in full manner, in the true spirit of a fervent devotee with discerning insight. Dr. Sharma has done excellent service to the cause of Dvaita Vedanta not only by his two volumes on *History of Dvaita School of Vedanta and Literature,* but also by writing the volume under review. It is bound to stay for a long time as the standard work on Dvaita philosophy in English. It is a book not to be merely read and re-read but also closely followed. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan with their usual impartial outlook on all aspects of Indian culture and systems of philosophy, have published this volume, for which they deserve to be thanked profoundly.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

THE HOLY BIOGRAPHY OF HAZRAT KHWAJA MUINUDDIN CHISHTI OF AJMER: SPIRITUALISM VERSUS MATERIALISM. By Mirza Wahiduddin Begg. Published by the Author, Begg's Office, Topdara, Ajmer (Rajasthan). pp. 176 + xix + Genealogical tree. Price: Rs. 16.

KHWAJA MUINUDDIN CHISHTI of Ajmer, popularly known as "Khwaja

Gharib Nawaz" or "Hind-ul-Wali" (The Saint of India), happens to be one of the direct descendents of Prophet Mohamed's son-in-law and cousin of Hazrat Ali. The Khwaja Saheb was born at Chisht in Sistan (East Persia) in 1141 A.D. (536 A.H.). He came to India with a few disciples in 1191 A.D. (587 A.H.) and settled down at Ajmer (Rajasthan). There he got himself engaged in preaching and propagating the doctrine of "Universal Brotherhood" and founded the Indian Centre of the Chishtia Order of Sufis or mystics. This Sufi among Sufis died at Ajmer in 1235 A.D. (633 A.H.). The Khwaja Saheb occupied a prominent place among the great spiritual leaders of the world. He has been, and still is, a source of inspiration, and spiritual ecstasy, and is an object of devotion to millions of men and women, from prince to pauper, irrespective of caste. creed, colour, race or religion.

Mirza Wahiduddin Begg, the author, is a renowned Indian cricketer and the author of "Cricket and Cricketers in India". He has given us in *The Holy Biography;* dedicated to the cause of world peace, a book that must become indispensable to anyone interested in the cult of Sufism and especially in the life of Khwaja Gharib Nawaz. It paints a powerful portrait of the Saint of Ajmer. It is also replete with anecdotes, brilliant miniatures of persons and scenes and superb descriptions of Ajmer and Delhi. Though detailed, the narrative is never robbed of force and life. The reader enjoys the biography, as he shares the author's uplift of spirit. There is no book of its kind in English, with which it may adequately be compared.

Chapters cover the history of Islam, Khwaja Saheb's few outstanding miracles, letters to his spiritual successor, the history and administration of the Dargah (tomb) and the necessity of r-e ligion in our day-to-day life. Chapter IV is an excellent introduction to Sufism, intelligent, balanced, lucid, well-written, in places really eloquent. Chapter XVII opens the magic casement on to "Same" or "Qwawali". There are passages here that read like poetry, sentences and paragraphs that celebrate the magnetic nature of these religious songs and hymns. The author writes: "This particular type of music is said to be the definite means whereby observations and 'personal experiences' are transcended and the individual consciousness merges in the universal harmony...The Khwaja Saheb was the inventor of the fascinating blending of sweet songs in Sufistic style preaching the gospel of Truth. This medium suited Indian culture, temperament, customs and traditions most admirably..." For many readers Chapter XV, containing 108 ethical sayings of this great sufi, will be the most interesting in the book. No. 108 seems to me well worthy of quotation: "The heart was essentially created for making rounds of the Love of God". Here is a chapter that no student of ethics can afford to neglect.

Handsomely printed, tastefully bound and richly illustrated, it is a delight to handle this monumental volume. It is further enriched by Sri Humayun Kabir's introduction and an excellently selected bibliography.

—*Prof. M. Y. Khan*

KALIDASA IN HIS OWN WORDS. By Pitambar Panda, B.A., B.L., Pleader, Balasore, Orissa. pp. 158. Price: Rs. 5.

THIS is a small book of nearly 160 pages dealing with the question of Kalidasa and his works, his date and the place of his birth. The author is a practising lawyer and his language is, as the author himself confesses, the lawyer's English, which is a little difficulty for the layman, even when he is a scholar and specialist in the subject, to follow clearly and realise what exactly the author has in his mind. The sentences are so involved that one finds it difficult to keep the entire line of thought in his mind together as a single piece. The author has been interested in the subject of Kalidasa's time and place of birth, especially the latter, from his early student days and he had been working on the subject right through his professional career. He belongs to Orissa and he finds everything in the works of Kalidasa as evidences of his birth-place being in Orissa. Even the route in the *Meghaduta* is in Orissa and the Ramagiri where the journey of the messenger is to start, is in Orissa. The Chilka Lake and the coast line of the Bay of Bengal in that region are clear to him in the works of Kalidasa. He finds also references to the great Kharavela, the famous Kalinga king of the first century B.C. or perhaps of the second century. The fauna and the flora, the climate, the land, the events and all convince the author that Kalidasa was a citizen of Orissa. He has his own order in the chronology of the works and he puts the *Ritusamhara* as the earliest, which no one will contest, and then comes to the *Meghaduta* with the *Vikramorvasiya* and the *Malavikagnimitra* following; the *Sakuntala* comes after that. The *Raghuvamsha* is placed after this and the *Kumarasambhava* comes last. He has no doubt about the genuineness of the *Ritusamhara* as a poem of Kalidasa, and he has his own explanation for the omission of that poem from the scheme of commentary by Mallinatha. Few people will accept the priority of the *Vikramorvasiya* to the *Malavikagnimitra* and of the *Raghuvamsha* to the *Kumarasambhdva*. The date that he accepts, the contemporaneity of Kalidasa with Kharavela, comes quite close to the acceptable date; there are others who accept Kalidasa as a contemporary of Agnimitra of the first half of the second century B.C., though the date accepted by the majority of scholars is in the Gupta period. The work shows steady application and devoted enthusiasm for literary pursuits and is well documented. But it is doubtful whether all will accept the conclusions which the author draws from the facts collected.

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KRISHNOLLAASA—in eight "flashes" of prose-cum-verse. By Sri P. R. Subrahmanya Sastri. Edited by his son Sri S. Subrahmanya Sastri, Divisional Engineer, Southern Railway. pp. 70 + 136 + 27. Price: Rs. 5/-.

THE late P. R. Subrahmanya Shastriar adorned the courts of two Maharaja's of revered memory, Sri Rama Varma of Travancore and Sri Krishna Raja Wadeyar of Mysore. A linguist who could speak Samskrit, Malayalam, French, German, Kannada, Tamil and Telugu, he was a great exponent of Mantra Saastra, having relentlessly apprenticed himself in the science for more than three quarters of a century. Towards the evening of his life he became attached to Guruvaayur, and like Bhattathiri, who had about 400 years prior dedicated his *Naaraayaneeyam* to that all absorbing God, composed his *Krishnollaasa,* another similar epitome of the *Bhagavata.* He revised it as many as eight times before his death in 1947 and the book has seen the light of day through the dutiful efforts of his son on 18th January 1948; the son mentions that there are many other works (9 Samskrit and 2 Kannada), most of them dealing with *Bhagavata* themes, yet to be published.

The *champu* is a peculiar type of Samskrit Kavya combining both prose and poetry; it is different from the drama since the latter is to be enacted, while this, like the Mahakaavya, is only to be recited. Its music rings in our ears and the best among such rare *champu* specimens is the *Raamayana Champu* of King Bhoja. Our author's *champu* bids fair to rival Bhoja's classic *champu.* The author's sincere devotion is reflected on almost every page. His astrological acumen is exhibited in his describing the positions in the Horoscope of Krishna in verse 14 in the first *ullaasa* or flash exactly as Valmiki had done in his epic. The seven verses in Rukmini's love letter are beautifully summarised in a simple verse on page 67. The *jalakreeda* and the *raasakreeda* are here expounded in a sublime and devotional manner. Brahma's Vedasaarastava, significantly starting with the word *Mahimnah,* reminds one of Pushpadanta's famous *stotra* and is equally dignified. Lovely pictures of Krishna adorn the book and the various metres, easily suggest that the work could be studied as a textbook for prosody in our M.A. and the Siromani stages. For sheer joy of the rich music provided in the verses, this is exquisitely written and deserves to be got by heart exactly like the *Naaraayaneeyam.* The editing is very good. The book carries the blessings of His Holiness of the Sringeri Jagadguru, Dr. Raghavan and Professor T. A. Venkatesvara Dikshitar.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

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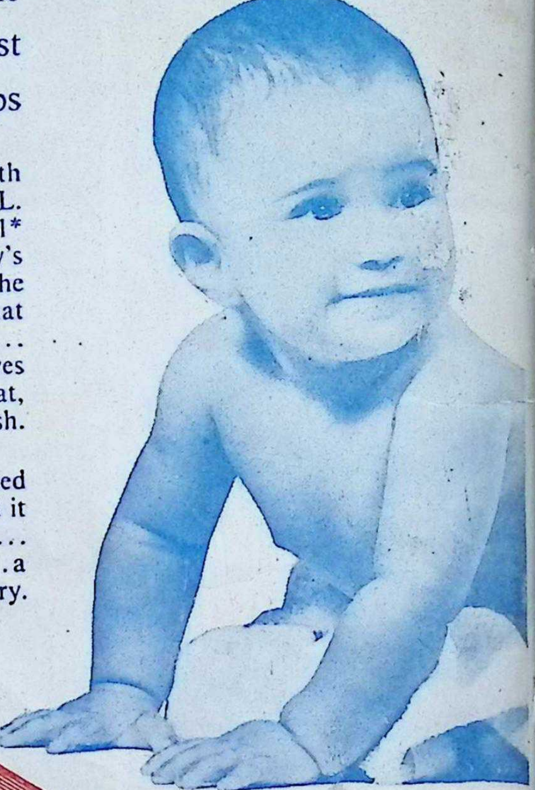

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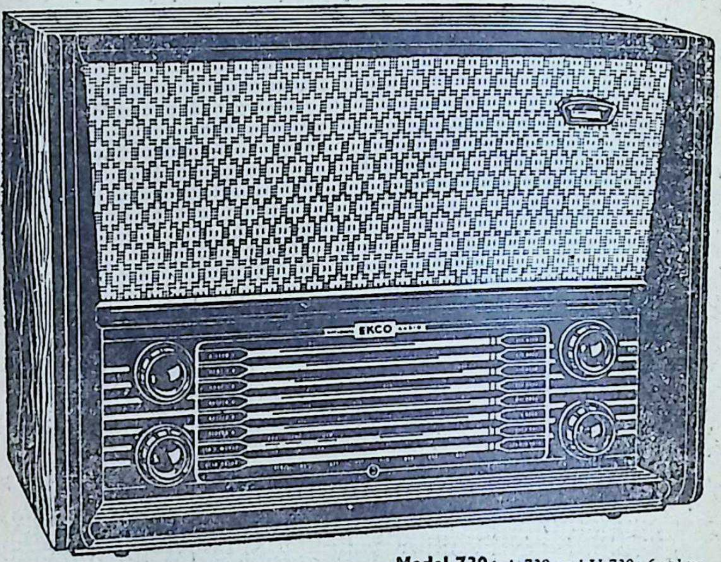

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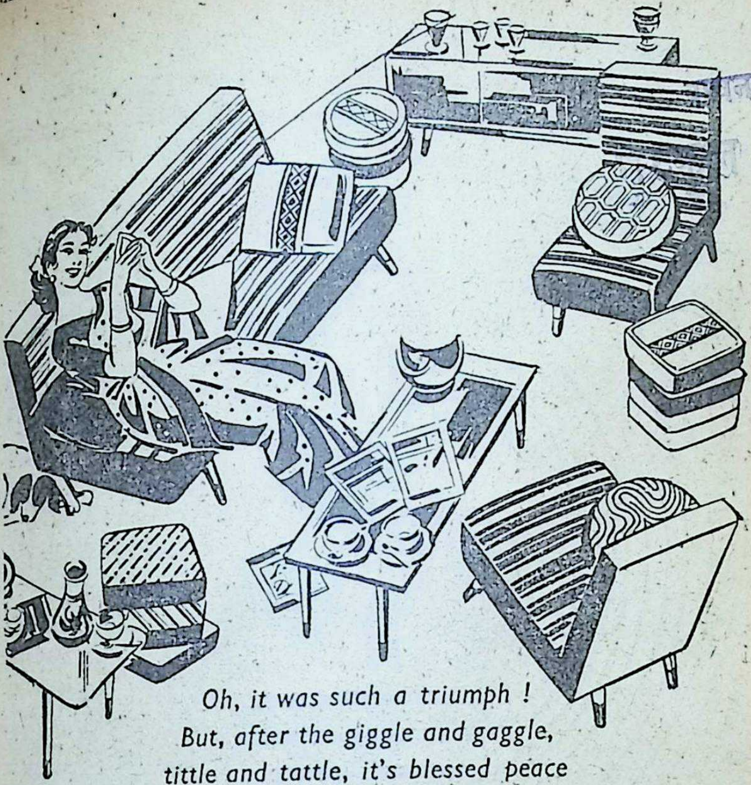

Oh, it was such a triumph !
But, after the giggle and gaggle,
tittle and tattle, it's blessed peace
now—and in peace she recalls the few genuine purrs
of admiration in the medley of 'miaows'—"Darling,
what a lovely vase, perfectly divine !
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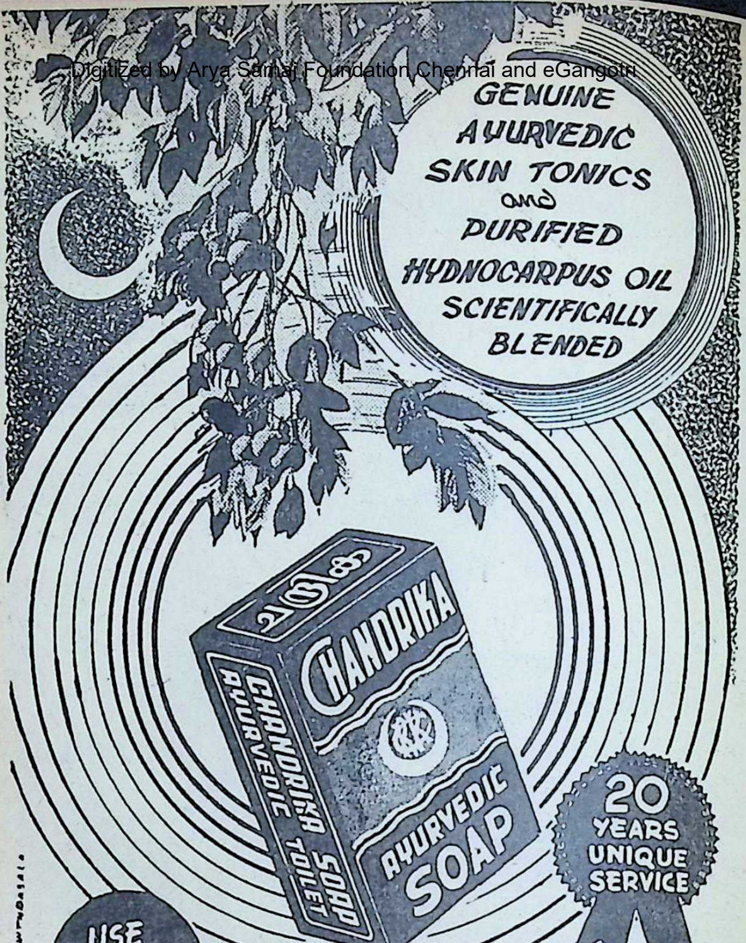
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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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PRAYER TO LORD GANESA

नमो व्रातपतये नमो गणपतये नमः
प्रमथपतये नमस्तेऽस्तु,
लम्बोदरायैकदन्ताय विघ्नविनाशिने
शिवसुताय श्रीवरदमूर्तये नमो नमः।

Obeisance unto the Lord of Devas,
Obeisance unto the Lord of Ganas,
Obeisance unto the Lord of Siva Ganas,
Obeisance again and again unto Lambodara,
Ekadanta, the Remover of Obstacles,
Son of Siva,
And the Greatest Bestower of Gifts.

—*Atharvaveda* (Ganapati Upanishad)

Kulapati's Letter

ON

LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 265

★ BHAGAVAD GEETA AS LITERATURE ★ ITS POPULARITY ★ THE ORIGINAL GEETA

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.
SEPTEMBER 2, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

BHAGAVAD GEETA, the supreme scripture of India, forms a part of the Bheeshma Parvan, the VI Book of the *Mahabharata*.

Geeta, in the form in which we find it today, appears to have attained the position of the central piece of the Epic before the Gupta period; for, it has inspired many sections in *Mahabharata* which was given its present form during the period.

In centuries which followed the rise of the Guptas, its influence spread to China and Japan, and several Mahayana scriptures were inspired by it.

Sankaracharya in the 8th Century included it in the three scriptural sources of Hindu thought and religion. Avantivarman, a king of Kashmir, in the 9th Century, had it read on his death-bed. Alberuni, the Arabian traveller, in the 11th Century, has left us a high appreciation of it.

Since the Gupta period, the *Geeta* has exercised a tremendous influence on Indian thought, religion and practices. Since 1809, when it was first printed in our country, it has been published year after year in countless editions in all the Indian languages.

The *Geeta* was first translated into English in 1785. Its Latin translation appeared in 1823. It has had considerable influence on Western thinkers since.

About the influence of the *Geeta* and our other scriptures, Warren Hastings wrote with prophetic insight: 'But such influences can only be obtained in their writings; and these will survive when the British dominion in India shall have long ceased to exist, and when the sources which it once yielded of wealth and power are lost to remembrance'.

Thoreau, the famous American thinker, had high praise for the *Geeta*.

W. von Humboldt finds in it "a sage, speaking out of the fulness and inspiration of his knowledge and of his feeling".

Winternitz, the great German historian of Sanskrit literature, testifies that the "work owes this great popularity to the very circumstance that the most conflicting philosophical doctrines and religious views are united in it".

Aldous Huxley calls it "one of the

clearest and most comprehensive summaries of the Perennial Philosophy ever to have been made".

Modern India has been spiritually moulded by it. The orthodox Brahman looks up to it for inspiration. *Sannyasins* all over the country teach it. Mrs. Besant, the Theosophist, Vivekananda, the spiritual rejuvenator, Tilak, the great patriot, Sri Aurobindo, the great mystic, Gandhiji, who, following the old sage, called it 'the Mother'—were all inspired by it. Over the last 75 years, millions have found in it the main source of strength; it was so to thousands of us when in gaol.

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan says of it: "It represents Hinduism as a whole, not merely Hinduism but religion as such, in its universality, without limit of time or space". According to him, "the suggestions set forth in the *Geeta* about the meaning and value of existence, the sense of eternal values and the way in which the ultimate mysteries are illumined by the light of reason and moral intuition, provide the basis for agreement in mind and spirit so very essential for keeping together the world which has become materially one by the universal acceptance of the externals of civilization."

●●●

The immense popularity of the *Geeta* arises not only because its message provides moral and spiritual strength to man, but also for its wonderful literary form. The situation in which the message was delivered by Sri Krishna, the Lord, has a rare dramatic element.

On the battle-field, Arjuna, doubts, despairs and fears. He shrinks from duty in the face of struggle, as a coward might. The prospect of seeing those whom he loves or respects killed on the battle, makes him tremble. He is terror-struck when the Lord declares: "I am Time come to destroy men." He is shocked on being told that "the wicked must be destroyed so that *dharma* may triumph". Ultimately, however, he is made to face all these things: to read the secret of eyes that are fiery with malice or dim with fear and to meet foes whose lips are set with anger and the lust to kill. Only in the face of such experience, does he surrender himself to God and become His instrument. (*Bhagavad Geeta and Modern Life,* p. xii).

During the whole of the conversation recorded in the *Geeta*, the Lord, at places, speaks from His experience as a human individual; sometimes He gives even His own illustrations, giving a touch of intimacy between God and man.

Its language, style and metre follow the epic tradition of the original *Mahabharata*.

The language is lucid and simple though pregnant with meaning, perspicuous and penetrating. It has the freshness of the early spoken language of the heroic days of old. Its apt similes and metaphors have gone into the making of Sanskrit literature, and through it, of all our Indian languages.

Truth is driven home by words used in sharp contrast or in epigrammatic form, and some of the heart-stirring calls are couched in a language which, when read over and over again, becomes part of the mental content of the reader.

योगः कर्मसु कौशलम् । (II. 50)

Yoga is perfection in action.

कर्म ज्यायोह्यकर्मणः । (III. 8)

Action is better than inaction.

स्वधर्मे निधनं श्रेयः परधर्मो भयावहः । (III. 35)

Better is death in fulfilling one's law of being rather than follow another's law.

न हि कल्याणकृत्कश्चित् दुर्गतिं तात गच्छति । (VI. 40)

For, never shall anyone who does good, dear friend, come to the path of woe.

न मे भक्तः प्रणश्यति । (IX 31)

My devotee shall not perish.

निमित्तमात्रं भव । (XI. 33)

Be thou merely (My) instrument.

Who has not been hypnotised throughout life by the charm of the phrases?

The descriptions in the *Geeta* are vivid, graphic and picturesque. Nothing could be more moving than Arjuna's despondency (Ch. I); nothing more interesting than the *Vibhutiyoga* (Ch. X); nothing more awe-inspiring than the description of the Cosmic Form (Ch. XI).

●●●

The Original *Geeta*, from which the present work grew, can be safely assigned to the 5th Century B.C.

The Great War* must have taken place latest in the 8th or 9th Century B.C. The Core of the *Mahabharata*, the epic story, must have come into existence soon after; possibly it was the heritage left by Veda-Vyasa to his pupils as *itihasa*, history. It is to this Core that we must attribute a stage of society in which Draupadi could marry five husbands; when Yudhishthira could use his queen as a pawn to gamble with; when Bheema could drink the blood of Duhsaasana, and when Sri Krishna was only a wise and saintly superman, not God.

The *Geeta* of the Core, in my opinion, must have been a short exhortation given on the battle-field by a teacher who at the time was not yet completely identified with Vaasudeva.

The second stage of the *Mahabharata* came when its Core was worked upon by a single author, to make of it a unitary Krishna epic—what I have called the Original. It must have been composed about the 5th century B.C. when the Eleventh Canto was worked into it.

Some scholars of high eminence have claimed that the *Geeta*, as we find it now, is of one piece; that its general spirit is unitary. Other scholars, equally eminent, have disagreed with it. I am unable to accept the former view.

We must not forget that it is only in the Theophany of the XIth Canto (*Vishvarupa Darshana*) that we find Arjuna for the first time discovering that Krishna is the Supreme. If this is a genuine part of the Original *Geeta*, then both from the literary and the dramatic part of it, it must be the climax of the Epic. All words put in the mouth of Krishna as God in the other cantos then would be subsequent interpolations.

The Original *Geeta*, as found by Rodolf Otto after an exhaustive study, was the climax to a unitary epic and did not include any doctrinal literature about *Sankhya*, *Yoga* or *Bhakti*. Its intrinsic purpose is not to expound dogma, but, to use the words of Otto, 'rather to impress the mind most powerfully with the stupendous destiny of Man against the background of Omnipotent and Omnipresent Deity, realizing inscrutable decrees through human action; and it attains this goal in a way that has scarcely its equal in any Epic in the world.'

---

* Bharata War at Kurukshetra.

Thus read, the *Bhagavad Geeta* shrinks into a homogeneous poem of rare literary beauty, of not more than 133 verses.

○○○

To reconstruct the Original *Geeta*, in Canto I, Arjuna's distress is described. By verses 13, 20, 22, 29-37 of Canto II, Sri Krishna calls upon Arjuna to fight by invoking the immortality of the soul and his duty as a *kshatriya*, a truly human appeal. Then Arjuna is confused.

The thread is taken up in the first few verses of Canto X. To remove Arjuna's confusion, the Lord drops the role of a human adviser, talks no more of immortality, nor of heroic duty, but assumes the role of a Supreme and tells Arjuna: श्रृणु मे परमं वचः। 'Now hear my Supreme utterance'. And the Supreme utterance is: (मत्तः सर्वं प्रवर्तते।) 'Everything arises from me.'

Then, in order to allay Arjuna's doubts, Sri Krishna, in Canto XI, describes His Supreme Majesty (*mahatmyam*) 'not as a philosophical disquisition, not as a theological instruction, but by showing him the vision of his terrible form. The object is to awaken in Arjuna the intuitive recognition of the supreme majesty which intends to realise its Divine goal, incomprehensible to man.'

After the vivid description of the destruction which awaits the heroes who oppose Arjuna, the Lord describes himself in awesome accents:

कालोऽस्मि लोकक्षयकृत्प्रवृद्धो
लोकान्समाहर्तुमिह प्रवृत्तः।
ऋतेऽपि त्वां न भविष्यन्ति सर्वे
येऽवस्थिताः प्रत्यनीकेषु योधाः ।। (XI. 32)

"Kāla am I, Destroyer, great and mighty,
Appearing here all men to sweep away.
And, without thee, would none of all these warriors,
Here in their ranks arrayed, ever remain."

And the Lord gives the final mandate:

मयैवैते निहताः पूर्वमेव
निमित्तमात्रं भव सव्यसाचिन्।(XI. 33)

"*By Me alone* have they long since been routed,
Be thou *nought but my tool*."

In this awe-inspiring way the impression is conveyed, to quote the words of Otto again, 'of One Who, according to His own decree, when His time is fulfilled—when, "great and mighty", He carries out His deed of wrath—directs His judgment upon the people and, in the form of Kala, destroys them.'

The Supreme utterance moves Arjuna to acknowledge Him as the Mighty and Sole *Isvara* (Canto XI, v. 43).

Then, omitting the other cantos which, in my view, are later interpolations, we come to verses 72-73 of

Canto XVIII, when the Lord asks Arjuna:

कच्चिदेतच्छ्रुतं पार्थ त्वयैकाग्रेण चेतसा ।
कच्चिदज्ञानसंमोहः प्रनष्टस्ते धनंजय ॥

"O Pārtha (Arjuna), has this been heard by thee, with thy thought fixed to one point? O Winner of wealth (Arjuna), has thy distraction (of thought) caused by ignorance been dispelled?".

Then would naturally follow Arjuna's confession:

नष्टो मोहः स्मृतिर्लब्धा त्वत्प्रसादान्मयाच्युत ।
स्थितोऽस्मि गतसंदेहः करिष्ये वचनं तव ॥

"My perplexity has disappeared. By Thy Grace, I have gained wisdom. I stand steadfast, free from doubt. I will fulfil Thy command."

This, in my humble opinion, was the Original *Geeta*, and nothing in the literature of the world describes in words of beauty the awful majesty of God. And so read, it is perhaps its most sublime piece.

●●●

After the composition of the Original *Geeta*, as century followed century, the *Mahabharata* assumed sanctity as the fifth *Veda*, and Sri Krishna became the central figure in the pantheon. Interpolations were added gradually from time to time. Discordant passages crept into the text. Attempts were made to correct or outgrow earlier parts. Genealogies were added. So were added *upakathas* and a vast philosophical and didactic literature, for which the Shanti Parvan is the outstanding example. And the Original *Geeta*, with its heart-stirring appeal and sublime finale, was utilised by different schools to give great sanctity for their doctrines by putting them in the mouth of Sri Krishna.

> **The accumulation of wealth and more wealth, the adding of possessions to possessions, opulence, show, pleasure, a cumbrous inartistic luxury, a plethora of conveniences, life devoid of beauty and nobility, religion vulgarised or coldly formalised, politics and government turned into a trade and profession, enjoyment itself made a business, this is commercialism..... Therefore in a commercial age with its ideal, vulgar and barbarous....the soul of man may linger a while for certain gains and experiences, but cannot permanently rest. If it persisted too long, Life would become clogged and perish of its own plethora, or burst in its straining to a gross expansion. Like the too massive Titan it will collapse by its own mass,** mole ruet sua.
>
> —Sri Aurobindo.

When all is said and done, I have found *Bhagavad Geeta* one of those scriptures which convert knowledge into Light.

Reading the *Geeta*, I discovered that life is meant to be interwoven with trials; for all that is best and most beautiful in thought, personality or achievement, springs from suffering or struggle.

It is only by becoming an instrument of God that our outlook on life can be charged with wisdom and our imagination inflamed by fundamental aspirations. Truth then would cease to be intellectual and become the flame, in the light of which man would become divine.

Yours sincerely,

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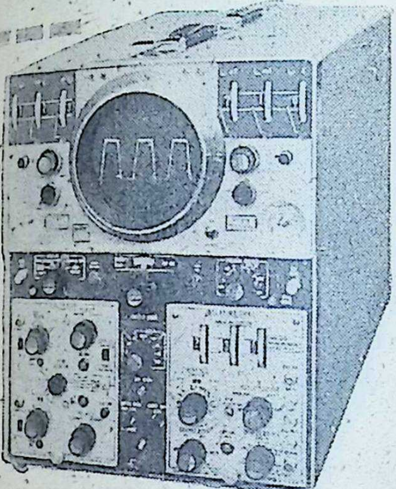

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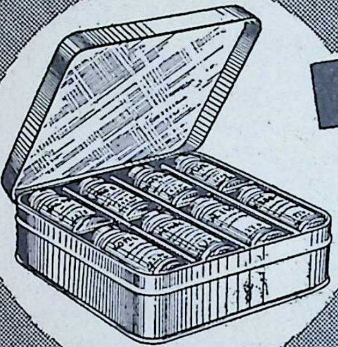

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ON PRAYER

There is little danger of the ship of life drifting away or running aground as long as the mind, its compass needle, is always turned towards God without oscillation.

Pray to Him in any way you like. He is always sure to hear you. He can hear even the footfall of an ant.

When mind and speech unite in earnestly asking for a thing, that prayer is answered. Be not a traitor to your thoughts. Be sincere. Pray with a sincere heart and your prayers will be heard.

To reach the Almighty Lord to obtain His grace, one must practise much devotion, serve many devotees and keep for long the company of the wise.

Let us not pray for things of the world. I used to pray "O, Mother Divine! I want no honour from men. I want no pleasures of the flesh, only let my soul flow into Thee as the permanent confluence of the Ganges and Jamuna."

One is sure to realise God thus, if only one has great devotion to truth. On the contrary, if one has no regard for truth, everything will be destroyed gradually.

—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

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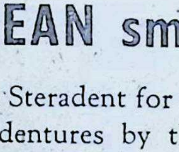

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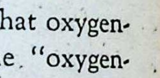

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CHARACTER

CHARACTER being the endower par excellence of greatness on all those who adhere to it scrupulously, it behoves us all to foster it with greater diligence than life itself.

Having studied well all dharmas, if one sets about discovering a single virtue among them that will do duty for all, one will discover that it is character alone. No price therefore must be deemed too great to cultivate and preserve it.

Real superiority does not stem from birth, wealth or education; it is born of character alone. For, lack of character cannot sustain all or any of the former; indeed even with all of them, lack of character would make one but a wretch.

It may be excusable of a Brahmin to forget the Vedas after having studied them, for he can refresh his memory subsequently; but lack of character at any time makes him forfeit his very right to Brahminhood.

Even as the jealous person can never really stay prosperous, the characterless can never seriously hope to rise high in the esteem of the world.

Having known the depths to which lack of character would lead, the courageous will never swerve from its path.

Strict adherence to character will fetch one happiness not merely in this life but in the life hereafter. And the converse is equally true.

Men of character would not even by a slip be foul either by word or deed.

Indeed tons of learning would not make one great if he cannot conduct himself in a way acceptable to society at large.

वहाम्यहम्

Vahamyaham

V. A. Sundaram

ANOTHER gem from the Song Celestial. What a gracious assurance! What a tender promise! Who could confer such a precious boon to mankind but Lord Krishna, the Saviour of humanity, the Singer of eternal melodies. One is transported to ethereal realms on hearing the living voice of the most ancient man —"Purusha Puranha."

Dew-drops fall from heaven while the world is asleep. From billions of miles the golden sun-beams travel to play on earth and illumine this wondrous world where we live. God alone can perform these miracles day after day. Man can but behold and be awe-struck. It is the incense-laden breeze that can blow and encircle the world in a second. It is only the dark cloud that can sing "I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers." Only the Lord of all worlds can utter the immortal words "Yogakshemam Vahamyaham." It means "I bring security." There is a world of meaning hidden in the sweet words of Lord Krishna.

Lord Krishna is the Light of the Universe. He is the joy-bringer—the ever-happy melodist playing on His flute. "Vahamyaham" is manna to the devotees of the Lord. It is an imperial proclamation—a Divine Edict to be engraved in the hearts of the Bhaktas.

Surrendering all duties the devotee seeks refuge in Lord Krishna and sees His beauteous form everywhere, in all things and chants His Holy, Holy Name!

*

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A NEW ETHOS

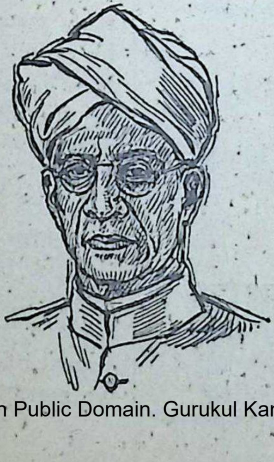
Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

[President Radhakrishnan will be 75 on September 5. We wish him many happy returns of the day—Ed.]

ALL these years, after we stepped into the world of free nations, we have been trying to win for our people a deeper and nobler freedom than what mere political liberty connotes. Gandhi once said: "I have travelled from one end of the country to the other and I have seen the miserable specimens of humanity with their lustreless eyes. They are India. In these humble cottages, in the midst of these dungheaps are to be found humble folk in whom you find the concentrated essence of wisdom."

Here Gandhi sums up the material poverty and the spiritual wealth of our people. We should strive to remove the former and strengthen the latter.

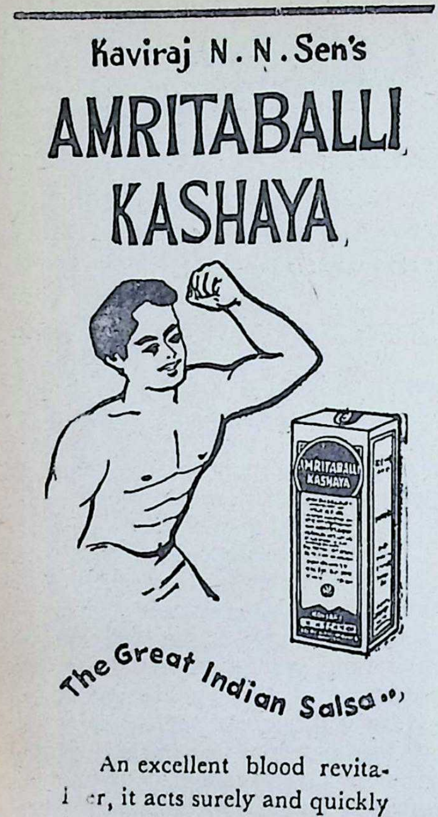
The plight of the poor is the symbol of our condition. They suffer from malnutrition and so are easily susceptible to disease. The indigent and the destitute live under sub-human conditions. Food, clothing and shelter are the primary needs of our people.



By planned economic development, we are striving to increase agricultural production so as to meet the needs of our people as well as the requirements of industry and export, encouraging industries that would give clothing to our population at reasonable prices and implementing housing programmes which would provide accommodation for low-income groups.

The implementation of the Plans has been somewhat inadequate because there is little emotional involvement on the part of the staff, managerial and subordinate, in the great national work they are engaged in. It is essential for our public servants whether they are employed in Government service or public and private industries that they should have a sense of pride in their work.

They should feel that they are engaged in a bloodless revolution of raising the living standards of 440 millions of people, and strengthening their moral fibre. All those who work with people should be humble, kind and considerate. Economic development and clean administration will help to strengthen national solidarity.



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We are mechanizing agriculture and industrializing our country. We have now to develop a new ethos, a new spiritual outlook if freedom and democracy are to be realised in our life. The wisdom to which Gandhi refers is ever-vigilant, ever-creative. Though it does not conform to the world, it does not keep away from it. It helps to reconcile and redeem society.

Wisdom requires us to be compassionate, to be forgiving, to forbear judgment. Unfortunately, we are more critical of others than of ourselves. We preach from platforms tolerance and understanding, but do not manifest these qualities in our daily life, in our dealings with others.

If we cling to caste hierarchy, if we do not treat human beings with respect and dignity, if we show ourselves to be lacking in sensibility and human feeling, if we believe that we are pleasing God thereby, we do offence to God and to ourselves.

Nirdosham hi samam Brahma. The Supreme is faultless and equal to all. Whatever prevents us from knowing the truth and practising love to all, even those who do not belong to our sect, group or denomination cannot be religious. We should strive to keep alive in our hearts that little spark of celestial fire, love of truth and goodness.

Faith in democracy is the binding force of our society. Democracy will make for modernity. We cannot live in the 20th century when we are handicapped by institutions and machinery of an earlier age. This is the source of our national incoherence. If we adhere to the principles and practices of democracy, we will not compromise with disruptive, reactionary and anti-social forces.

The recent elections showed that the system of caste and feeling for groups—linguistic and communal—had not loosened its hold on the masses of our people. These have impaired the health of our democratic structure. Even in *panchayati raj*, we should be careful that the spirit of caste *panchayat* does not vitiate its working. Ethical sublimity is the mark of the magnanimous man. Ethical depravity is the mark of the low man. All other distinctions are irrelevant. *Kulam kulam iti ahu acaram kulam ucyate.*

If we are truly democratic in our public life and administration, it is essential that no one should be prejudiced or favoured by reason of his sex or parentage, race or language, caste or sub-caste, religious faith or political persuasion.

While facilities should be provided for all people to train themselves for self-expression and development, no encouragement should be given to the perpetuation of divisions and subdivisions.

Economic backwardness and not the caste or the community to which one happens to belong should be the test of special concessions. The State should provide opportunities of education for the backward people to whatever religion or community they may belong.

In a competitive world, if we are to survive, our ablest men should be entrusted with high responsibility. While appointments to services should be made on grounds of efficiency, handicaps from which the backward classes suffer should be removed as speedily as possible.

When we look at the world situation, we find that collective passions make us run the risk of universal destruction. While in theory we are convinced of the oneness of the world and the indivisibility of peace, in practice we adopt a narrow nationalist outlook.

This dichotomy in our thought and life requires to be removed. Circumstances are compelling us to act on the assumption of one world. It will be our endeavour in the international world to break down barriers, relax tension and foster world unity.

We have faith in the future of man. His nature has changed so often and will change again. His life is not finished; his present stage is not the final one.

Man, as he is, is a sketch of what he has to be. He is always becoming—becoming something different and often better. He has now to make a great leap forward in consciousness. Individuals, nations and civilizations are a part of this tremendous process of becoming—becoming sensitized, becoming refined, becoming noble.

Let us re-dedicate ourselves to the task of evolving a cohesive, purposeful pattern of society on the principles of unity, freedom, justice and co-operation.

[*From his Independence Day Message*]

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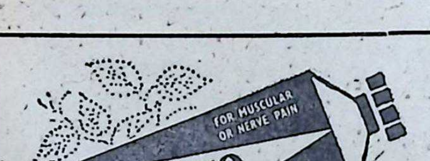
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....only a happy blend of compulsory and voluntary services will enable our country to progress....

NATIONAL SOCIAL SERVICE

should it be compulsory or voluntary?

Lilavati Munshi

THE above title was suggested to me by a social worker. To my mind the title tends to be a contradiction in terms. First, it suggests national social service and secondly, asks whether it should be compulsory or voluntary. Before proceeding further we should be clear as to what is meant by social service. One can define it as service rendered to individual or to members of the society, partly or wholly, whether they be rich or poor, through institutions or by individuals.

It could be said that family is a kind of an institution in which individuals belonging to the family are helped and looked after by one another. The father works and earns for the family, the mother brings up the family. Children are fed and educated. The sick are looked after and the young in their turn when grow up support the parents in old age. A bond of love through mutual service and common home interest is thus created, and the common home shelters them all. This social service, in reality, begins at home.

The outside social service is generally required where the home does not fulfil all its functions. If the husband and wife are emotionally not integrated, or are fallen prey to bad habits, or unable to support the family, the home disintegrates. The husband may take to drinking or go after other women; the wife may be temperamentally quarrelsome or dishonest and may fall a victim to temptations. Poverty is another factor for such disintegration. In such unfortunate homes, children are neglected. They may then develop bad habits or may even run away from home. Social service is necessary to set right such maladjustments, and kind and sympathetic souls are needed to apply

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balm to the wounds of the suffering people.

Then social service is needed to tend the sick, and hospitals and nursing homes are needed for that purpose. They may be governmental or private, but this service is generally given to those who seek it and not yet extended to all who need it.

To run educational institutions is a type of social service, partly made compulsory by the law at the primary stage in some parts of the country and given to those who actually seek it at a higher stage. Educational institutions are run by both, e.g. by Government as well as by the public and private enterprises.

There are other types of social services. which are generally given by a progressive government like instituting old-age pension, giving health services, establishing homes for the old people, as well as for the destitutes, delinquents and beggars. But all these services are not organised as compulsory service.

The word compulsory service is used in the following sense: compulsory made by the law and enforced and financed by the Government. The word voluntary social service can be used in connection with the efforts made by the individuals, singly or in groups and nourished mainly by public generosity.

Besides the above categories, one can envisage many other types of compulsory social services which could be instituted and enforced by the Government for the national good. For example, College students may be required to give their services in teaching for a limited period, say, for a period of a year or two. Medical students could be employed to work in villages for a limited period before they are given a degree. The services of the students of Engineering Colleges should be utilised for road-building. In a country like ours where the vast majority of our population is yet to be made literate in the shortest possible time and vast areas are to be covered by medical relief and communication, there is nothing wrong in making these services compulsory for the students to a limited period. It is not only the nation as a whole which will be benefited, but the participants themselves will also be benefited. This kind of social service will make them acquainted with the people and the practical problems to be faced in life as well as the different areas of the country and this knowledge will greatly benefit them in their future careers.

At the time of national emergencies, military training and the defence service also could be made compulsory. In almost all free countries it is so and I hear that in Israel even women have to participate in the defence of the country. Personally I would not mind suggesting that all citizens should be required to devote two hours a week to some prescribed social service like "each one teach one", giving help in the hospitals or planting trees. I am told that in Japan even the school children are required to help in planting trees during their school vacations. After the war in some countries like Germany, I understand, students were asked to help the farmers during vacation.

For promoting national health I would not mind if people between fifteen and fifty are asked to undergo physical drill compulsorily, at least twice a week. But care should be taken that compulsion should be employed only for the national good and not for personal or party gains.

> **There is no worship purer or more pleasing to God than selfless service of the poor. The rich in their arrogance and intellectual pride often forget God and even question His existence. But God dwells among the poor, as they cling to Him as their sole Refuge and Shelter. To serve the poor is, therefore, to serve Him.**
>
> —Mahatma Gandhi

There are limits beyond which compulsion should not go. Compulsion could be used to tide over grave national emergencies or needs, but it should not interfere with the private and personal lives of the people. For instance, compulsion should not be adopted to ask people to choose a particular profession; it should not be adopted to interfere with the right of free association with a particular group or person. It should not be adopted to make the people to write, read or hear only what the authorities want them to write, read, or hear and so on.

But then people may say that this is not within the realm of social service. By social service what is meant is running institutions or doing work for the good of the people and helping them in various ways. For instance, women's homes, homes for the orphans, institutions for the handicapped, schools and colleges could be run by the people, individually or collectively to help some section of the society. Individuals should be encouraged to have this kind of social service performed. There is an urge in every human being to do something good, something creative, something which could help the people in need. Such initiative and urge to do social services should be fostered properly.

But care should be taken that the social services do not degenerate into a hunting ground for getting money from the public or the government, or even become a means to spread one's influence. In such cases, the voluntary social service would no longer remain social service, but may become something else.

The Government-run institutions are also not all free from blame. Some of the institutions getting full government grant or aided by it have become money-spending devices. Only a happy blend of compulsory and voluntary services will enable our country to progress. I would even say that though many of the voluntary services may not come up to the standard, doing such services gives a large number of people initiative, drive and scope for the human urge to do good to others. A democratic government which believes in freedom should never attempt to do everything by itself. It is better to encourage voluntary services rather than monopolise every sphere, and thus dry up the innate springs of benevolent instinct of a large number of people.

It has been truly said that there is no worship purer or more pleasing to God than selfless service to fellow-beings.

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LOVE

its intensity & duration

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

ASSUMING that the total magnitude of love energy in an individual is finite, the intensity of love tends to decrease with an increase of duration, when the love expenditure of a given person is not correspondingly replenished by an inflow from other persons or other sources, empirical or transcendental.

And not only does the intensity decrease, but the more intensely love's reservoir is spent, the shorter becomes the period during which it is exhausted.

Like any other limited amount of energy, love energy can be spent either very intensely in a short period or it can be spread more thinly over a longer time. Millions of love heroes manifest love energy at high intensity for a short time. Thousands of soldiers risk their lives, sometimes voluntarily sacrifice them, to save their comrades. Thousands of persons perform daily actions of love of high intensity.

Even in hetero-sexual love there are millions who love "madly" for a comparatively short time.

But these times are "short" indeed; having quickly exhausted their love energy, these persons soon become ordinary or even selfish in their love activity.

There are millions of heroes of love for a moment, but few for indefinitely long periods. And their number tends roughly to decrease as the duration increases. This happens especially if and when their love intensity is not reciprocated, or is not replenished by some sort of public approval, by a compensating inflow of love from their fellow men, or through love actions from other sources, empirical or transcendental. In this respect love energy seems to behave like other forms of energy (heat, electricity, etc).

When an intense expenditure of love is reciprocated by love of others or, more generally, is replenished by an inflow of love from external sources—whether this source be retroactive love, love generated by love actions themselves, public approval, popularity, fame, or other substitutes for love, or whether it be a love coming from mystical, little-known supra-empirical sources—the intensity of love does not necessarily decrease as its duration increases.

Since the expenditure of love is either fully or partly compensated by its inflow from these sources, the intensest love can function for an indefinitely long time, as long, in fact, as the inflowing equivalent continues. If this equivalent is greater than the expended love, its intensity can even grow in the course of time.

The daily observations of ordinary persons and especially of great altruists demonstrate to us the reality of the indefinitely long and intense love. We frequently observe that the intensity of love between two or more persons grows, rather than decreases, in the course of time. Many love relationships begin as a feeble sympathy and eventually grow in intensity and purity. This happens also in heterosexual relations. The behaviour of the great apostles of love displays the most intense love, pulsating for an indefinitely long time.

The discussed uniformity is explained in the above proposition, then, by an inflow of love or of its substitutes (transformable into love as other forms of energy are transformable into one another) from "outside the individual."

The concrete forms of this inflowing love (or "feed-back") are many: love reciprocation, kindness answered by kindness, sacrifice by sacrifice, public approval, glorification of the love hero, tangible appreciation of love by others through pecuniary and other means, and so on.

From our own experience, and from observations of the love conduct of others, we know that such reactions to one's love serve to kindle it, and replenish it.

On the other hand, we also know that ordinarily an unrequited love, especially when it is responded to with animosity, tends to become discouraged, dried up, and disillusioned; sometimes this makes us bitter and even inimical toward those who thus "do not appreciate our kindness." Even the greatest apostles of love had their "dark nights" and moments of despair because of unrequited love.

To sum up: the secret of an undiminishing love intensity over long periods of time seems to lie in this inflow of love from outside the loving individual that replenishes his great expenditures of intense love energy. Without such an inflow, the intensity of love with an increase of duration tends to fall under the first uniformity discussed.

Sometimes there seems to be no inflow of love from other human beings, nor from any visible empirical source; instead, the response is open animosity. And yet the great martyrs of love, such as Jesus, or Al Hallaj, or Damien the Leper or Gandhi—to mention only few spectacular cases—did not decrease the intensity of their love despite persecution, hatred, and even martyrdom. How then shall we explain such "miracles"?

In the first place, practically all such martyrs of love had an inflow of the intensest and purest love from a small group of their family, their followers, their friends and companions. We know of hardly any such martyr of love who stood indeed alone in the whole inimical world; almost without exception they had at least a small group of those who loved them intensely. Furthermore they doubtless had a much larger "reservoir of love" than ordinary people have; and this great reservoir must have permitted them to expend their love lavishly for a long time. These two reasons may suffice to explain many of the cases discussed.

But this still leaves unexplained those martyrs of love who have no observable "inflow of love" from outside. The most probable hypothesis for them (and in a much slighter degree for a much larger group of smaller altruists and good neighbours) is that an inflow of love comes from an intangible, little-studied, possibly supra-empirical source called "God," "the Godhead," "the Soul of the Universe," the "Heavenly Father," "Truth," and so on.

Our growing knowledge of intra-atomic and cosmic ray energies has shown that the physico-chemical systems of energies are able to maintain themselves and replenish their systems for an indefinitely long time. If this is true of these "coarsest" energies, then the highest energy of love is likely to have this "self-replenishing" property to a still higher degree.

We know next to nothing about the properties of love energy. Theoretically, love may have its own "fission forces" that make its reservoir inexhaustible. When a person knows how to release these forces of love he can spend love energy lavishly without exhausting his reservoir.

This hypothesis is corroborated by the purely empirical statements of the martyrs of love who were surrounded by an inimical world. In such an emergency they called for the help of an "intangible force"—God or His equivalent. Jesus, foreseeing and foretelling his crucifixion, says in his agony at Gethsemane: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death.... And he went forward a little, and fell on the ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him. And he said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto thee; take away this cup from me; nevertheless not what I will, but what thou wilt" (*Mark* 14:34-36). And on the cross, again appealing to his Father, he forgives and prays for his executioners: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Finally, in his last agony he prays, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (*Luke* 23:34, *Mark* 15:34).

Similarly the great Mohammedan mystic, thinker, and apostle of love, Al Hallaj, imprisoned and waiting for the cruelest execution (crucifixion, preceded by the cutting off of his arms and legs, and followed by burning the remains) forgives his enemies and also appeals to God for strength. "Here we are.... It is in Thy grace that we look for a refuge and in the pre-eternal splendour of Thy glory we look for clarity.... Thus it is Thou, my God, who assigned to this witness (Al Hallaj) Thy divine essence, Thy certain selfness. It is Thou who wanted my debut.... It is Thou who made me to proclaim Thy essence through my created essence.... It has come to pass that now I am going to be exposed to death, executed, hanged on a gallows, burnt, my ashes thrown to the wind and currents.... Ah!.... the smallest particle of my ashes promises to my body a glorious transfiguration (resurrection), a reality that is more certain than that of the greatest mountains."

Practically all the martyrs of love in similar situations miraculously reinforce their love through prayers to God, the Invisible Power, the Self, or other transcendental sources. In prosaic language, they begin to draw their love energy from a transcendental source, by whatever name they call it (the Agape form of love).

We find examples of such "drawing" in the biographies or autobiographies of the past, as well as of contemporary apostles of love. M. Gandhi and A. Schweitzer repeatedly indicate this in their autobiographies, when they were in difficult situations surrounded by an inimical world. "After all, the real protector was neither I nor my brother, but the Almighty." "Without an unreserved surrender to His Grace complete mastery over thought (and all fears) is impossible." Praying "to the God of Truth that He may grant the boon of Ahimsa (non-violence) in mind, word and deed" was Gandhi's method of "drawing his loving strength in all crucial situations of his life."

"My life is completely and unmistakably determined by the mysterious experience of God revealing Himself within me as ethical will and desiring to take hold of my life.... One day, in my despair, I threw myself into a chair in the consulting-room and groaned out: 'What a blockhead I was to come out here to doctor savages like these!' Whereupon Joseph quietly remarked: 'Yes, Doctor, here on earth you are a great blockhead, but not in heaven.'" "Many a time I tried to settle what meaning lay hidden for me in the saying of Jesus, "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's shall save it.' Now the answer was found. In addition to the outward, I now had inward happiness."

When Serafim of Sarov (1759-1833) was attacked in his eremitic retreat by two criminals, he did not resist their attack, though he was physically powerful and had at that moment an axe in his hands (he was clearing the forest). Remembering Christ's "resist not evil" and "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword," he dropped the axe and allowed the criminals to beat him almost to death. Instead of resisting or cursing the attackers, he prayed for them; and later when they were caught he categorically opposed their persecution. In this, as in other emergencies, he drew his loving strength from God, because "God loves those who love him."

These three suggested sources—love of the martyrs' in-group, the vast reservoir of their love, and the self-perpetuating energy of love drawn from an intangible, supra-empirical (but most natural) source—rather satisfactorily account for the inexhaustible expenditure of love through indefinitely long periods.

PART III

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

CHAPTER II

SANDIPANI ARRIVES

GURU SANDIPANI and his pupils were arriving at Prabhas Tirth from Bhrigu Tirth by sea by about midday.

Krishna, the son of Vasudeva, the chief of the Shoora Yadavas, rose earlier than usual from his bed. When he received the respectful greetings of his spouses, Rukmini, the Vidarbha Princess of flaming beauty, and Shaibya, the dark Princess of Karvirpur, whose smile was a song of beauty, he said with mock solemnity: 'Today Gurudeva is coming and is going to decide whether you are keeping your husband happy or not.'

Rukmini put out her tongue impudently. 'We are going to complain that our husband is keeping every one happy but ourselves.'

'Try. Who will believe you, looking at your face? Isn't it so, Shaibya?' asked Krishna and departed.

He proceeded to the beach with his elder brother Balaraama and his friend Yuyudhana, the son of Satyaka, generally called Sa*a*tyaki.

Balaraama was a giant in size and strength. By nature he was good-natured, frank and hearty, though when engaged in a mace combat, he could smash skulls with amazing skill. He loved Krishna above everything else, and being free from personal vanity, took greater pride in the achievements of his younger brother than his own.

Sa*a*tyaki was a fiery young man, lithe and sinewy, skilled in arms and an athlete, and an expert chariot war-

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

BALARAAMA, His elder brother.

VASUDEVA, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.

DEVAKI, His mother.

DEVABHAAGA, His uncle.

UDDHAVA, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.

YUYUDHANA SAATYAKI, His friend and a Yadava Chief.

GURU SANDIPANI, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.

ACHARYA SHVETAKETU, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.

RUKMINI, SHAIBYA: His wives.

BHEESHMA (also GANGEYA)

KING SHANTANU, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.

SATYAVATI, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.

CHITRANGADA, VICHITRAVEERYA: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.

AMBIKAA, AMBALIKAA: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.

KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.

JAIMINI, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

PANDU, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.

KUNTI, Pandu's wife.

YUDHISHTHIRA (also Dharmaraaja),

BHEEMA, ARJUNA: Pandu's sons by Kunti.

MAADRI, Pandu's second wife.

NAKULA, SAHADEVA: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

DHRITARAASHTRA, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.

GAANDHARI, Dhritaraashtra's wife.

SHAKUNI, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.

DURYODHAN, DUSHAASAN: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.

PANCHALAS

YAJNASENA DRUPAD, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).

KRISHNAA DRAUPADI, Drupad's daughter.

DHRISTADYUMNA, SATYAAJIT: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

JARAASANDHA, Emperor of Magadha.

DRONAACHARYA, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.

ASWATTHAAMA, Dronaacharya's son.

KRIPACHARYA, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.

rior too. He followed Krishna like his shadow and keenly shared any adventure he embarked upon, with steadfast loyalty.

As was their daily routine, Krishna, Balaraama and Saatyaki joined the Yadavas on the beach, where most of the young and able-bodied Yadavas gathered every morning to acquire greater skill in weapons and keep themselves in fighting trim.

These exercises were in the nature of daily training for collective action and had stood the Yadavas in good stead in their swift rise to power. They had come to look upon physical endurance and bodily vigour as the essential requirements in life.

As Krishna met the young Yadavas gathered on the beach, he accosted some by a word, some by a smile, still others by a nod or gesture of friendliness. In response he was greeted with spontaneous shouts of "Jaya Shri Krishna," for out of devotion, they had come to add the honorific word "Shri" to his name.

A retainer was waiting with his mace named *Kaumudaki* and his bow, *Sharanga*, which he alone could wield. Today, however, he did not enter the mace combat nor shoot an arrow as was his wont. He rested content only with cheering others who excelled in the performance.

The exercises over, Krishna and Balaraama, with the Yadavas, went for a swim in the sea. Swimming over, they performed their morning worship of the rising sun standing in the water. Then they offered the daily worship at the shrine of Somanath, the God of gods.

It was a cold, crisp winter morning. Gargaacharya, the venerable preceptor of the Yadavas and Krishna, accompanied by Balaraama and Saatyaki, went to the jetty to receive Sandipani and his pupils. Many Yadavas of note and other people had also collected on the beach to give the Guru a hearty welcome.

When the pupils, led by the principal disciples of Sandipani stepped ashore from the boats, the venerable Gargacharya received them with his blessings. The disciples and the pupils also paid their respects to Krishna and Balaraama, whom they held in great admiration as the old pupils of the school, who had miraculous achievements to their credit.

With a staff in hand and dressed in the skin of an antelope, Sandipani, tall, gaunt and sinewy, stepped out of the last boat, his greying hair blowing about his face in the sea breeze, and enveloped Krishna in an affectionate embrace.

Sandipani looked at his favourite pupil with frank admiration. Strenuous life led with great intensity, had scarcely left any marks on him. The brow was smooth as a young woman's; the eyes sparkled with joy; the laughter was spontaneous. The grace of his body gave little evidence of the muscular power which could, when required, keep four stormy horses of a running chariot under control and speed the whirling *chakra* to sever the head of an enemy.

The Guru observed with great satisfaction that his pupil wore his eminence without a trace of vanity. Not a word or gesture escaped him which could indicate that he had performed exploits which were heard with awe-inspired interest in courts and village squares alike.

A fresh garland of *champaka* flowers had swung cheerfully from his neck. The peacock feather waved gaily on the diadem as he laughed. The yellow *pitamber* which he wore, was folded in impeccable folds.

Sandipani's heart overflowed with joy. It was the greatest feat of his strenuous life, thought Sandipani, to have fathered such a spiritual son.

Krishna stepped aside and Sandipani hastened to embrace Balaraama. The heavy-bodied giant encircled the wiry Guru in his massive arms and left the old teacher breathless.

'And where is Uddhava?' asked Sandipani.

'Krishna has sent him to Hastina-

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pur,' laughed Balaraama, 'as if Dwarka was not good enough for him.'

During these years, Krishna, while looking after the interests of the Yadavas, had never failed to follow the happenings in the outside world. Even in the prosperity which had come to the Yadavas, he had never forgotten that the fate of *dharma* was ultimately bound up with the fortunes of Aryavarta.

Krishna had also never ceased to cherish the memory of the happy days he had spent with Arjuna and Bheema when one after the other they had visited Mathura and followed their career in the distant north with great interest.

Vinda and Anuvinda, the twin Princes of Avanti, were his loyal friends from the time they were all pupils of Sandipani school. Avanti was developing into a great centre, to which men from all parts of Aryavarta were attracted, and the Princes, whenever they could, kept Krishna posted with the developments in different parts of the country.

The Brahmans too kept the common consciousness flowing throughout the Arya world. They visited one country after another, going on pilgrimage, attending sacrificial sessions, visiting schools of learning, reciting the exploits of ancient kings and imparting the teachings of the sages, and seeking patronage of the kings, warriors or the well-to-do members of the community.

In their peregrinations, the Brahmans never missed visiting the holy shrine of Somanath at Prabhas, and when there, invariably received generous hospitality and lavish gifts from the Yadavas, and in return, gave whatever reports they had gathered in the countries they had been visiting.

All who came to Dwarka were as much fascinated with Krishna's graciousness and wisdom as they were awed by the striking power of the Yadavas which he had built up. When they left Dwarka, they carried with them the tales of his exploits to retail them wherever they went.

However, it was Guru Sandipani's school which steadily maintained a flow of communication between different parts of the country. The Guru himself, on account of the confidence which was placed in him by the kings and the *rishis*, was an authority on the policies of the former and the latter.

Krishna, therefore, knew what was happening in the outside world.

● ● ●

After Rukmini's proposed *swayamvara* had been turned by Krishna into a fiasco, Jaraasandha had returned home to Rajagriha, the capital of Magadha, frustrated and furious. During these three years he had made no attempts to invade any of the kingdoms ruled by the Arya kings, though reports had it that he was waiting for an opportunity to overwhelm the King of Kashi.

However, as Krishna knew, the final victory of *dharma* largely depended upon the attitude of the Kurus of Hastinapur, and of the Panchalas of Kampilya—the two most populous of the Arya races.

The fertile lands which the Kurus and the Panchalas occupied along the banks of the Ganga formed the heartland of Aryavarta. It included Kurukshetra and Brahmarishidesh, where the most revered of the sages had their *ashrams* and where the tone of Kshatriya conduct was set by the venerable Gaangeya. Generally called Grandfather Bheeshma, this pillar of the Kuru power, single-minded in the pursuit of *dharma*, was as strict in personal and public life as he was terrible in war.

Krishna felt the situation in Hastinapur heartening. The blind King Dhritaraashtra had the wisdom to appoint Yudhishthira, the eldest son of his deceased brother Pandu and Krishna's cousin, as the *yuvaraj*. Within a short time with Grandfather Bheeshma's blessings, he had gained the love of his people and a reputation for being a just and benevolent

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ruler.

Krishna was also delighted to hear that Arjuna, the third of Pandu's sons and the friend whom he cherished, had given stability to the empire of the Kurus by his victories in wars. His fame as a warrior of miraculous power had spread everywhere and his exploits were sung in every royal hall.

However, the situation was not free from uncertainty. When Yudhishthira was installed as the *yuvaraj,* Duryodhana, the eldest son of Dhritaraashtra, had come to Saurashtra on the pretext of perfecting the art of mace-combat under Balaraama, its recognised master.

Duryodhana after his arrival had warmed himself into the affections of Balaraama and become his favourite pupil. He had also been at pains to make friends with Krishna, who was the last person to repulse a proffered friendship.

Spiteful and malicious by temperament, this Kuru prince, as Krishna could see, had lashed himself into a jealous rage at Yudhishthira being appointed the *yuvaraj* and had come to Dwarka really to ascertain whether the Yadavas would befriend him if there was a clash between him and the Five Brothers. Krishna had been, therefore, glad that with him away for about a year, all intrigues would be hushed in Hastinapur and the Five Brothers would happily be left free to strengthen their hold on the Kurus.

Krishna knew that Yudhishthira was pledged to *dharma*; that the Five Brothers were devoted to each other; that they were held in high regard by the venerable Grandfather Bheeshma, and in great affection by the Best of Munis, Veda Vyaas, foremost among the seers.

With Yudhishthira as the *yuvaraj* and later the Emperor of Hastinapur, and Arjuna, the irresistible warrior standing by his side, Krishna felt confident that *dharma* would come to be respected, and violence and wickedness subdued. That was the only hope of the Arya way of life flourishing and reclaiming such people as were alien to it.

When, after a year's stay with them, Duryodhana had left for Hastinapur, Krishna could see that things would now be not too easy for the Five Brothers. The time, therefore, had come for him to go north, give strength to his cousins, the Five Brothers, and forge an alliance which would stand as a bulwark for *dharma*.

The long-awaited opportunity to go north had presented itself two months ago when he had received a pressing invitation from Yudhishthira to come to Hastinapur. In response, Uddhava, his beloved friend and cousin, had been sent in advance to announce that he, Krishna, was coming.

[*To be continued*]

Even as a born-blind man has no knowledge of forms, so one cannot get the Knowledge of the Reality even in crores of creation-cycles, except through initiation by the Guru.

Guru Gita

LORD GANESA

THE name Ganesa means either the lord of the multitude of Pramathas or that of living creatures. In *Mahabharata*, he is described not only as the great lord of all created things but also as one who grants prosperity (शंभुः) and as the root cause of the existence of the world. Ganas are a species of gods and Ganesa is their master.

Mahabharata further states that before commencing the inditement of a literary piece the name of Ganesa is to be meditated on.

काव्यस्य लेखनार्थाय गणेश : स्मर्यतां मुने ।

Ganesa's birth is described in *Brahmamvivartapurana*. According to it, the elder son of Siva and Parvati who was endowed at the time of his birth with every gift befitting the most perfect among the species of gods, chanced to lose his head by the sight of Sanaischara. It was Lord Vishnu who rescued him from his plight by replacing the head with that of an elephant. It happened thus:

Mother Parvati forbade Sanaischara from looking at her son on any account. Hearing the words of Parvati, Sani became so depressed that he began to waste away. But urged by curiosity, he braved to see the face of Parvati's baby just with the corners of his eye and lo! to the surprise of all gods, the head of baby Ganesa broke into pieces. All Gandharvas and angels fell unconscious. At this pitiful sight, Vishnu mounted Garuda and started towards river Pushpabhadra to the north. In the forest on the banks of the river he saw a mighty elephant asleep in the company of his mate. Lord Vishnu chopped off the head of the male elephant with his Sudarsana and carrying the head on the back of Garuda came back to Parvati. The all-knowing Lord then took the baby on to his chest, planted the head on to the headless baby and gave him life by His powers.

In *Varahapurana*, Vinayaka's birth is differently related. Once the Devas and the great sages experienced the great misfortunes of obstruction to their work which prevented them from attaining their desired objectives. They could not enjoy the fruits of their labour. They took counsel among themselves and approached Rudra for the redressment of their grievances. Rudra heard the complaints of the celestials and looked meaningfully at Uma and a son, Vinayaka, was born immediately to her by the Lord's grace. He was so manly and refulgent that he appeared like another Rudra. All the celestial beings including Uma herself were captivated by his beauty. Seeing him potentially dangerous, Rudra then cursed him to have the head of an elephant and a pot-belly and so he became. He then, his might by no means reduced, became the protector of the Devas, and the leader of the Ganas. His worship at the beginning of any action was then ordained to ensure its success.

That there are several Vinayakas is evident from various descriptions in our mythology. Ganesa, the son of Rudra, leads them. According to *Saradatilaka* there are fifty-one Ganesas: viz. Vignesa, Vighnaraja etc., and they are associated with fifty-one *shaktis* like *Hri*, *Sree*, *Pushti*, *Shanti* etc. According to *Vahnipurana*, different groups of Ganas are called Vinayakas.

In *Rigveda*, Ganapati is described as the wisest among the wise and according to *Mahabharata* he is identical with Lord Siva himself in all his manifestations.

The worship of Ganapati is ordained by our religion as the preliminary rite before embarking on any work, both for its smooth sailing and for its successful conclusion. *Kathasaritsagara* has put it thus: "If you don't worship Vighnesa, obstacles will arise." And the fourth day of the Bhadrapad is particularly auspicious for his propitiation.

Who doesn't know the story of how Lord Parameswara demonstrated the superior wisdom of his pot-bellied elder son over his debonair younger son Kartikeya by offering the prize of a divine fruit to the former in a race round the universe which he set for them?

We are indebted to Lord Ganesa in many ways; but for him the great *Mahabharata* would not possibly have come down to us as it has today. He is the master of all arts including that of humour—one of his names is *Vikata*—and sciences. May He continue to bless us all with his benign guidance.

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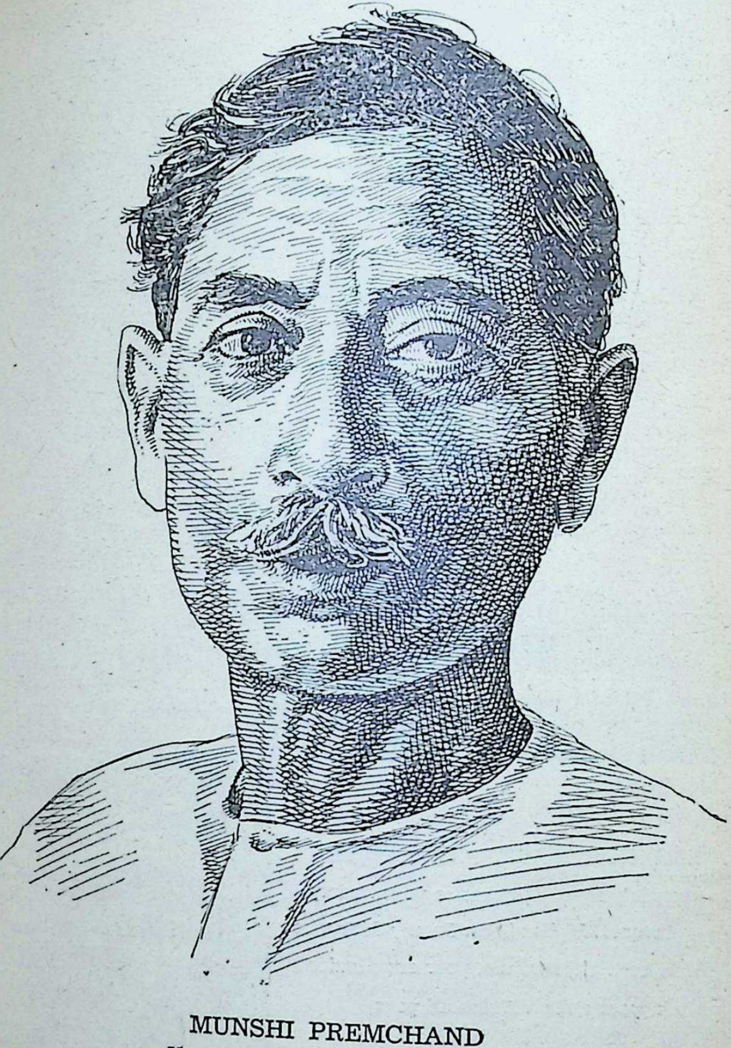

MUNSHI PREMCHAND

[*b.* 1880; *d.* August 24, 1936]

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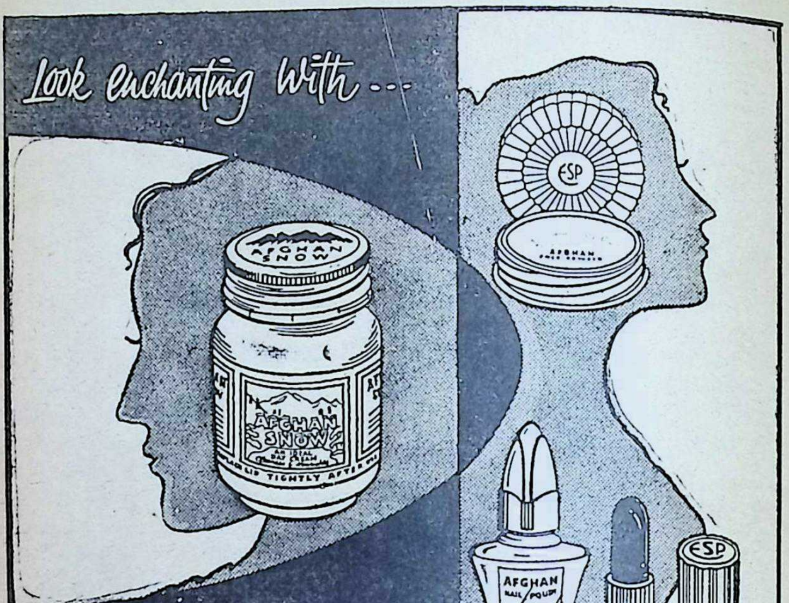
—K. M. Munshi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contemporary trends in Marathi literature

Dr. (Kum.) SHYAMALA SHARMA

THE famous French philosopher Jacques Maritain in his *Creative Intuition in Art and Poetry* points out four stages in the evolution of art. While illustrating these stages with the help of the actual historical development of art, he observes that the path of the progress of art is a transition from objectivity to subjectivity.

The artistic creativity is, of course, never absent at any stage. The difference, however, between the ancient and modern art is due to the fact that in the initial stage, this creativity was not self-conscious while now it has become self-conscious to such an extent that the Thing or the object entirely loses its form and individuality in the individuality of the artist. The internalization of the creative spirit has given rise to the age of individualism in art. It is certainly the beginning of the modern era. The contemporary art marks a further stage of evolution in art. The artist is not satisfied with the expression of his individuality only; he is now keen on exploring his own depths of personality. It is rather an attempt to get a metaphysical revelation of one's own subjectivity through the object.

At no stage has the artistic creativity tried to get rid of the object. What the modern art tries to get rid of is not the object, but the domination of the object. As Maritain writes, he now makes his subjectivity the vehicle for approaching the object. It is he who imprints his style on the object and not otherwise. By this venture, the modern artist not only reveals his own subjectivity, but by the same stroke he reveals the objects better than the artists who made a direct approach to it. It is like catching the secret of the Thing in one's own recesses.

Paper read at the Greater Bombay Writers' Conference

What the French philosopher says about art is more particularly true of poetry and literature. It is the sign of this spirit of modernity that the external aspects of art have stopped dominating the creativity of the artist. Hence the contempt of the modern artist for rhyme and rhythm; hence his intolerance of the conventional meanings and the symbols, the set ideas of suggestivity and imagery; hence his violation of the set patterns and codifications and the struggle to deviate from the beaten path—the path which is controlled entirely by the external embellishments and the rules that regulate the medium. These cannot be the ideals and standards for the modern writers and poets.

This spirit pervades the literary creations all over the world, and Marathi literature is no exception to it.

The history of Marathi literature of the past fifty years witnesses the rise of individualism and its further march towards a spirit of modernity. Like all the insurgents in history, even the modern poets and writers have had to face the polemic and criticism raised by the traditional schools of writers and the readers who have yet to grasp this spirit. The controversies and problems of compromise between the old and new characterized the literary criticism of the past few years and now the bitterness of the friction between them has softened down to some extent. Nonetheless, it has given rise to the class of "old style" writers and poets as against this new class of modernists. This division is found in all the branches of Marathi literature—more prominently in poetry. A poet is never introduced without being shown as to whether he belongs to the "old style" class—which is by no means a "by-gone" class—or the "new style" class. Perhaps the poet himself is unconscious of this division when he releases his creative soul, and it is the critic who is more particular to fit him into one or the other class. We witness nothing but a pure spontaneity in the poetry of the well-known poets like Kusumagraj, Ahil, Yeshwant, Sopandev Chaudhari, Sanjivani Marathe, Borkar, Indira Sant, V.M. Kulkarni, Padma Gole, Prafulladutt and so on. These poets have been composing poetry for the last many years and the Marathi readers are quite anxious to share the delicacy, elegance, vigour and fervour of their poetic feelings and intuitions. It would be artificial to apply any consideration about old and new in respect of these great poets.

The late Sri B. C. Mardhekar is supposed to be a pioneer of the 'new' style of poetry and he has the credit of introducing in poetry certain new qualities hitherto unknown. They include among them chiefly the quality of obscurity which was made a target of attack and is still being made by the protagonists of traditional style. But this new poetry in its real spirit shows a new awakening and way of experiencing the facts. Like the modern painting, it has thrown away the patterns and restrictions that regulate the craft of versification. We see in the modern Marathi poetry a struggle—a conscious struggle—to rise above the craft and technique and create new imageries and fresh suggestivity to word. They are *prima facie* faithful to their own mysterious calls and revelations. Poets like V.D. Karandikar, Chitre, P.S. Rege, Padgaonkar, Arati Prabhu represent this new spirit in poetry. Unfortunately, the staleness caused by the imitators raises doubts in the minds of the readers about the sincerity of poetry and the common reader has serious complaints against this new trend.

The same transition has taken place in prose writing also. Creativity is infinite and its objectification in art has brought into existence a number of new forms which elude the fixed forms. The corp of prose literature during the past fifty years has introduced to the Marathi readers several brilliant minds with deep understanding and vision of life supported by superb skill in technique. The contemporary Marathi novel is hardly descriptive like the novels of Haribhau Apte and it avoids skilfully the personal intrusion of the author in the fabricated world of the fiction. The tendency to make a melodrama of certain emotions and feelings still characterizes some novels while some novels show an impassive outlook of the novelists portrayed however very beautifully. The themes of the present-day novels are of course the themes that interest the present society. The veteran novelists like Sri N. S. Phadke, Sri V.S. Khandekar, Sri G.T. Madkholkar, Sri P.Y. Despande, Sri Pendse, Sri Madgulkar, Sri G.N. Dandekar, etc., have established their own traditions and standards. They display in their novels their keen sensitivity to the current social and political problems—the problems of sex and marriage, the problem of values and faith. Sri Phadke was alleged to be an 'escapist' by the late Smt. Kusumavati Deshpande in her *Adhunik Kadambaricha Utkrantimarg* (1943). The abundance and periodical 'delivery' of his novels for the past few years has raised a doubt in the minds of readers whether novel-writing could be a mechanical art. The 'craft' part of his novels is unchallenged. His interest in unravelling the sex problems is becoming more and more evident and one rather cannot avoid thinking that this is a device for gaining mass popularity. Sri Khandekar has acquainted the readers with his own way of sensitivity and style and his most recent work *Ashru* portrays the defeated idealism of the present middle-class society.

Some of the Marathi novels claim novelty, for the novelty of atmosphere they select for their background. This

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novelty is sometimes the foreign land or society as in *Ranangan* by Vishram Bedekar, *Sultana* by Sri Razzak, sometimes a scene like "Bhakra-Nangal" as in *Amhi Bhagirathache Putra* by G. N. Dandekar. Sometimes, the background is chosen from the backward communities, the outcastes of society. Sri Vyankatesh Madgulkar's handling of the rural society and atmosphere is very artistic and his *Banegarwadi* is a living picture of the village life. Realism is a cherished value till date. Only when the realism becomes too real to be artistic, the critics think it necessary to warn the writers.

The division of old and new is again applied in the field of "short stories" also. In fact the word "Short Story" is a misnomer for what is denoted by this name. There is no story either short or long in the short-story literature. On the other hand, it is considered to be a sign of old fashion to tell a story. The critics think that the writers like Phadke, Khandekar, etc., cannot avoid the temptation of narrating a story. Writers like Gangadhar Gadgil, Arvind Gokhale, P.B. Bhave, Sadanand Rege, G.A. Kulkarni, Vyankatesh and G.D. Madgulkar, etc., have now raised new expectations in this field. Their stories reveal an internalized search for truth and each story is an expression of certain subtle moments of truths realized as they are actually felt and not simply known through logical reasoning. The story conveys at the same time the poignancy and passion with which the facts are felt and experienced. Sometimes they tend to be poetic; sometimes they are powerful character sketches tending more towards the essay form. The critics have welcomed this change in the outlook even though some of them have expressed misgivings about the future of this form.

The late Smt. Kusumavati Deshpande compared the present short-story to a holdall that can contain anything. Sri V.L. Kulkarni, however, in his *Vangmayeen Drishti* and *Drishtikon* views it more favourably. He holds the opinion that the short-story has the capacity and power to give significant glimpses of life. It is like a sun-ray, entering through a narrow hole a dark room, enlightening and illuminating the particles around it. But in order that this should happen, the author has to be a deep thinker, a keen penetrater, and

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a person with a wide vision and broad outlook. This exactly gives us a criterion to distinguish the really good stories from the bumper crop of stories written by persons pretending to reveal certain truths of life, when their capacity to know and feel these truths has not gone beyond a certain shallow level. Marathi literature abounds in such productions, and even the most average reader does not hide his disappointment he experiences.

As regards the plays and dramas, the age of popularity of the dramas of B.V. Varerkar, P.K. Atre, M.G. Rangauekar etc., is being gradually overshadowed by the plays of P.L. Deshpande, Vijay Tendulkar, who represent a new spirit in playwriting. They have introduced new experiments and techniques, sometimes more congenial for the stage, and like the modern story, their dramas have taught people to expect new standards and values. Vigorous attempts are being made to introduce the foreign works to Marathi readers, and the well-known plays of Shakespeare, Maugham, Karel Capek, Priestley, etc., have been translated of late into Marathi.

Besides these, there is a continuous contribution in the fields of "Lalit-Gadya" or "Lalita Nibandha", one-act plays, "Sangitikas," travel accounts, etc. It is very interesting to find how the age-old art of travel account scintillates with a new life and humour when the veterans like P.L. Deshpande, Gangadhar Gadgil, etc., handle it. *Apurvi* of Deshpande is a remarkable piece of this type of literature, and it has met with a very hearty appreciation.

Looking at all these contemporary works of literary art, one does feel the change the present decade has brought over in our literary expectations. The age of ideals and moralizing has been left behind; our modern writer, poet or the playwright does not want to give us any ideals. He wants sincerely to convey his sensitivity to the facts as they are. This is a positive attitude he has adopted. But this positivism is not objective but entirely subjective. It is his realization of the facts in his own depths of personality that renders his work significant and meaningful. The more the personality is enlightened, the more powerful is the vision objectified through the medium of words.

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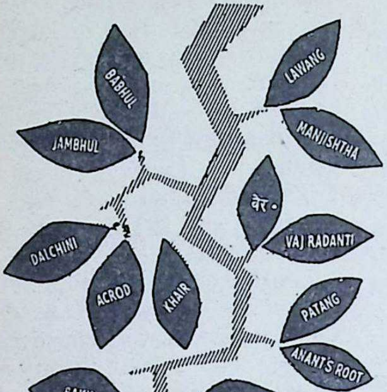
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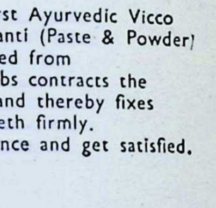
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Carl Huson

THE problem of juvenile delinquency is world-wide. Psychologists, seeking means of prevention, have been devising a method of detecting tendencies towards delinquency in children to whom, after certain tests, they give an assessment or "crime-proneness quotient."

These days we have got used to Intelligence Tests, but it took many years for them to be accepted in the educational world—and even now they cause resentment with some people. Many parents, for instance, do not consider that they reflect the true capabilities of their children.

But their reactions to tests which may show tendencies towards delinquency in their children—the psychologists call it "crime-proneness"—is likely to disturb parents even more at first. But something must be done, because problem-children are worrying the authorities in practically every country.

Teachers, provided they are alert and observant, can detect symptoms of delinquency in a child long before he or she ever comes in contact with the police. The first signs are not usually positive enough to demand drastic action, but they are obvious enough to the experienced eye. As a child gets older so the symptoms of delinquency become more evident. By the time he is 13 a boy may be in trouble with the police; by the age of 15 he may be in an Approved School (run for delinquent children); by 25 he may have become a regular offender.

The primary teacher who saw the first signs can only look on helplessly. He—or she—is left with the sad thought that if something could have been done all those years before, the child might have been kept on the right lines.

But it is obvious, if the child is to be saved, attempts to assess his wayward tendencies must be based on something more reliable than just a teacher's intuition.

This is where the more reliable and scientific methods of the psychologist come in. Research work by psychologists in U.K., working with a group of children's homes, has led to a method of assessment which depends on the close observation of the behaviour of the children in school and in their social meetings.

Such actions as frequent absence from school; the persistent telling of lies; cruelty to animals or other children, and deliberate destruction of property are symptoms of delinquency.

The psychologists observations are concerned, too, with the more subtle factors of personality—the over-quietness of the repressed child who hides at the back of the class; the rebellion of the child who resents lawful authority; the attention-demanding of the show-offs. In all, the schedule compiled by these psychologists contains some 160 items indicative of "behaviour disturbance," and about 50 indicative of stability. Using this system of tests, they feel confident that they give most children an accurate "Crime-Proneness Quotient."

Psychologists in the U.S., working on the same problems, rely more on the child's home and social background as a means of assessing any proneness to crime.

But whether we believe that the cause of juvenile delinquency lies in the individual himself or in the kind of society that produces him, we can all agree that prevention is better than cure. It is important to detect delinquent tendencies in children if we are to save them from turning into enemies of society.

If we regard violent anti-social behaviour as a kind of sickness, then we must allow our psychologists to diagnose it and try to find a remedy. With this rational attitude people may come to accept this Crime-Proneness Quotient as normally as we now accept Intelligence Tests.

Let us remember that this work is going on with the object of reducing human suffering—not only in the case of the child, but also as it affects his family, and society as a whole. The cost of juvenile delinquency in personal suffering and in financial terms can be very high.

Success or failure is not in our hands. It is enough if we do our part well. Ours is but to strive. In the end it will be as He wishes.—Mahatma Gandhi

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PART III

Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

Rajba Has a Vision

EVER since Sheela returned from Europe, Raj could see that Uday had to exercise great control over himself. He said but little, but on his face could be seen the effects of great tension and mental conflict, and also of lack of sleep. Naturally Raj was extremely worried and every day she prayed to God to show her some way of saving Uday from himself.

After Ravi left her, Raj sat quietly for some time to think things out clearly. The only thought that kept revolving in her mind was 'Oh God, how can I save my brother? What shall I do? What can I do?' All these years she had worked devotedly to make her brother happy. But instead of securing happiness, his life was getting more and more complicated.

She asked God to help her find the solution to this problem. "What shall I do?" was the refrain of her prayer. And the only reply that was received was condensed in two words, 'Save him.'

By the time she had finished her prayers, Uday had returned from his chambers. His face betrayed deep internal anxiety. He was suffering immensely, and was finding it increasingly difficult to bear his separation from Sheela.

Raj muttered to herself: "What has happened to that famous expression of Thine 'My devotee can depend upon me, dear God.' Dost Thou wish that I too should perish?"

Meantime, the political atmosphere had grown so tense that even youngsters like Karan were also carried away by enthusiasm. All through the meal that day Karan kept talking excitedly of the events of the day.

"The procession was going along Dhobi Talao, just as my friends and I came out from school. We immediately joined it and shouted the slogan:

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

Rawa Tripathy (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

Radharaman Dalal :—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

Sheela :—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

Uday Solanki :—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

Rajba :—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

Majiba:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

Hanskunverba :—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

Samar Sinh :—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

Rowji Sheth :—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

Bhagwandas :—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

Nirmalaben:—His wife.

Jagjivan :—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

Uday returns home from Europe and is soon followed by Sheela and Radharaman. The latter who knew of Sheela's attachment to Uday keeps a watchful eye on her and employs Ranchhodji to spy upon them both. Gandhiji starts the Salt Satyagraha and the entire Bombay joins the movement.

"We have broken the Salt Act."
We have made salt and sold it'."

As he repeated this slogan, Karan's excitement rose. "One day I too will make salt...and, Motabhai, we teased the police quite a lot. There were some other boys who were singing the song of the spinning wheel. Why don't you get me a spinning wheel?" Without troubling to see whether his father or aunt was listening to what he was saying, he proceeded to sing the slogan.

"We shall turn and turn the spinning wheel
And win our independence."

"You have not gone mad by any chance, have you?" asked Uday sadly but affectionately.

In reply Karan sang out:

Gandhi's Charkha shall be turned.
The White shall be driven back to London.

"Motabhai, when do you think the British will run away to London?

Will our mad uncle chase them out?"

Uday could not help laughing aloud, as he replied, "Yes. Indeed, that is the only task left for your mad uncle to do."

"Motabhai, my mad uncle was in that procession and he looked like a soldier."

"Because he was in the army," he said.

"Oh, but he is the leader of the volunteers. And then we all went to Azad Maidan, where uncle Bhagwandas made the salt. I also tasted it."

When the meal was over, Rajba said to Karan to go to bed straightway, but Karan had not yet finished what he had to say.

"I want to join the Vanar Sena (the Monkey Brigade) tomorrow. Please wake me up at five. I will lead my party of young 'Monkeys' past our house so that Majiba can see us from her window. Uncle Bheem is going to make me the leader of a platoon of young 'Monkeys'."

"Very well, I shall wake you up. But now you go and sleep."

"Will drive the Whites back to London," shouted Karan as he went obediently to bed at last.

As usual, Uday sat down on the sofa while Raj came and sat down on the carpet near his feet. "I met the procession of the women volunteers on my way home today. It is surprising how loudly these women from respectable homes can shout. And many of them have taken upon themselves the responsibility of picketing even liquor shops in the Pydhoni area right upto midnight. So I am told."

"Man's mental attitude and behaviour changes in a most unexpected manner and that is what we call revolution," replied Raj as she looked at Uday affectionately. "Is that not so?"

"But this revolution is the result of Gandhiji's ability to make people accept what he says almost fanatically."

"Well, my brother, do you not feel intoxicated that way sometimes? Chengis Khan and Napoleon had to use force to recruit soldiers in their army. Gandhiji is able to do so almost without any effort."

"That is true. And sometimes even I feel that while all these people are doing so much for the country, all I am doing is to earn money," said Uday with self-contempt.

"But do I not see what is happening? Ever since Gandhiji started on his march to Dandi, I have seen how your mind has become more and more unsettled. You are asking yourself, it seems to me, that while so many are anxious to go to jail for the sake of their country, why you are not able to make the necessary sacrifice? Tell me the truth!"

"Well, I do find that there is a sort of intoxication in all that is happening. How many of these people who are jumping about all over the city really understand what Gandhiji means and wants? How many of them care even a little bit about truth and non-violence?"

"Is it because Alice let you down so badly and because of your subsequent impossible love that you feel so frustrated? Maybe that your success in your profession has somewhat dimmed your faith in your ideals.

Which is it?" asked Raj. The love in her eyes sought for and almost compelled Uday to give her a reply.

"I have had enough of politics. I do not wish again to plunge in it," Uday replied smilingly as he guessed what his sister was driving at.

"Ever since your childhood, you have taken pride in our ancestors. You have often told me of the way in which Arvind Ghose inspired Shivubhai and Kunwar Saheb to patriotic activity."

"That is quite true. When I was in England, I was also nursing dreams of serving my country and looking forward to the day when Mother India would give birth to great warriors like Kartikeya. But those were castles in the air."

"Or is it because you prefer to count guineas!" commented Raj jocularly. "Or maybe that the way your heart is troubled has destroyed your ideals? My dear brother, you have lost also your gift for creative literature. Are you not destroying yourself with your own hands?"

"It seems to me, Raj that today you have ceased to be a saint and become a lawyer to plead Bhagwandas' case."

"If I am not a lawyer, I certainly am a lawyer's sister!"

"Well, then, let me do some pleading on your behalf," said Uday, and began to speak as if he were in court. " 'Gandhiji has begun a magnificent experiment. Anyone who loves his country must do all he can to see that the experiment does not fail. My dear brother loves his country immensely. He must, therefore, see to it that the Salt Act is destroyed.' Well, now would you like to add anything?" concluded Uday.

"There is much that I would like to say, but where have you got the time to listen?"

"Here is argument number two: 'Just see how enthusiastic Karan has become. If you wish to be independent, you must develop a desire for independence from childhood. If my brother were to go to jail, his son Karan would be proud of him and the spirit of independence would develop in him. And if there were hundreds of thousands of such young boys we shall have a people fit to be independent. Therefore, my brother must go to jail. Q.E.D.' "

"How can I compete with you in advocacy?" retorted Raj.

"Well, then give up advocacy. Tell me what you see with your own eyes."

"So far as I am concerned, all I see is you," replied Raj. "Without a loving wife you are moving about like a lost soul. You may go on doing your work as a lawyer or a member of the Legislature or even as a writer, but there is no joy in it. You have become almost obsessed with a sense of failure. Am I right?"

Uday was startled as he heard this emphatic statement and sat for a while in deep thought. He heard Raj speaking again, "Even when Gujarat and India have joined the battle of independence, obsession of failure prevents you from seeking a new life and fresh objective?"

"Shall I tell you what I really feel? I have no desire to perform deeds of heroism or even to seek fresh adventures," replied Uday.

"Why not? Is it because you have

this fear of failure? Because you have no faith in God?"

"What you say is true. But what do you expect me to do?" asked Uday with a deep sigh.

"Well, there is only one way for getting rid of that fear; you must go to jail," replied Raj in a soft but passionate voice.

Uday was confused and put his hands over his eyes. For a few minutes there was complete silence and then he replied, "Raj, I think you are right. I just do not know what is the right thing to do. The feeling of frustration is gnawing at my heart. You are the only one to whom I can turn. Tell me what you would advise me to do."

"I can see my way only when I get inspiration. Until then I am also blind as a bat," replied Raj humbly.

"Why do you say this, Raj? I can never understand you when you speak in this manner. Who inspires you? You sit by yourself for hours together silent in meditation. Tell me what exactly do you do?"

"What is the good of my trying to explain this to you? You are so completely Westernised. If I were to tell you that I see God, you would immediately want to see God. But to make anyone else see God is not just a question of performing a magical trick like taking eggs out of a hat."

"Tell me who gives you your message, who inspires you?"

"Do you seriously wish to know?" For a while Raj kept her eyes fixed firmly on the ground and slowly an expression of reverence came over her face. And then she said in a somewhat hesitant voice, "God Krishna Dvaipayna."

"You mean Veda Vyas?" asked Uday who was startled into exclaiming.

Raj nodded assent.

"Does he really reveal himself to you?" queried Uday with a serious expression on his face.

"Yes, sometimes."

"And he gives you messages?"

"Yes."

"When did you have your last message?"

"The day before yesterday," replied Raj rather reluctantly.

"And what was it?"

"Would you like me to tell you? Very well. Listen. He said: 'Save him'."

"Whom? Me? Do you really mean it?" Uday looked at Raj with awe.

"May I say what I really think? All your ideals and energy are being used up in your professional activity and in the effort you have to make in controlling your longing for Sheelabehn. After you wrote "*Tapasvini*," have you had the urge to write anything creative?"

"Do you suggest that if I were to go to jail, all this waste would stop?"

"Yes, I think it would."

For a long time Uday remained in deep thought and did not utter a single word. Then he asked, for him a surprising question, "Can you really see God, Raj?"

"Yes. I can see Him as clearly and distinctly as I see you now."

"Is it not some form of illusion, of self-deception?"

"If that were so, surely I would

not have derived the strength that I do whenever I see Him."

"Then it is indeed amazing. Since when have you been able to see Vyasji in this manner?"

"When you were ill in Matheran and I came there to nurse you."

"You are sure you are not deluding yourself! Is it not a figment of your imagination?"

"No. My brother, God is truer than you and I. I suggest you leave me alone and let us not talk about me. Let us talk about Majiba, or about Gandhiji. If Veda Vyas had not always been there to guide us, where would we all have been?"

"What exactly do you mean, I cannot understand you," said Uday.

"Who inspired Majiba to give the name of Bheem to her youngest son and of Karan to her grandson? Kunwarsaheb was a disciple of Sri Aurobindo. Who would question the fact that he was influenced by Vivekananda and Ramakrishna? And Ramakrishna was the disciple of Totapuri who was in his turn a disciple of Shankaracharya. Shankaracharya himself was a disciple of Shukadevji and he had had the benefit of guidance from Vyasji himself. Had there not been this continuity of teaching through a succession of teachers and disciples, how do you think India's culture could have remained so?"

Uday was astonished at the unusual vehemence with which Raj spoke.

"But this is a matter of history."

"No. We are not talking of what has already happened, but of something that is a living power, something very much active. Had Vyasji not existed, would there have been *Mahabharata?* And had he not been there to write it, how would the message of Sri Krishna become immortal? Had Gandhiji not been brought up on the teachings of *Gita*, had he not been the personification of non-violence and truth, would he have acquired the hold he has over people's hearts and minds? Would Karan have become such a fanatical enthusiast? To you all this appears as history. I see in it the hand of God."

Uday interjected that Mrs. Besant had written in some book that Vyas was the patron saint of all time.

"I have not read Mrs. Besant's writing but I know this to be a fact," replied Raj with complete confidence.

"But if you can see Him, why am I not able to?"

"But have you ever been as persistently desirous of seeing Him as I have been?"

"And now does this God of your say that I should go to jail?"

"No. What he does say, however, is that you must save yourself from this feeling that your life is a failure. And should you have the good fortune to receive inspiration from Gandhiji, may be even you may yet see the truth."

Uday let out a deep sigh. "Raj, I think you are right. The fundamental truths have been personified in Gandhiji."

"The truths that have been established by God," muttered Raj.

She suddenly looked with her eyes wide open at the wall facing her. Before long, she was in a state of semi-consciousness.

(Continued on page 58)

Story of King Pururavas

Princess Pushpa

THE city of Devapura where Ananda the shepherd was staying was ruled by King Daivata. He had no issues for a long time. As a result of observing many a fast and doing *tapas*, Lord Parameswara was pleased to bestow on him a girl child whom he named Pushpanjali. He showered on her all the love he was capable of and taught her besides the royal arts, the science of music too in which she became a past-master.

When she came of age, the King built a separate zenana for her and installed her there with all the comforts and conveniences due to her age and status.

When the time came for her marriage, many a prince of the land sought her hand but the royal father made this stipulation, having regard to her extraordinary attainments in music. Said he: "Whoever among you can excel her in music can take her hand. Remember what it means to do so. Your music must be able to make a withered plant sprout instantaneously and melt the stone literally. Do you hear?"

To most princes music was anathema and those who were proficient were far from being able to answer the requirements of the King. But all of them did want the hand of the Princess. So, they got together and determined to take her by force if necessary. So they attacked the King. Daivata was more than a match for all of them put together and so he made them regret their hasty action by turning them on their heels.

When Princess Pushpa heard the news, she started despairing whether she will at all get a husband answering her father's stipulation. At the suggestion of her maids-in-waiting, the Princess sent for the astrologers and consulted them. They, however, told her: "Princess! Do not despair. You will soon have the pleasure of marrying the most beautiful, the most accomplished and the most famous King. We may tell you he is not far off from you!" So saying, they left.

One day Princess Pushpa was feeling unusually restive. Her youth appeared to smother her. As she was wrestling with her emotional disturbance one night at the top floor of her mansion, the wind brought a note of music through the balcony which made her sit up and listen. As she did so her musical frame started responding to it in a manner unknown to her before and she realised that she had met her master in that masculine music. The gem stone which adorned her diadem melted down at the music. This made her eyes widen and her heart began to thump.

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Shaking herself from her imagination, she called one of her maid-servants and asked her to follow the direction of the music to find out wherefrom it came. The maids cautiously got down along an improvised rope ladder and covering their faces, walked briskly in the dark in the direction wherefrom the music emanated. They traced it to the home of the philanthropic merchant-prince. Seeking out the attendants who were guarding the house, the maids asked them: "Who is it that sings from this house at this late hour?"

Guards: "Don't you know? It is the shepherd who was punished by the King for alleged theft. Doesn't he sing extraordinarily well? What a pity he has been maimed!"

No sooner did the maids hear it than they became crestfallen; for all their expectations had been dashed. Truth was that the maids expected the author of the music to be a prince; very beautiful at that; accomplished and valorous; that, being a great master of music, will prove an ideal match to the Princess. But when they heard that the person who sang was a cripple, their enthusiasm completely vanished. Nevertheless they conveyed the news to their mistress. But quite unexpectedly, the Princess said: "I do not care what he looks like. Let him be a cripple or even a leper. I shall marry him alone, failing which I shall make an end of this life rather than compromise my conviction."

In an effort to put the Princess at ease the maids smiled blandly and said, "Don't you worry. We shall seek a way out. Go to sleep now!" and retired.

While the maids lay awake sorrowing at the fate of their mistress, the Princess was undergoing the proverbial lover's pang. Soon she started thinning, food becoming more and more distasteful. Seeing her condition worsening, they reported her condition to Queen mother Tilakavati, who came posthaste and seating her daughter on her lap, comforted her: "My child! Do not unnecessarily worry. I have learnt all about your love. I shall talk to father and see that your wish is fulfilled. In the meantime be of good cheer."

Women have their own way of getting things done. And so Queen Tilakavati had little difficulty in persuading her husband for arranging a *swayamvara* for her daughter at the earliest opportunity. The astrologers were called and the date was fixed. Invitations were rushed to all the eligible Princes and Kings of the land. And the invitees started filling in, whom the King personally received and accommodated suitably.

While the capital was thus agog, the philanthropic merchant was relating to cripple Ananda all that was happening at the palace, just as a matter of curiosity.

As soon as the merchant left, the old woman without the nose came as usual and after feeding Ananda, she said: "My son! Do you know that the *swayamvara* of the local Princess is on now? I shall tell you something about her. This girl is very highly accomplished in music. Some days ago she happened to hear your music and from that time onwards, she is bent upon marrying you alone; failing which she had taken an oath to immolate herself!" Saying this she left.

Shepherd Ananda smiled sardonically and said to himself: "Apparently God is not satisfied yet with the misfortunes I am already suffering and He wants to clamp the sin of causing the death of an innocent girl too on my shoulders unless of course. . . ."

Continuing, he thought to himself: "Mother Saraswati's words will never become false. What will happen to the girl if I do not make myself available to her at the *swayamvara?* If I don't go, it will only be adding to the string of my misfortunes. Poor girl! Why should she be subjected to the misfortune of marrying a cripple?"

As he was ruminating thus, the philanthropic merchant came there and said: "Anandji! Why should you be cooped thus always in this room? Come, let us go and witness the *swayamvara*! You will have a lot of fun seeing it." Saying thus, he brought a palanquin in which he made Ananda ride and thus came to the hall where they sat together in a corner to watch the fun.

The *mandap* which was gaily decorated with flags and buntings was packed to capacity with glittering crowns. The bands blared forth auspicious tunes. As the appointed hour came, the King brought his daughter resplendently dressed in marriage attire, looking like Mahalakshmi as she came out of the Milky Ocean. The priests performed the ceremonial part of the function and she bowed at the feet of her parents. Calling the maids-in-waiting the King said: "Dears, you

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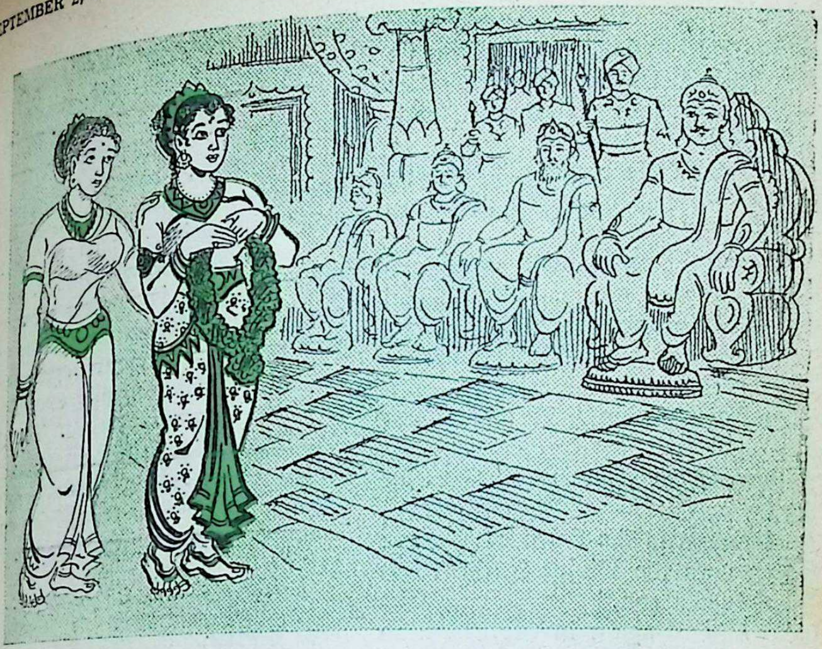

know the procedure. Take my daughter around and introduce the different Princes to her."

Holding a garland in her hands Princess Pushpa walked around surrounded by the maids, who introduced to her the Princes, each of whom strained his neck to catch the eyes of the Princess. But as she passed over one after another, they sat glum, discomfited. While the maids waxed eloquent over the exploits of each, Pushpa inwardly scarcely felt for them, for had they not all proved useless when asked to compete for her hand with their music? When she had thus left most of the assembled princes behind, she herself became nonplussed for a moment, for she felt that after all the trouble she would not be able to find the man she wanted. She as much as told her maids with her eyes that she was sorely disappointed in her quest and she would much rather make an end of her life.

Sensing her dilemma, an intrepid maid stepped forward and said: "My dear, listen to this story of mine and you will feel better."

[*To be continued*]

Benefits are only so far acceptable as they seem capable of being required; beyond that point, they excite hatred instead of gratitude.

—Tacitus

TAPASVINI—*Contd.*

"Raj,—"said Uday, but before he could proceed further he felt that there had come into the room a terrifying power.

"Uday, there He comes. There, do you see? He has come to give you His mandate."

By now Raj was scarcely conscious of what she was doing. She folded her hands and bowed her head. Uday, not understanding why she was behaving in that manner, sat up in a state of bewilderment. He heard Raj say:

"I bow unto Vyasa in the form of Vishnu.
And Vishnu in the form of Vyasa;
I bow unto the Divine in the form of Vasishtha's son."

Uday looked again in the direction in which Raj had once again begun to bow low. His eyes opened wide with amazement as he saw the artificial electric light disappear, replaced by a pale, restful, green light. Through it, two eyes, full of kindness and compassion looked at him....

The eyes suddenly smiled, spreading waves of joyousness all around, and he heard a deep melodious gentle voice say, "Without *tapas* (austerities), there is no achievement."

The vision disappeared. The circle of light also faded away.... The harsh electric light suddenly dazzled his eyes. He found Raj lying on the ground completely unconscious. Uday sat by her side.

After a while, Raj opened her eyes and smiled.

[*To be continued*]

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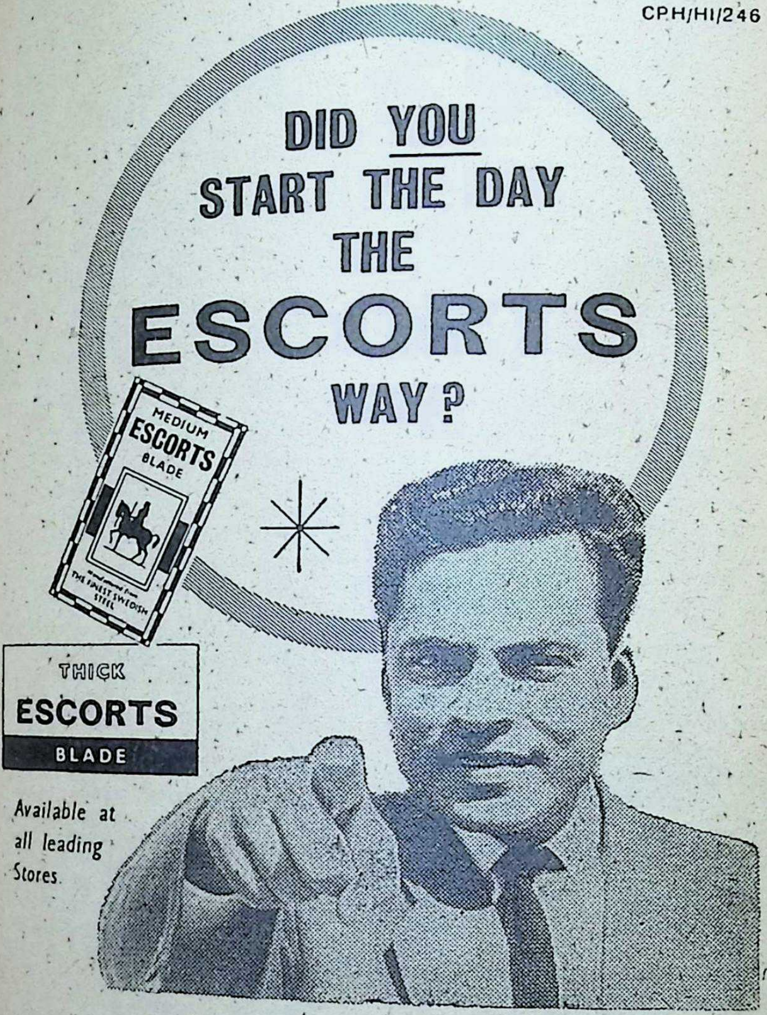

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Notes & News

BHAVAN'S SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

On Sunday the 19th August 1962, Andheri, a suburb of Bombay, wore an unusually festive appearance. All roads in that part of Bombay led to Bhavan's Campus at Andheri.

Shortly after 3 p.m., it was a human stream on the move that filled the roads. Sharp at five minutes past four, Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru rode, waving to the surge of humanity that walled both sides of the road to the Campus, where, under a huge shamiana a rousing reception of a gathering of over 12,000 strong awaited him.

Sri Nehru inaugurated at the Campus (1) the Sardar Patel College of Engineering, (2) declared open the new building of the Hansraj Morarji Public School, and (3) released Volume IX of the Bhavan's History Series, five titles of Bhavan's Book University Series, marking the 100th publication in the series and four books of the Bhavan's General Series.

Kulapati Munshiji received Sri Nehru at the gate, and after introduction of the Trustees and Governing Body members, Sri Nehru was escorted on to the dais. On the dais were seated besides Sri Nehru, Kulapati Munshiji, Sir H. V. Divatia, and Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Union Finance Minister Sri Morarji Desai, Maharashtra's Chief Minister Sri Y. B. Chavan; Education Minister Sri Shantilal H. Shah; Justice J. M. Shelat and others. The gathering was memorable, for it represented the cream of the Bombay society, including His Eminence Cardinal Rev. Gracias, Members of the Consular Corps and Ministers of the State Government, High Court Judges and prominent officials and industrialists.

After Bhavan's prayer, Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar offered Vedic benediction. Sri S. B. Junnarkar, Principal of the Engineering College read the messages received from H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi, President Radhakrishnan, Governor Subbarayan, Sri S. K. Patil and others for this occasion.

In his welcome speech Kulapati Munshiji said:

I have great pleasure in welcoming you all this afternoon and, particularly, you, Mr. Prime Minister. We are all deeply indebted to you, Sir, for being good enough to come, in spite of your preoccupations, to inaugurate the Engineering College.

For me, this occasion is a particularly happy one. Twenty-five years ago, I came to this spot in search of a site where we could put up the Hansraj Morarji Public School, a project which I was sponsoring, and a small research library for the Bhavan. This land was then uneven, boggy, full of pools of sea water. Since then, it has been given to me to watch this land filled up sod by sod; these buildings built brick by brick—till this day when it houses the Narrondass Manordass Institute of Science, the Hansraj Morarji Public School and the College of Catering of the All-India Women's Central Food Council. And to these is now added the Engineering College.

The Hansraj Morarji Public School, which has now about 750 students, is conducted by the Bai Kabibai & Hansraj Morarji Charity Trust, which, I had the opportunity to reorganise in 1929, when, under the scheme of the Court, I was appointed a Trustee. The School has had uneven fortunes, but during the last few years, it has been one of the most popular and well-run schools on this side of the country. We have now completed the School building which, I will request you, Sir, to declare open at the end of today's proceedings.

The Bhavan was founded in 1938. It has been God's work, for it has grown rapidly—Heaven alone knows how. Your visit to it, Sir, has always been a landmark in its progress.

You came to the Bhavan's headquarters in Bombay in 1950 when, to

SOME MESSAGES.

The Bhavan is entitled to be congratulated on the idea of combining the utility of a College of Engineering with that of keeping alive the sacred memory of Sardar Patel and I wish all success to this plan.

—Dr. Rajendra Prasad

My best wishes for the success of the Sardar Patel College of Engineering of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. I hope our young people will be inspired by the magnificent engineering and technological feats now in progress and make their mark.

—President Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

Sardar Patel Silpavidyasalako jaya ho sada.

—H.H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetham, Kanchi

I deeply regret my inability to attend the inauguration of Sardar Patel College of Engineering due to pressing engagements in Delhi. I particularly regret my absence as it was my privilege to be closely associated with the scheme right from its inception and to be present at its foundation-laying ceremony last year.

I am very happy indeed that work has progressed so quickly and the Prime Minister is inaugurating an Institution which would in every respect be a noble and worthy memorial to one of the greatest sons of India whose miraculous achievements of country's integration and outstanding services both in securing and consolidating its independence and safeguarding its security during the most critical period of its history deserve to be recorded in letters of gold. His mature and wise guidance and direction of country's affairs between 1946-50 can never be forgotten not only for the solid and permanent achievements which stand to his credit but also for the many dangerous and critical situations we avoided. His contribution to the solidarity, efficiency and discipline of the organisation of which he was such a distinguished leader was unique and he will always hold an honoured place among the makers of India and builders of its destiny. May his exertions and his example be a beacon light of hope and inspiration to the inmates of the Institution which would bear his illustrious name through history.

—Sri S. K. Patil, (Union Minister for Food and Agriculture), President of the Engineering College Finance Committee

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use a currently fashionable phrase, it had passed the "take off" stage.

Again, in May 1957, you were good enough to declare the Bhavan's building in New Delhi open. On that occasion you also released a few books of the Bhavan's Book University series and the IVth volume of the "History and Culture of the Indian People", the IXth volume of which you will do us the honour of releasing today.

Your visit now, in 1962, signalises another landmark in Bhavan's life. Now it has seven Kendras in different parts of India, besides its headquarters in Bombay. It conducts about 20 institutions which have, between them, about 4,000 students. Its Sanskrit examinations attract 36,000 students from all parts of the country every year. Its Book University series, dealing with history, literature and the deeper impulses of the Indian mind through the ages, has been of great educative values, the sales of the volumes having reached the million mark. This series will be 100-volume strong when you would have released the 100th volume today.

With the release of the IXth volume of the "History and Culture of the Indian People" today, the Bhavan would have almost completed over three-fourths of the most authentic historical work prepared and published after India became free—a work which has acquired world-wide recognition.

The Bhavan stands for the re-integration of Indian culture. Its aim is to revitalise the fundamental values of our land to meet the needs of the technological age through which we are passing. No people can survive, nor can preserve its soul, unless the values of their National Culture are adjusted to the current advance of science from age to age. When the moral and spiritual foundations of our culture were laid, India was abreast of the rest of the world in sciences, as also in the art of diplomacy and war; to believe otherwise is to be a victim of historical superstition. Wider and surer the knowledge of the physical world, the deeper will be the foundations of spirituality.

It was in 1957, when you, Sir, opened the Delhi Bhavan, that I had the occasion to announce the project of an Engineering College. The Government of India has since given the usual grant; so has the Maharashtra Government. Friends of the Bhavan in large numbers have also come forward cheerfully to make up the amount required to establish the College. I will take this opportunity to express my hearty thanks to them all.

It is a good fortune of the Engineering College that it has been associated with the name of Sardar Patel; it is the first monument to his memory to be established in this City, which, he made his own for several years of his later life.

Sardar performed the opening ceremony of the Hansraj Morarji Public School in 1940. From the beginning, he was also interested in the development and growth of the Bhavan. I am sure, his name now associated with the College, will be an abiding inspiration, for he was the embodiment of strength, the architect of India politically united as it never was before in history.

It is also in the fitness of things that you, Sir, should be here to inaugurate this College. Your partnership—I mean the partnership of Sardar and yourself—was a unique phenomenon in history. Two men, of rare individuality and power, were bound to each other, in spite of temperamental differences, for 30 years in personal friendship and political camaraderie, for conducting a unique struggle for freedom, for consolidating an ancient country after freedom was won, and for giving it a stable government.

I can never forget one glorious moment of our history, to which I was an eye-witness. Gandhiji had just departed life. Under the shadow of this calamity, the Congress Party in the Constituent Assembly met soon after in a state of immense uncertainty, for there were rumours of a rift in the partnership. On that occasion both of you, Sardar and you, Sir, rose to the occasion in a manner which had few parallels in the annals of men; both of you skipped the gulf with rare self-effacement and renewed your pledge to continue to re-build the country in freedom. And rebuild, you did.

Sardar has gone. Since his death, the burden of giving free India internal strength and external prestige has rested on your shoulders.

Even after 15 years, India is faced with many difficult and intricate problems. Of them all, the most vital is the task of giving it an organic unity.

We, of the Bhavan, in our humble way, work in the faith that only by evoking the noble impulses of our collective mind, enshrined in our history, in our literature, in our philosophy, in our religious outlook and in our moral and spiritual attitudes, that we can give this unity the epic quality which leads to dedicated life and, through it, to an enduring greatness.

With these words, Sir, I thank you very much for finding time to come here and I again welcome you all to this function.

● ● ●

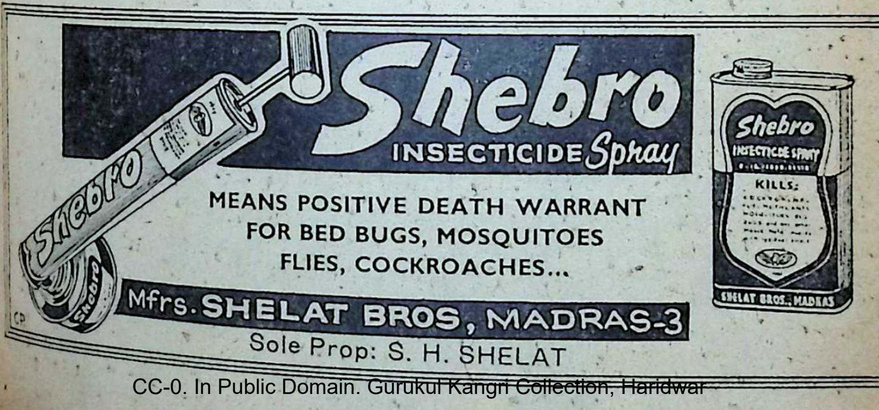
Smt. Lilavati Munshi then offered the Prime Minister a bouquet.

Sir H. V. Divatia speaking next requested the Prime Minister to inaugurate the Engineering College and declare open the Hansraj Morarji Public School and also release the History and the Book University volumes.

Rising amidst thundering cheers the Prime Minister who had specially flown from Delhi for the function said that he was happy to come to Bombay and be associated with the Engineering College which he characterised as a "working memorial" to the great Sardar who was essentially a man of action.

During the course of his 40-minute speech, Prime Minister Nehru commended the activities of the Bhavan particularly in the matter of publishing cheap and well-written books of abiding interest. He noted with pleasure that the sales of the Bhavan's Book University volumes had reached the million mark. He commended to the people the habit of reading books and what was better, owning a good library which distinguished a man of taste. Instead of spending the money on Cinema show, the public should invest in books. He asserted that the English language was a window to the world.

Adverting to the Engineering College, he said that training of personnel for specialised fields of science and technology was very important. It had to be undertaken long before drawing economic plans. He cited the example of Russia, Germany and Japan which, after being ravaged by the war, had not only recovered economically but had become more prosperous than they were before the war. Hard work alone could produce results,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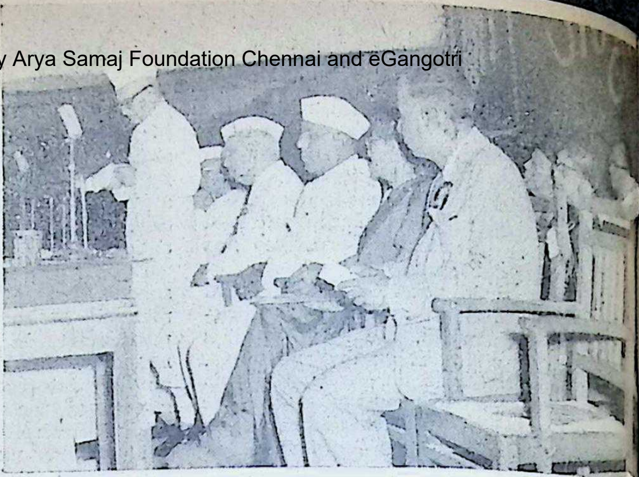
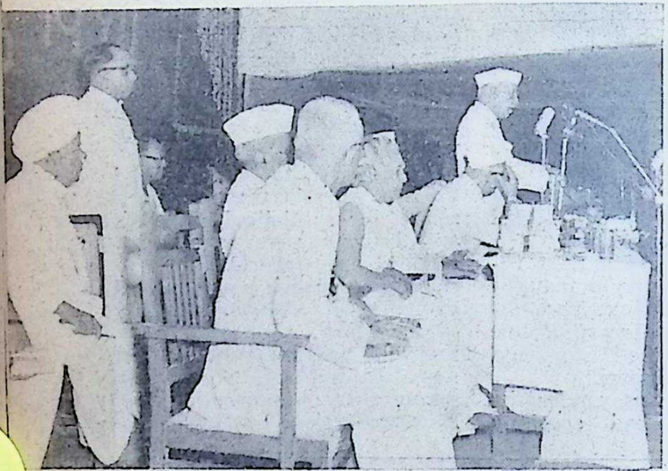


Kulapati Munshiji delivering the welcome speech. (L. R.) Sri Morarji Desai, Munshiji, Sri Nehru, Sri Chavan, Smt. Munshi & Justice Shelat.



Sri Jawaharlal Nehru delivering the inaugural speech. Seated (L. R.) Sir H. V. Divatia, Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Sri Morarji Desai, Munshiji.

Sri Nehru going round the Engg. College Build- ng. At the centre Sri Nehru, Munshiji and Principal Junnarkar.

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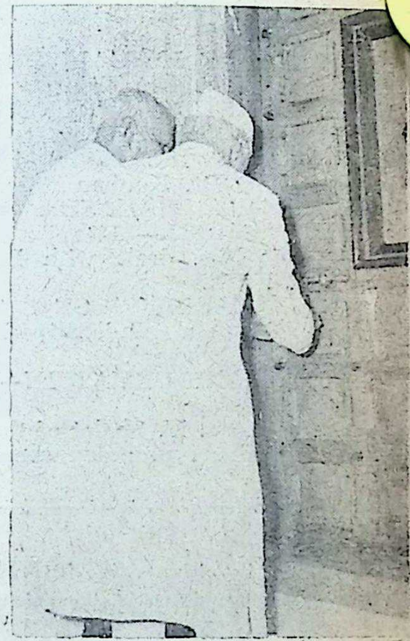
ia, Smt.
Pandit.
Desai.



(Top) *At the Airport: Sri Nehru being received by Bhavan's authorities.*
(Middle left) *Sri Nehru looking at the Bhavan's books exhibited at the Pandal.*
(Middle right) *Sri Nehru opening the Engineering College.*

(Above) *Sri Nehru at the Hansraj Morarji Public School—looking at the Children's Arts & Crafts Exhibition.*

he said. He envisaged a great future for Indian agriculture, which he desired should take to modern mode of scientific farming.

Sri Nehru then declared the Sardar Patel College of Engineering as having been duly inaugurated by him. He also declared open the new building of the Hansraj Morarji Public School and released the IX volume of the Indian History Series "BRITISH PARAMOUNTCY AND INDIAN RENAISSANCE" and the five books of the Book University and the General Series which were:

KRISHNA—A Theory in the Study of Avataras by Dr. Bhagwan Das,
TEMPLES AND LEGENDS OF MAHARASHTRA—by Dr. M. S. Mate,
TEMPLES AND LEGENDS OF ANDHRA PRADESH—by Dr. N. Ramesam,
A STUDY OF BENGALI POETRY—by Prof. Humayun Kabir,
SUFIS, MYSTICS AND YOGIS OF INDIA—by Prof. Bankey Behari.
SURVEY OF SANSKRIT LITERATURE—by Dr. Kunhan Raja.
VYAVAHARA PRAKASHA OF PRITHVICHANDRA—(14th Century Sanskrit Mss. dealt with Law) by Sri J. H. Dave.
VETAL PACHISI OF SAMAL BHATTA (In Gujarati)—Ed. by Sri H. C. Bhayani.
LAND TRANSFORMATION—by Dr. P. C. Raheja.

Justice Sri J. M. Shelat of the Gujarat High Court proposed the vote of thanks. After singing of the National Anthem, the Prime Minister was taken round the building of the College which is under construction and the Hansraj Morarji Public School's new building.

PROFESSOR VELANKAR HONOURED

AMONG the Independence Day awards made this year by the President of India to scholars in recognition of services, a happy one was that made to Prof. Hari Damodar Velankar, Joint-Director of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in recognition of his services to Sanskrit. This honour, it may be recalled, includes besides the award of a *sanad*, a robe of honour and an annual grant of Rs. 1,500/- for life.

Prof. Velankar, the doyen among Sanskrit teachers of Bombay has had a unique career in the service of Sanskrit. Born in the District of Ratnagiri and educated at Bombay, he took his M.A. degree at the Wilson College where he had the honour of being the Professor of Sanskrit for 37 years. Currently, besides being the Joint-Director of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan directing the Department of Post-Graduate studies in Sanskrit and Indology, he is a Government nominee on the Councils of the Deccan College, and of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, both of Poona. A record number of students have taken Ph.D. degrees in Sanskrit under his guidance. Prof. Velankar has collected about 2,000 rare manuscripts from all

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over India and presented them to the University of Bombay in the name of his teacher. He has done wide research work on Prakrit Prosody and Vedic Studies. He has translated Mandala 7 of the *Rig Veda* into English which awaits publication. His published works include the Descriptive Catalogue of Sanskrit and Prakrit Manuscripts of the B. B. R. A. Society Vols. 1-4, *Jinaratnakosha, Jayadaman*, a Descriptive Catalogue of Sanskrit Manuscripts of the Bombay University, critical editions of *Chandonusasana* of Hemachandra and *Vikramorvasiyam* of Kalidasa and others. May he be spared for long to serve the cause of Sanskrit.

GITANJALI

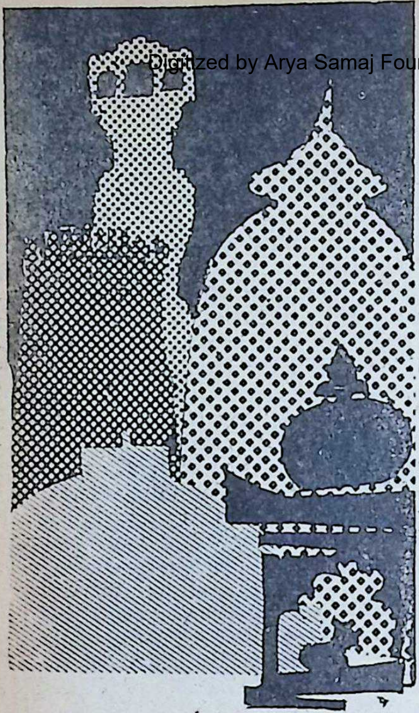
ON the morning of Sunday the 19th August the Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan presented a novel feature on Tagore Music to mark the 21st Anniversary of Tagore. Noted playback singers took part in the programme which was conducted in the Bhavan's auditorium.

INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION:

The Twelfth Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted by the Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan started its elimination round on Monday the 20th August. This year there have been 65 entries in 13 languages from 20 colleges. It may be recalled that this month-long competition conducted by the Bhavan, is an annual event which is eagerly looked forward to by the student community of Bombay. A rotating shield, trophies, individual prizes and certificates of Merit are awarded to winning teams and personnel. In this way the Bhavan has in the past discovered many a talented actor, director and producer among College students. It will be seen that this year, almost all the languages of India are represented.

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

"FOR a good journalist as well as for a Public Relations Officer, the style of writing English is very essential and should be cultivated not by imitation, but by being in close touch with the classics of English literature," said Mr. John Goatly, Regional Representative of the British Council, while inaugurating the "Saturday Evening Forum" of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing last month. Under the auspices of the Forum the college students hope to meet and converse with people from various walks of life, in an informal manner. Answering a question about the future of the Commonwealth, he said that Inter-Commonwealth travels, exchange of students and professors have certainly brought the Commonwealth countries nearer, and though he could not predict the future, he did not lose hope about more intimacy of contacts between the Commonwealth countries.



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OUR BOOK SHELF

TEMPLES AND LEGENDS OF ANDHRA PRADESH. By N. Ramesam. Bhavan's Book University Series. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 177 Price: Rs. 2.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the Agamas is devoted to the institution of temple-worship. Elaborate treatises have been handed down dealing with the construction of temples, the variations in their architecture depending upon the Deity to which the temple is dedicated and also upon the conception of worship advocated, specifications regarding the Idols or Images to be installed, the process by which they are to be 'enlivened', etc. It is a highly systematised science and we get a helpful glimpse into that world through the present work of Sri Ramesam on Temples in Andhra.

In the course of a special chapter on Temples, the author speaks of three styles of temple architecture, viz. Nagara, Vesara and the Dravida (quadrangular, orthogonal and round) and points out that we find all the three types in Andhra Desa. He adds: "Andhra Desa is rich in sacred temples and Tirthas and also represents a cross-section of the various styles of temple architecture right from the earliest days to the most modern days. We can by a study of the architectural styles and the iconography of the temples trace their evolution in course of time." There are in this volume studies on as many as 23 centres of pilgrimage, giving details of their location, their temples and Murthis, the legends narrated in the *sthala-puranas,* the traditions in vogue in each place, etc.

The chapter on Tirupathi is specially interesting. Arsavalli where a form Sun-worship still exists, Srisailam, Kalahasti, Yadagiri are some of the others which have their own points of interest.

With two maps and eighteen illustrations alongside, the presentation of the subject is all that could be desired: there is a balanced blending of history, religion, philosophy and accurate scholarship.

—M. P. Pandit

SIDELIGHTS ON RAJAJI. By Khasa Subba Rau. Published by Vyasa Publications, 12, Thambuchetty Street, Madras-1. Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

NO man, they say, is a hero to his valet. According to Carlyle the fault may be as much the hero's as the valet's. In Sri Subba Rau's case, however, proximity has not been allowed to dull the edge of appreciation. It is the other way round; to Subba Rau, Rajaji, like the King, can do no wrong. Rajaji, he says, is the greatest Indian living. One needn't quarrel about superlatives; if not *the* greatest, he is one of the number, and that is enough to make sidelights on the man and his mind worth having.

Most of the sketches collected here must have appeared as leaders or subleaders in the *Swatantra* (which may not always have led as they are usually mostly skipped over) but in book-form they have a better chance of being read and assimilated. Sri Subba Rau says that nothing can move Rajaji—not always a merit—but any day better than being at the mercy of every wind that blows. What makes Rajaji a national asset is that he has his roots in common sense and is unswerving in his devotion to the cause of the people. He has a way of challenging assumptions and pronouncements which most people meekly accept, and helps us to remember that the use of the jargon of democracy ought not to lull us into accepting what is the reverse of democracy.

The sketches collected here—though expressed with the fervour of the acolyte—show Rajaji as a very human

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person, indeed. To my mind, 'Unforgettable Things' is about the best of the sketches, revealing Rajaji as a loyal husband, who cherishes the memory of his wife. Such a man is bound to be loyal to friend and country. He is not a demonstrative man, not by any means, but one on whom you can rely.

Rajaji refuses to "rust in disuse;" he has still a part to play, at all events, the part of the "gad-fly on the body-politic" (as Mrs. Felton has quoted him as saying of himself in her book). That part, *Sidelights* confirm, he plays magnificently.

EXCURSIONS, A Journalist's Miscellany. By V. K. Narasimhan. Published by Vyasa Publications, 12, Thambuchetty Street, Madras-1. pp. 132. Price: Rs. 2.

IN the Street of Adventure, Sri Narasimhan, like some of the people he commemorates in this volume, is a familiar figure. The Mount Road may not be as rich in thrills as Fleet Street, but of such as came his way, he has made the most. An editorial or sub-editorial chair gives its occupant a seat in the hub of things which one can see and size up. That Sri Narasimhan has done.

In this little book, we have a selection of his writings, and a broadcast talk or two, which record his reactions to the passing show, and these, one can see, are healthy and sane. It does not take one long to discover that his heart is in the right place; it goes out to the unemployed, ever on the look-out for jobs which always elude them. He loves children and would have the State deny them nothing; quite a few will be inclined to retort that the best thing one can do to children is to stop producing them. Look at the population figures and you can't say they are wrong.

This madcap world does not appal him. Ordinarily, a cup of coffee, a fountain-pen and a sheet of foolscap paper, with a child near at hand, overturning the waste-paper basket may, to him, be "Paradise enow" but he is far from being a recluse; he likes the world in its present shape and has hopes of its getting better and better. To the Press, he has given of his best as two of his papers and Sri N. Raghunathan's foreword testify. He is uneasily aware of the backslidings which make mock of Democracy and has expressed his unease forthrightly.

A pleasing book which will recall the recent past—and its lessons—to those to whom the past has not lost its meaning.

—*Cayenne R.*

GUJARATI

NAMASKARA-SVADHYAYA (Prakrit Section). Edited by Muni Tattvanandvijay. Translated into Gujarati by Munis Dhurandharvijay, Jambuvijay and Tattvanandvijay. Published by Jain Sahitya Vikas Mandal, 112, Irla Bridge, Vile Parle, Bombay-56. 1961. Crown Octavo. pp. 24+560, with fifty drawings and illustrations. Price: Rs. 20/-.

THE Jain Sahitya Vikas Mandal appears to have chosen as its special field of publication and research the little explored subject of Jain literature on Yoga—especially in its *dhyana*, *mantra*, and *japa* aspects. The volume under review is the first of the three proposed volumes containing numerous ancient aphorisms, texts and commentaries on the spiritual greatness, mystical potency and esoteric significance of the sacred *namaskara-mantra* of the Jains. It gives forty-five large and small Prakrit texts and extracts. Several of these texts have extensive Sanskrit commentaries and with a few exceptions, throughout a Gujarati translation is provided.

The fact that the collection of texts contains specimens of literature right from the canonical works down to the seventeenth century compositions would give some idea of the wide range and richness of the materials presented. It is also indicative of the degree of sacredness and spiritual value with which the *Namaskara-mantra* has been continuously invested throughout the long history of Jainism.

LOOK AT HIM

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- He sits up in bed or he runs to the window
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Some of the texts included in the volume are reprints of or extracts from previously published works, while others appear here for the first time. Even where the texts are reproductions, sufficient care has been taken to ensure the textual authenticity, by utilizing fresh manuscripts and as such, these are in fact new editions of the texts in question. Some of the texts (e.g. the Mahanisiha extract and Upadhanavidhi Stotra) relate to the *tapas* aspect, some (e.g. Dhyanavicara, Navakarasarathavana) to the *dhyana* aspect, some (e.g. Vardhamanvidya, Bhadragupta's Panca namaskara-cakraddhara, Namaskaravyakhyatika, No. 17 (a), 37) to the *mantra* and mystico-magical aspect, while the rest possess more of religious-didactic value.

The numerous tables, drawings, illustrations, and mystic charts given in the volume form a very valuable aid to fully grasping the texts that are specially occupied with the *dhyana* and *mantra* aspects of the *upasana*. The translations are quite reliable and there are also useful amplifications and elucidations. The printing and get-up are excellent. Altogether an indispensable volume for all students of mystic meditational literature of Jainism in particular and of Indian tradition in general. The Jain Sahitya Vikas Mandal has done a great service in publishing these source-materials for reconstructing the Jain tradition in mystical meditation.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

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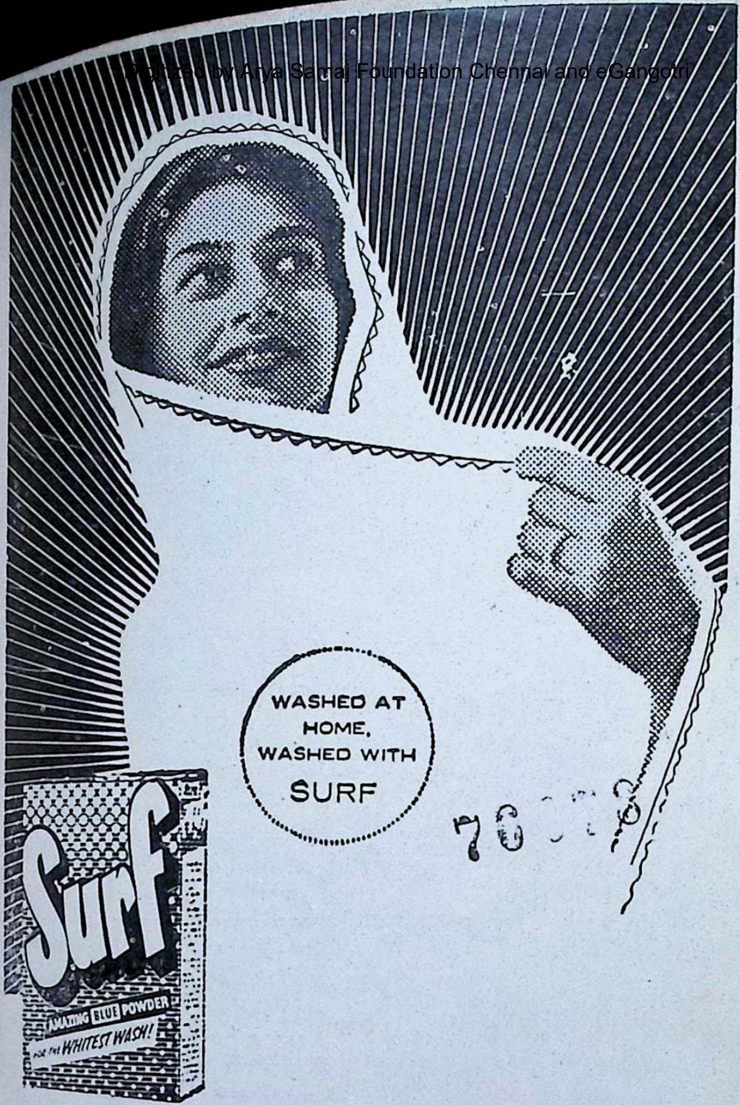
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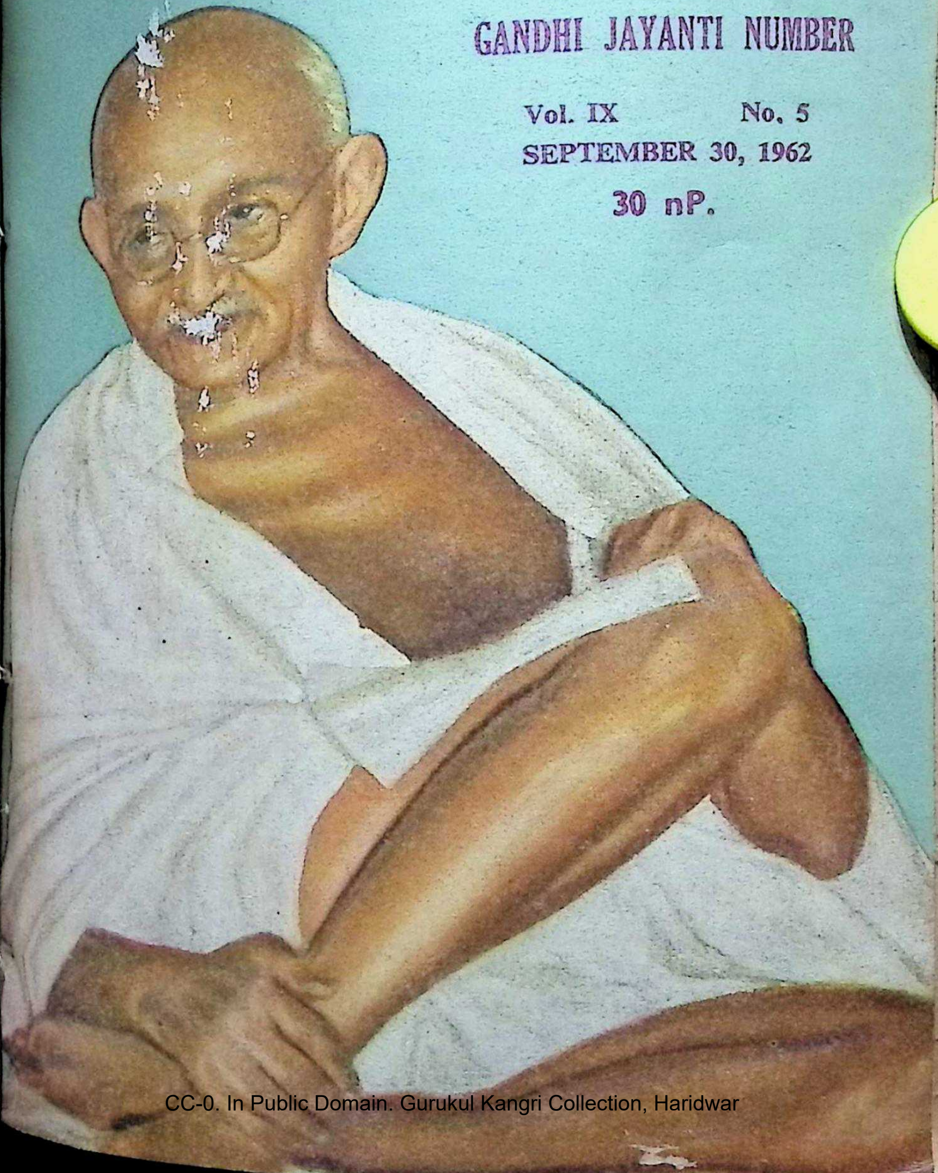

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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वैष्णवजनतो तेंने कहिये, जे पीड पराई जाणे रे ।
परदुःखे उपकार करे तोये,
मन अभिमान न आणे रे ॥ धृ० ॥
सकल लोकमां सहुने वंदे, निंदा न करे केनी रे ।
वाच काछ मन निश्चल राखे,
धन धन जननी तेनी रे ॥१॥
समदृष्टि ने तृष्णा त्यागी, पर स्त्री जेने मात रे ।
जिह्वा थकी असत्य न बोले,
पर धन नव झाले हाथ रे ॥२॥
मोह माया व्यापे नहि जेने, दृढ़ वैराग्य जेना मनमां रे ।
रामनाम शुं ताली लागी,
सकल तीरथ तेना तनमां रे ॥३॥
वणलोभी ने कपटरहित छे, काम, क्रोध निवार्‍या रे ।
भणें नरसैंयो तेनुं दरशन करतां,
कुल एकोतेर तार्यांरे ॥४॥

He is the real Vaishnava who feels other's sufferings as his own. He serves those who are afflicted and has no conceit. He bows before everyone, despises none; is steady in word, body and mind. Blessed is the mother of such a man. His outlook is always dispassionate; he has left all desires; he sees a mother in another man's wife. He never speaks an untruth, and touches no one's wealth. Ignorance does not overpower him; his mind knows stern detachment. He has experienced ecstasy in the worship of Rama; his body in itself possesses all places of pilgrimage. He has no avarice, he knows no fraud, he has outgrown desire and anger. Narsaiya says: To look at such a man is to earn merit enough to save seventy-one generations from hell.

—*Narsi Mehta*

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 267

★ *'WHITHER FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS'* (Contd.)
★ *RESTRICTIONS ON ARTICLE* 32

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.
SEPTEMBER 30, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I AM concluding my paper on Fundamental Rights in this Letter.

VI. FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS AND DIRECTIVE PRINCIPLES

The Fundamental Rights are justiciable; the Directive Principles are not. The Directive Principles are only intended to show the directions in which political, social and economic justice mentioned in the Preamble is to travel,[22] but never so as to break through the barrier of Fundamental Rights. Any legislation implementing them has, therefore, to "conform to and run as subsidiary to the Chapter of fundamental Rights."[23]

Then a process of elevating the Directive Principles to the level of Fundamental Rights began. In the *Kerala Education Bill,*[24] the principle of harmonious construction between Fundamental Rights and Directive Principles was accepted. That implies that the Fundamental Rights have to be read in the light of the Directive Principles.

Coming trends, like events, had cast their shadows before. The dissenting judgment of Mr. Justice Das (as he then was) in *Subodh Gopal's case* may be mentioned here:

> "We cannot overlook that the avowed purpose of our Constitution is to set up a welfare state by *subordinating the social interest in individual liberty* or property to the larger social interest in the rights of the community."[25]
>
> (Italics mine).

When confronted with the express words of Article 31(5)(b)(ii), Mr. Justice Das declined to circumscribe the limits of social control to be exercised by the State. The State was to be considered the final judge as to "when and how and *to what extent*

---

[22] Vide Article 38.

[23] Vide *The State of Madras* v. *Champakam Dorairajan,* A.I.R. 1951, S.C. 226, at p. 228.
Also see *Hanif Quareshi's case,* A.I.R. 1958, S.C. 739.

[24] In re *Kerala Education Bill,* A.I.R. 1958 S.C. 956.

[25] A.I.R. 1954 S.C. 92 at 113.

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

the social control should be exercised."[26] (Italics mine).

Though Fundamental Rights are given priority in words, one can see a systematic trend towards Directive Principles gaining paramountcy. In more than one case they were allowed to override the Rights.

The Preamble aims at securing justice, political, social and economic, to the citizens, and to achieve it, it is laid down in Article 38 of the Directive Principles that the "State shall try to promote the welfare of the people". For promoting such welfare, the Legislature is naturally the most effective instrument. However, the Courts, in discharge of their high function, cannot depart from judicial detachment; they should realise that justice, political, social and economic, has many ways of fulfilling itself. Slogans like "social trends", "socialism" and "socialistic pattern of society" are based on varying economic theories; their connotations are difficult to define with judicial certainty and vary from one exponent to the other. "A constitution", to use the words of Justice Holmes, "is not intended to embody a particular economic theory, whether of patternalism ....or of *laissez faire*".

But in India, according to some judgments, the firm foundation of guaranteed Fundamental Rights can be dislodged by currently accredited theories sponsored by the Legislature. Where there are competing demands of social control allegedly exercised for the welfare of the people and of liberty, there should be reasonable accommodation between them, it is true, but it is the function of the Courts to see that such accommodation does not imply surrendering the liberty of the individual.

VII. EQUALITY OF STATUS AND OF OPPORTUNITY

The other basic freedom contained in the Preamble is Equality of Status and of Opportunity. To secure this objective, Article 14 guarantees equality before law and equal protection of the laws within the territory of India. This clause is absolute in terms. Our Supreme Court, following the decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court, has laid down that "while Article 14 forbids class legislation, it does not forbid reasonable classification for the purposes of legislation.... What is necessary is that there must be a nexus between the basis of classification and the object of the Act under consideration."[27]

This principle of constitutionality, first enunciated in *Chiranjitlal's case,*[28] is wholesome, but in actual application it is difficult to recognise its limits. Any conceivable state of facts is held to provide a nexus between the classification and the object of the Act ascertained from as wide a field as ingenuity can permit. (vide *Krishna Sugar Mills' case.*[29])

Classification has been upheld on grounds, geographical, social and even historical, in terms of size or time. This has discharged the State from the duty of making an honest and serious attempt at just and reasonable classification in providing for differential treatments to persons, areas or subject-matter. To that extent the State has been relieved from scrupulously conforming to Article 14 in its law making.

---

[26] Ibid.

[27] *Budhan Choudhry* v. *State of Bihar,* 1955 (1) S.C.R. 1045, 1048; A.I.R. 1955 S.C. 191, 193.

[28] 1950 S.C.R. 869.

[29] 1960 (1) S.C.R. 39; A.I.R. 1959 S.C. 1124.

In *Pannalal's case*,[30] the constitutionality was presumed by looking at the Preamble of the predecessor of the Income-tax Act in question which only recited that "its object was the collection of income-tax"! The presumption that a power is not susceptible of abuse has been drawn by the circumstance that the power to transfer cases is reposed in high authorities. In *K. L. Arora's case*,[31] even the subjective opinion of an executive authority was held good enough.

Article 14, in the law as it stands at present, practically affords no protection.

VIII. RESTRICTIONS ON ARTICLE 32

Recently serious inroads have been made in the scope and efficacy of Article 32.

I may be forgiven for quoting from my note which I submitted to the Sub-committee on the Fundamental Rights early in 1947, when I first pressed for a remedy being made into a Fundamental Right:

> "12. If the Writs in the Constitution are not provided, people will have to subject themselves to the loss of valuable rights before the constitutionality of the act of a government is tested in a suit, which might take years to be finally decided. It is also of the highest importance that the question whether a law is valid or not must be decided at the earliest moment. Any uncertainty about its validity will lead to great hardships. The object of the Fundamental law will be frustrated if people have to serve sentences, pay fines or deny themselves the privileges given by the Constitution for a long time under an invalid law."[32]

Our Constitution is a fundamental and paramount law of the nation. Of it, Chapter III, which forms a complete code in itself, is the most sacrosanct. There can be no higher public policy than the one embodied in it.

Of the Fundamental Rights contained in Chapter III, the Fundamental Right given to the citizen to directly approach the highest court in the land is unique insofar as it has no place in other constitutions.

Dr. Ambedkar, in the course of the debate on the corresponding provision in an earlier draft, said as follows:

> "Now, Sir, I am very glad that the majority of those who spoke on this article have realised the importance and the significance of this article. If I was asked to name any particular article in this Constitution as the most important—an article without which this Constitution would be a nullity—I could not refer to any other article except this one. It is the very soul of the Constitution and the very heart of it and I am glad that the House has realised its importance."[33]

---

[30] 1957 S.C.R. 233; A.I.R. 1957 S.C 397.

[31] 1961 (3) S.C.R. 135.

[32] Document CAF No. 3 in *Munshi Collection of Constitutional Papers*. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan).

[33] Constituent Assembly Debates of 9-12-1948, p. 953.

In *Daryao v. State of U. P.*,[34] the Supreme Court held that the general rule of *res judicata* is founded on and embodies principles of public policy and so, is an essential part of the Rule of Law; that the binding character of judgments pronounced by Courts of competent jurisdiction is an essential part of the Rule of Law, which obviously is the basis of the administration of justice on which the Constitution lays so much emphasis; and that therefore a person who had recourse to the High Court under Article 226 cannot have direct access to the Supreme Court under Article 32, if the matter is decided on merits.

The Court evidently was led to this conclusion relying on English precedents, which, for want of a fundamental and paramount law, are known to draw upon public policy as part of that country's law, though according to a dictum endorsed by Lord Halsbury, "it should not be relied upon to prevent a party from availing himself of an indisputable principle of law in a court of justice".[35]

Lord Atkin in *Fender v. St. John-Mildmay*,[36] also laid down that "public policy should only be invoked in clear cases in which the harm to the public is substantially incontestable." It is, therefore, open to doubt whether judicial opinion in England would have fared forth on this "unruly horse"—as Hobert C. J. picturesquely calls public policy—to chop a limb off an express constitutional guarantee so helpful to the citizen.

Resort to American authorities in this behalf is, it is submitted, of little assistance, for the right to approach the Supreme Court in U. S. A. directly is not a guaranteed right under its fundamental law. The Supreme Court of U. S. A. is very zealous of maintaining guaranteed rights, and in a recent case went to the length of striking down a law imposing $ 4.00 fees, on a *habeas corpus* petition. It held that "there can be no equal justice where the kind of trial a man gets depends upon the amount of money he has."[37] By the way, I may mention that in India, a petitioner claiming guaranteed rights under Article 32, has to be rich enough to pay Rs. 2500/- before he can get his rights vindicated.

Further, there is no specific authority that the binding character of judgments is an integral feature of the Rule of Law; the world jurists are still struggling to define its implications with some sort of precision. In fact, in India, the Rule of Law is enshrined in the Constitution itself; there can, therefore, be no public policy nor any Rule of Law which could bar a citizen from availing himself of a Fundamental Right in the nature of a remedy expressly guaranteed in Part III, which is a complete code in itself.

---

[34] (1962) S.C.J. 702.

[35] *Janson* v. *Driefontein Consolidated Mines*, (1902) A.C. 484.

[36] L.R. 1938, A.C. 1.

[37] *Smith* v. *Bennett*, U.S. Reports, 6 L ed. 2d. p. 40.

Another case which is a more serious encroachment upon Article 32 is *Ujjam Bai's case*,[38] where it was held that an order of assessment made by a competent authority under taxation-statute, which is *intra vires*, cannot be called in question on a petition under Article 32, even if the order is violative of a Fundamental Right, unless it offends the rules of natural justice.

As I understand the decision, an assessee, against whom an order of the nature referred to and which is violative of the Fundamental Right has been made, must first suffer the disadvantage of paying or securing the assessment; go through all the appellate processes prescribed by the Sales-tax Act to secure departmental relief; pass through the portals of the High Court under Article 226—and then only approach the Supreme Court to vindicate what would have been his Fundamental Right had it not been restricted by this decision—if he lives long enough and is not "broke" in the meantime!

I cannot state my view better than in the clear words in the dissenting judgment of Mr. Justice Subba Rao:[38-a]

> "It must be borne in mind that our Constitution in effect promises to usher in a welfare State for our country; and in such a state the Legislature has necessarily to create innumerable administrative tribunals, and entrust them with multifarious functions. They will have powers to interfere with every aspect of human activity. If their existence is necessary for the progress of our country, the abuse of power by them may bring about an authoritarian or totalitarian state. The existence of the aforesaid power in this Court and the exercise of the same effectively when the occasion arises is a necessary safeguard against the abuse of the power by the administrative tribunals. ......
>
> In *Romesh Thappar* v. *State of Madras* (4), this Court declared that under the Constitution the Supreme Court is constituted as the protector and guarantor of fundamental rights, and it cannot, consistently with the responsibility so laid upon it, refuse to entertain applications seeking protection against infringement of such rights, although such applications are made to the Court in the first instance without resort to a High Court having concurrent jurisdiction in the matter."
>
> (4)—1950 S.C.R. 594.

In this case an attempt was made on behalf of the State to restrict the Fundamental Rights under Article 32 in certain matters of taxation, and it succeeded!

●●●

Before closing my remarks, I may be permitted to strike a personal note, particularly as I happen to be the survivor of the small group in the Constituent Assembly who, from the first day and day after day, saw phrase by phrase, Article by Article taking shape in the Constitution, with loving tenderness.

---

[38] and [38-a]. Unreported Petition No. 79 of 1959, decided on April 10, 1962.

Our Constitution is reckoned as one of the most remarkable of modern Constitutions, giving stability and unity to a nation newly emerged in freedom, yet flexible enough to enable a welfare State to be built on the firm foundations of basic freedoms. The lawyers of this generation, both on the Bench and at the Bar, have, therefore, a duty to pass on the basic freedoms to posterity in their undiminished plenitude. If, however, the trends which I have mentioned are not halted or reversed in their cumulative effect, history will not acquit us of failing to carry out our sacred trust.

Yours sincerely,

If the whole of India could agree to give, say ten minutes, every evening at the oncoming of darkness, to think a single thought: "We are one, we are one, nothing can prevail against us to make us think we are divided; for, we are one. We are one, and antagonisms amongst us are illusion," the power that would be generated can hardly be measured.

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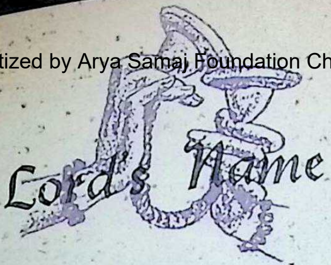


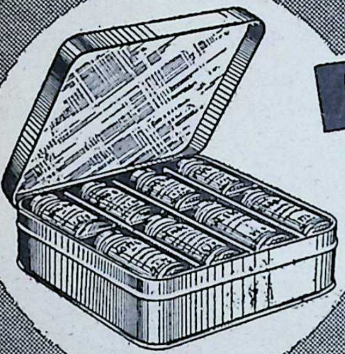
Lord's Name

Sing thou, O tongue, the praise of Him
Who very gently and softly plays the tunes on the flute,
Who drives the cows to graze in the pastures in the Brindaban,
Whose praises the Vedas sing,
The Destroyer of demons and the spoiler of Indra's sacrifices,
And above all, the secretly Beloved one of the Gopis.

When next I am born as the fruit of my meritorious deeds
Let me be born as a reed on the banks of Jamna,
A reed like the one I see in the hands of Sri Krishna
That I may enjoy drinking the nectar of the lips of Darling Nanda!

In the sweeping current of life I cherish most
That moment when my mind, full of devotion,
Drinks deep of the exploits of blue-complexed Krishna.

—Bilwamangal



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Of all crimes against humanity, slander against another person is the most heinous.

The most notorious life, in which even the utterance of the word dharma is taboo, is less sinful than the one in which slander is the order of the day.

Indeed the Dharma-shastra has it that by preferring death to a life of mouthing calumny, one definitely ensures an exalted life hereafter.

Far better to speak ill of a person to his face, even though not having the courage to hold his eye. But it is highly condemnatory to misrepresent him at his back.

By his actions the slanderer only reveals himself as being so ill-natured as not even able to wish well of the other person. The funniest part of it is that he believes that others cannot see through his game!

Not knowing that the surest way of cementing friendship is to speak what is true and sweet, people utter specious words and lose even the small number of friends they have.

How do you expect people who thus misrepresent even their closest friends to spare others?

If there is a supreme example of forbearance in this world, it is that Mother Earth continues to bear these slanderers and calumniators, instead of opening up and swallowing them!

There is only one way of making the calumniators recant. It is to make them experience the effects of such slander on their own person.

Arvind

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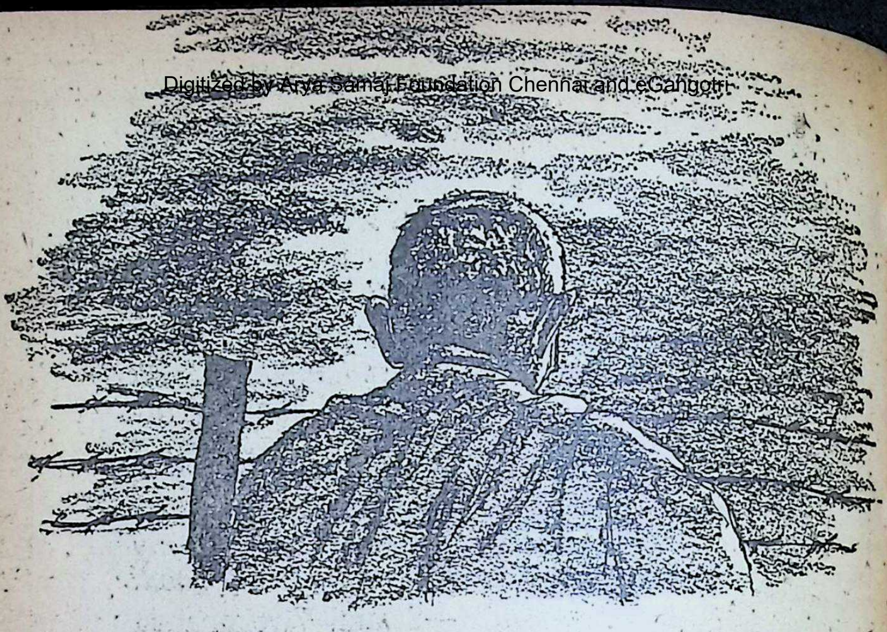
I am an Indian; every Indian is my brother ....The ignorant Indian, the poor and destitute Indian, the Brahmin Indian, the Pariah Indian is my brother....The Indian is my brother, the Indian is my life. India's society is the cradle of my infancy, the pleasure garden of youth, the sacred heaven, the Varanasi of my old age....The soil of India is my highest heaven, the good of India is my good.

—Swami Vivekananda

....Autonomy does not and should not mean disruption or that hereafter provinces could go the way they chose, independent of one another and of the Centre. If each province began to look upon itself as a separate, sovereign unit, India's independence would lose its meaning and with it would vanish the freedom of the various units as well....It would be fatal if it led to narrow provincialism, mutual bickerings and rivalries—between Tamil and Andhra for instance, Bombay and Karnatak and so on....The world outside does not know them as Gujaratis, Maharashtrians, Tamilians, etc., but only as Indians. We must, therefore, resolutely discourage all fissiparous tendencies and feel and behave as Indians.

—Mahatma Gandhi



THE MORAL LAW

Mahatma Gandhi

PEOPLE in the West generally hold that the whole duty of man is to promote the happiness of the majority of mankind, and happiness is supposed to mean only physical happiness and economic prosperity. If the laws of morality are broken in the conquest of this happiness, it does not matter very much. Again, as the object sought to be attained is the happiness of the majority, Westerners do not think there is any harm if this is secured by sacrificing a minority. The consequences of this line of thinking are writ large on the face of Europe.

This exclusive search for physical and economic well-being prosecuted in disregard of morality is contrary to Divine Law, as some wise men in the West have shown. One of these was John Ruskin, who contends in *Unto This Last* that men can be happy only if they obey the Moral Law.

We, In India, are very much given nowadays to an imitation of the West. It is necessary to imitate the virtues of the West, but there is no doubt that Western standards are often bad, and everyone will agree that we should shun all evil things.

Morality is an essential ingredient in all the faiths of the world; but, apart from religion, our commonsense indicates the necessity of observing the Moral Law. Only by observing it can we hope to be happy.

There are two windows to the mind of every man, the one revealing himself as he is, the other as he ought to be. It is the duty of every human being to look carefully within, and see himself as he is, and spare

Courtesy: Navajivan Trust

no pains to improve himself in body, mind and soul. He should realize the mischief wrought by injustice, wickedness, vanity, and the like, and do his best to fight them. The moral principles that are not followed in practice are good for nothing. We see many men who get by heart maxims of morality, and who talk loudly about them, but who have not the least idea of putting them in practice. There are others who think that all rules of morality are intended only for our guidance in a future world! But we can unhesitatingly assert that he, who is not prepared to order his life in unquestioning obedience to the laws of morality, cannot be said to be a man in the full sense of the word. We should all be able to find our happiness in righteousness and veracity, in spite of the pains and losses which we may have to suffer in this world.

Man is worse than the brute, so long as he is selfish and indifferent to the happiness of others. He rises above the level of the brute, when he begins to work for the welfare of his family. He rises higher in the scale when he comes to look upon his whole community or race as his own family. He becomes greater still when he begins to regard even the so-called barbarous races as the members of his own family. In other words, man becomes great exactly in the degree in which he works for the welfare of his fellow-men.

And so long as we do feel sympathy and love for every one of our fellow-beings, we cannot be said to have understood the Moral Law. The highest morality is universal. We

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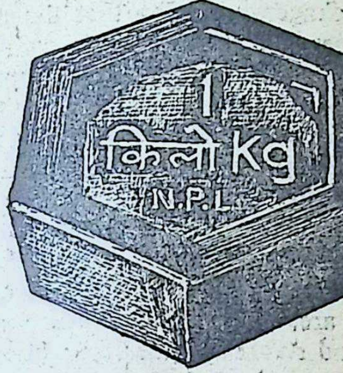

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should render devoted service to the world in every possible way, remembering that every one of our brethren has a claim on us. Those who think that they are responsible only to themselves can never be men of high character. It is, of course, a silly and a dangerous notion that the man who does not safeguard his own interest must fail in the struggle for existence. God will never forsake those who devote themselves to the service of others with a purity and a singleness of aim.

Mankind is one, seeing that all are equally subject to the Moral Law. All men are equal in God's eyes. There are, of course, differences of race and status and the like; but the higher the status of a man, the greater is his responsibility. If we happen to occupy a high position, we ought not to boast of our superiority, and look down upon those who are below us. We do our work, as they theirs. And all work towards a common end—the welfare of humanity. So long as we think otherwise, we cannot call ourselves moral men.

The Moral Law also requires that the strong men of a community or nation should regard it as their paramount duty to protect the weak and the oppressed. If all men realized the obligation of service, they would regard it as a sin to amass wealth; and then, there would be no inequalities of wealth, and consequently no famine or starvation. Those who tread the path of virtue should not be disheartened by the thought that virtue is so rare in the world, and that they are in a minority. Their duty is simply to do the right, and leave the rest to God. They should never think of the result of their action, for the only reward of a thing well done is to have done it.

> **Gandhiji was ilke a powerful current of fresh air that made us stretch ourselves and take deep breaths, like a beam of light that pierced the darkness and removed the scales from our eyes, like a whirlwind that upset many things but most of all the working of people's minds. He did not descend from the top; he seemed to emerge from the millions of India, speaking their language and incessantly drawing attention to them and their appalling condition.**
>
> —Jawaharlal Nehru

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It is the moral nature of man by which he rises to good and noble thoughts. The different sciences show us the world as it is. Ethics tells us what it ought to be. It enables man to know how he should act. Man has two windows to his mind; through one he can see his own self as it is; through the other he can see what it ought to be.

—Mahatma Gandhi

GANDHIJI AS A JOURNALIST

R. R. Diwakar

THE question may be asked whether Gandhiji was a journalist in the ordinary sense of the term and if not, what special kind of journalist he was since he conducted a series of weekly journals during his life-time, beginning with *The Indian Opinion* in South Africa and ending with *Harijan* in India. The other weeklies he conducted were *Young India* and *Navajeevan.* Sometimes, the same weekly was in English, Hindi or Gujarati and Hindi and so on. Many a time they were not mere translations of one another, nor identical in content.

It is difficult to assert that he was a journalist in the normal sense of the term, and as the term journalist is understood today. If at all, we wish to call him 'a Journalist', he was a type by himself. The journals he conducted had so many special characteristics that it is difficult to compare them with the common run of weekly journals in the country. All the journals he conducted or edited bore a very close family resemblance to each other. If I point out here the special characteristics of one of his weeklies, they may be said to be present in all his other journals.

He dropped the 'editorial we' and wrote in the first person. This brought in a number of consequential changes in the content of his journals. They always conveyed his opinion and not the opinion of any class or group or school of thought. He hardly 'edited', he always wrote. Editing comes in usually when one is dealing with what others write. Most of the columns were filled by him and by what was in tune with his views and by what supported the campaign which he might be conducting at the time.

There was hardly any news as such in Gandhiji's journals. Occasionally, there were reports of work, appreciation, obituaries, etc. One would miss much if one were to go to his journals for an account even of important happenings.

Gandhiji discarded all kinds of advertisements and announcements which usually bring some revenue to journals. He eschewed them on principles. He argued that his journals should be self-supporting on their merits and neither by advertisement revenue nor by patronage. He often said that he would close them down if they were not able to pay their way.

It is obvious that he was a man with a mission and he conducted journals to serve as channels for that mission and not with a view to run them as ordinary journals. So long as he was living, he claimed no copyright in his writings, as he wanted his mission to spread far and wide.

He set the standard in truth, brevity, dignity, simplicity of language, concentration on chosen subjects, repetitive emphasis on the campaigns he led from time to time, caution and courtesy in dealing with opponents and controversial topics, and above all, in the most human and practical attitude he adopted in dealing with anything which he thought of writing about.

Rarely has any journalist reached and maintained such high standards.

THE LOIN-CLOTH

Once Orissa was in the grip of a severe famine. People began to die of starvation and scarcity of clothing. It drew the attention of the whole country. That famine was unlike the present-day famines. Gandhiji went to see for himself the condition of the affected area. The pitiable scene he saw there brings tears to our eyes when we think of it. Gandhiji noticed a dire scarcity of cloth there. It suddenly occurred to him that when millions of Indians were so poorly clad what right had he to wear more clothes? He adopted the loin-cloth and vowed to use a minimum of clothing.

—Dr. Rajendra Prasad

Non-violence is the greatest and the activest force in the world. One cannot be passively non-violent.

* * * *

Ahimsa accrues only to the courageous.

* * * *

A living faith in non-violence is impossible without a living faith in God.

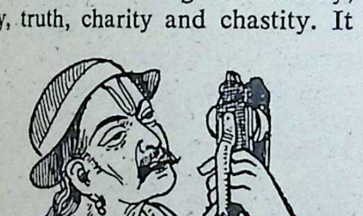
—Mahatma Gandhi

"VAISHNAVA JANATO"

V. A. Sundaram

"THAT one Song is enough to sustain me, even if I were to forget the *Bhagavad Gita*"—thus wrote Gandhiji in praise of his favourite hymn. Many thousand times he must have recited "Vaishnava Janato" during his long life of seventy-nine summers.

While yet a boy Mohan learnt to sing this sweet song from the lips of his mother. She was an adorable lady—a jewel among women, peerless and pure. The song filled Mohan's whole being. His mind, body and soul had been nourished by "Vaishnava Janato." It is a song of universal love. It is a song of harmony, purity, truth, charity and chastity. It is a song of cheer, contentment and renunciation. It is a song of *Vairagya* and *Viveka*, peace and goodwill. It is a song of self-abnegation. It is verily a song of communion with the Divine, sung in a moment of self-realization and self-surrender. For Gandhiji it was *Gita* in a nutshell.



Narsi Mehta

This soul-inspiring song transformed Gandhiji's life. It spurred him to soar aloft. It revolutionised all his thoughts and deeds. It galvanized him to heroic activity. It transmuted him in course of time into a golden being. It is a wonder how a song could transport Gandhiji mentally and spiritually to the heights of Kailas. Anything can happen by God's grace. The Lord chooses His own instruments for re-establishing righteousness. "From age to age I am born"—"*Sambhavami Yugay, Yugay*" proclaims the Lord in the *Gita*. Mysterious are the ways of God and subtle are the divine weapons.

How to become a true Vaishnava became Gandhiji's master-passion in life. He sang this song of songs. He prayed to God to show him the way to a higher life. "Vaishnava Janato" opened a new world to Gandhiji. It beckoned him to suffer and rejoice in suffering for Truth's sake, and while singing this song, he heard many a time the still small voice within. There were moments when light fell on him and the unseen Power saved him from pitfalls and perils.

One fine morning in South Africa, under the magic spell of "Vaishnava Janato" Gandhiji gave up everything. He embraced poverty and took the vow of celibacy. He went to live in solitude on the green mountain-side. He founded an *asrama* to practise austerities. Plain living and high thinking became his ideal in life. He turned into a farmer, weaver, shoe-maker, scavenger, barber, printer, spinner, and a teacher of the little ones. He did not consider any kind of work a drudgery. From a leading barrister to a humble peasant, the sudden change did not affect him in the least nor did it disturb his equanimity. Gandhiji was calm, serene and always cheerful. The *tapasya* went on. He took more and more vows. He controlled his palate, subdued his passions, subsisted on fruit and nuts. He frequently fasted. By constant practice and discipline he curbed his mind and became steadfast and stable-minded. Living the life of an ascetic, Gandhiji conquered lust, fear and anger. The path of Godhood was clearly shown to him in the song "Vaishnava Janato". Child-like was his faith in it. It was only that faith which moved mountain and made Gandhiji into a hero among men. He performed prayers regularly, morning, noon and evening. He took the name of "Ram" with every breath and his mind was fixed on God, the Supreme Being.

The heroic struggle began in South Africa; the war of good against evil, truth against untruth, soul force against brute force. Gandhiji was involuntarily drawn into it. Fires raged around him. How could he be a looker-on? The Divine call came to him through our distressed countrymen. The first two lines of "Vaishnava Janato" pierced his anguished heart. "*Jay Peeda Parayi Janayray— Para Dukkay Upakarakaray Thoyay.*" Gandhiji prayed to God to guide him along the thorny road to freedom. The song gave him succour. It gave him *Navajivan* and sustained him in all his tribulations. He endured cheerfully every kind of pain, persecution—prosecution—imprisonment and humiliation. Never did he show any ill-will to his oppressors nor did he hate those who did him wrong. He took equally praise and reproach and cheerfully bore all the privations in captivity.

A merciful Providence showed Gandhiji the way, instilled courage into him to stand up and fight against the wrongs and injustices done to his people, who were looked upon as slaves in the white man's land. Without yielding to impotence, Gandhiji girded up his loins and began the *Dharmayuddha*. Fearlessly and dauntlessly he went on with the battle for right against might, first in South Africa and then in India. Never before in human history was a war waged on such a big scale between good and evil, between truth and untruth. It is a marvel how an unarmed soldier of truth and non-violence just in loin-cloth was able to put his axe at the root of a puissant nation and break the might of an Imperial power. By soul-force or *Satyagraha* as Gandhiji called it, he was able to win freedom for India and proclaim the supremacy of *Satya* and *Ahimsa*.

Look at the Lila of the gods. They sang into Gandhiji's ears the Song of the Eternal. The gods chiselled a rough-hewn marble into an

(*Continued on page 55*)

Gandhiji accompanied by Smt. Sarojini Naidu on the way to Buckingham Palace.

Among the Great—3

MAHATMA GANDHI

N. Salivateeswaran

I HAD the privilege of 'covering' Gandhiji's activities for nearly twenty years from 1928 to 1948. During these two decades I did a lot of travelling with him. On some occasions I was treated by him as a member of his party though I was only a press correspondent. Gandhiji was exceedingly kind to me and saw that I was comfortably lodged whenever I accompanied him to out-of-the-way places like Bardoli, Rajkot, etc. where there were no good hotels to stay. He gave me exclusive interviews when I approached him for his views on some of the burning topics of the day. On occasions I had given him news of what was happening behind the scenes and often did liaison job between him and the authorities as well as eminent non-Congress groups which he appreciated very much.

In 1931 I went to London to cover the Round Table Conference attended by Mahatma Gandhi as the sole representative of the Indian National Congress. He reached London in early September and religiously attended every sitting of the Conference or its sub-committees. He frequently moved to the length and breadth of England whenever the Conference was not in session, explaining to the British public the Congress demand of free and equal partnership between England and India in a Commonwealth. He met a large number of people drawn from all sections of the society.

Most of the talks as well as the meetings attended by Gandhiji and other events that happened then in England were faithfully reported in the press then and there. The full details of one important event had not seen the light of the day yet. It was King George V's conversation with Gandhiji at the Buckingham Palace garden party. It was a remarkable conversation and I now recall the details which were then very cautiously discussed by a few delegates to the R.T.C. in close touch with Gandhiji.

It is always the tradition of the British government to associate the Royalty on the social side with important conferences arranged by them. The Ruler entertains the guests either to a lunch or a tea or a dinner or some evening party. After some considerable thinking, the British government advised His Majesty, the King, to invite all the delegates to the Second Round Table Conference in 1931 to a garden party in the Buckingham Palace according to their traditions. They specially arranged an evening party for Indian friends, because there are no dress regulations for the afternoon parties. Otherwise, there are strict court conventions, ceremonial dress regulations and a lot of formalities for dinners and other functions. As Gandhiji was moving in the streets of London with his loin cloth and *chappals*, covering his body with a woollen shawl, the British government thought that they

MY PLEDGE

Some of us have been so closely associated with him (Gandhiji) that our lives and his life were an integral part of one another.

Of what avail will be our faith, our loyalty to him, if we dared to believe that all is lost because his body is gone from our midst?

Are we not here, his heirs, his spiritual descendants, legatees of his great ideals, successors of his great work?

We are his living symbols; we are his soldiers, we are the carriers of his banner before an embattled world. Our banner is truth, our shield is non-violence, our sword is the sword of the spirit that conquers without blood. Shall we not follow in the footsteps of our master, shall we not obey the mandates of our father; shall we not be his soldiers, and carry his battle to triumph; shall we not give the world the completed message of Mahatma Gandhi?

Though his voice will not speak again, have we not a million voices to bear his message to the world?

And not only in this world of our contemporaries, but in the world, generation after generation?

Here and now, I for one before the world that listens to my quivering voice, pledge myself as I pledged myself more than thirty years ago, to the service of the Mahatma.

—Sarojini Devi

should have only an evening party to enable Gandhiji to attend the party, untrammelled by dress regulations and other conventions.

Sir Samuel Hoare, the then Secretary of State for India, had to assume the responsibility for the function. As the Minister-in-charge, he saw that invitations were issued in time to the guests and the same were accepted by them. On his suggestion Lord Chamberlain of the King's household issued the invitations to the Indian R.T.C. delegates to the King's party at Buckingham palace. He also issued an invitation to Gandhiji and his companions accompanying him.

Sir Samuel Hoare gives his own version of the event, elsewhere. "Shortly after the first meeting, there was to be an afternoon party in Buckingham Palace for all the Round Table delegates. Would Gandhi go to it? And if he accepted, how would the leader of civil disobedience be received by King George V? The answers to both these questions were in some doubt. To clear up the second, I asked the King for an audience. His Majesty's reaction was much as I had expected. 'What! Have this rebel fakir in the palace after he has been behind all these attacks on my loyal officers?' Although his outbursts were the first answer to my questions, it was by no means the King's last word. Having let off steam, he started to discuss the arrangements for the party, to which he at once assumed that Gandhi would be invited. It was only towards the end of the audience that he had a slight return of his earlier irritation when he protested against having 'the little man' in the Palace with 'no proper clothes on, and bare knees.' However, His Majesty was finally mollified, and an invitation without conditions as to clothes was sent to Gandhi."

All the delegates except Gandhiji promptly replied accepting the invitation to the party in the Buckingham Palace. No reply had been received from Gandhiji for some days. After waiting for a reasonable time, Sir Samuel Hoare, who was getting anxious about Gandhiji's acceptance of the invitation, deputed his then Parliamentary Secretary, Lord Brabourne, to cautiously ascertain from late Sri A. Rangaswami Iyengar, who was Gandhiji's political Secretary at the R.T.C., why Gandhiji had not even acknowledged the invitation yet. At the same time, Lord Halifax who was then Lord Irwin, former Viceroy of India, for whose sake Gandhiji agreed to visit England, had also perhaps been requested by Sir Samuel Hoare to intercede and obtain Gandhiji's consent to attend the function.

An 'invitation' issued by Lord Chamberlain is always highly respected and considered a command from the King. No citizen of the British empire can decline to carry it out. If anyone did so, it was looked down as an act of discourtesy to the King. It had never occurred in the annals of the British history.

For once, Gandhiji found himself in a very embarrassing position. He held strong views that these receptions at the Buckingham Palace were not important events with all due respect to Their Majesties. "Do these receptions mean anything? Do Their Majesties meet people in the real sense of the term? Do they transact any business? Can they? Or is it not more or less like a pantomime show?" The above were his thoughts as recorded by his secretary Mahadev Desai. If it were so meaningless, can he not abstain from it?

Gandhiji was also reported to have remarked: "I am here in an embarrassing position. I have come as the guest of this nation and not as the elected representative of my own nation. I must, therefore, walk warily and I cannot tell you how warily I am walking. I am faced with a moral problem. I am feeling so heartsick and sore over the happenings in India that I have no heart in attending such functions, and if I had come in my own right, I should not have hesitated to come to a decision. But as I am the guest I am hesitating. I can do nothing hastily. I have every moment to consider the morality of the thing and not the legality."

According to Sri Mahadev Desai, it was the morality of the thing that decided him to go. He then wrote a courteous letter to Lord Chamberlain thanking him for the invitation and intimating to him that he and his companions, who had also been invited, would attend the reception in their "usual dress." He usually excused himself from all social functions, but he had to make an exception in favour of this as in some others since he would do nothing which would be regarded in the nature of discourtesy.

Lord Irwin played a big part behind the scenes and great credit was due to him in persuading Gandhiji to attend the function at the Buckingham Palace. He was with Gandhiji in the latter's office at Knights Bridge, when Rangaswami reached there to discuss with Gandhiji, Lord Brabourne's visit to him. Lord Irwin was leaving Gandhiji's office as Rangaswami was entering it. Gandhiji told Rangaswami Iyengar that he had decided to accept Lord Chamberlain's invitation to the Buckingham Palace party and he was sending a reply to that effect immediately to Lord Chamberlain. Rangaswami came out and informed Lord Brabourne about Gandhiji's acceptance of the invitation. Sir Samuel Hoare was full of admiration for Gandhiji when he heard from Lord Brabourne that he would not cause any embarrassment to the authorities during his stay in England. All members of the British Cabinet fully appreciated Gandhiji's courteous attitude.

The day of the garden party in Buckingham Palace arrived. It was a cloudy day. The sun was obscured in the dark clouds. There were slight drizzles too. The weather could not discourage the London public from assembling at the gate of the palace to see Gandhiji entering the portico. All the guests had arrived fifteen minutes before 4 p.m. Gandhiji and his companions were awaited. There was an air of suspense. Five minutes before 4, the two C.I.D. officers, who always accompanied Gandhiji as his body-guards, arrived at the gates of the palace as pilots. Within half a minute Gandhiji followed them accompanied by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Sarojini Naidu and Mahadev Desai. They were lustily cheered by the crowds at the palace gates, as the car drove to the portico of the palace. Gandhiji stepped out exactly at 4 o'clock and he was duly received and conducted to the spacious drawing hall where the guests had assembled.

Within a minute or minute and a half, Their Majesties walked into the hall from the antechamber when all the eyes were turned to them. After the ceremonial bowings, their Majesties moved freely with the members. Sir Samuel Hoare, as the Minister-in-charge, took some select prominent members and introduced them to the King who had a word of cheer with everyone of them. His Majesty had also been briefed earlier by his personal secretary and adviser Lord Wigram with very short accounts of the activities of the members scheduled to be presented to him at the party.

Sir Samuel Hoare presented Gandhiji to His Majesty. The King welcomed Gandhiji recalling the latter's repeated humanitarian activities in the Boer War in South Africa raising a volunteer ambulance corps and serving at several actions. He also referred to the stretcher party raised by Gandhiji in 1906 at the time of the Zulu revolt and the medals presented to him then in appreciation of his services. The King also mentioned about the valuable work done by the Second Volunteer Ambulance Corps raised by Gandhiji consisting of Indian students in London in 1914 when the Great War broke out and the Kaiser-I-Hind Gold Medal presented to him in acknowledgement of his loyal efforts. He recalled the recruitment campaign in Kheda (India) launched by Gandhiji in 1917 in response to Lord Chelmsford's appeal for men at the war conference held in Delhi.

Looking at Gandhiji's bare knees, the King suddenly flared up. His eyes and face were red with rage. He asked Gandhiji, "How did you start non-co-operation with my government in India? Why did you organise a boycott of my son when he visited India in 1920-21? You organised demonstrations against my son, against my own son. Such disloyal activities and insults to the members of the royal family will not be tolerated. My government's officers are being murdered in open daylight. No such rebellious activities will be permitted. Your Congress party will be dealt with severely if the murder campaign against loyal officers is not stopped. It will be suppressed. The King's government must go on; it will go on. Take care of it." Sir Samuel Hoare was nervous at the King's words. How Gandhiji would react to it, was his greatest concern.

Gandhiji was calm and collected. Not even the accusation against the Congress of the murder of the King's officers provoked him. He was undeterred by the King's angry words. He very coolly replied, "I must not enter into an argument with Your Majesty in the palace after receiving Your Majesty's hospitality." Sir Samuel Hoare felt greatly relieved by Gandhiji's calmness and cool-headedness. Giving his own account of the King's meeting with Gandhiji, Sir Samuel Hoare ends: "A very honest King, and a great diplomat, I thought to myself, and what exquisite worldly manners the unworldly possess!"

Gandhiji got on very well with Sir Samuel Hoare, the Conservative Secretary of State for India, in London. They had a number of personal talks during the Round Table Conference. Gandhiji found out that the British government had no intention of transferring power to Indians at the Centre and proposed to confer only provincial autonomy, keeping the Centre as the close preserve of the Britishers. He was getting "restive" and more than once looked like walking out of the Conference. Sir Samuel Hoare, somehow, dissuaded him. The frequent talks they had enabled Sir Samuel to have a better understanding of Gandhiji. They parted as best of friends.

The Secretary of State realised that the Government of India had become much too complicated to be administered from London. In his own words, "The question raised one of the difficult problems that was always recurring in the India Office, the relations between the Secretary of State and the Viceroy, in other words between Parliamentary government in London and bureaucratic administration in Delhi. The ghosts of Curzon and Brodrick still haunted the Secretary of State's room in *Whitehall* .... Willingdon did not like Irwin understand Gandhi's personality and on that account underrated his power."

Before leaving London, at the conclusion of the Conference, Gandhiji met a few more very important personalities, George Bernard Shaw, C. P. Scott, Col. Maddock, Madame Montessori, Lloyd George and the whole of the clergy.

Mr. Bernard Shaw had long been wanting to see Gandhiji, and it was not without considerable hesitation that he came. He sat with Gandhiji for close on an hour, interrogating him on a bewildering variety of topics—ethnographical, religious, social, political, and economic—and his talk was illumined by his sparkling wit and sardonic humour "I knew something about you and felt something in you on a kindred spirit. We belong to a very small community on earth," said he. Whilst his other questions were of universal importance, he could not help asking a question about the R.T.C. "Does not the Round Table Conference try your patience?" he asked, and Gandhiji had to confess with sorrow: "It requires more than the patience of a job. *The whole thing is a huge camouflage and the harangues that we are treated to are meant only to mark time. Why not, I ask them, make a clean breast and announce your policy and let us make our choice? But it does not seem to be in the English political nature to do so.* It must go by round about and tortuous way"

Gandhiji's visit to C. P. Scott, the veteran journalist, was, as described by himself, "in the nature of a pilgrimage" He motored down one morning to Bognor, on the South Coast of England all the way from London. Scott was then 85 and enjoying his well-earned rest, staying with his sister who was 97 then, with all faculties unimpaired and her countenance unwrinkled. She regarded Gandhiji's visit as an important event in her life.

Gandhiji had a long talk with Mr. Scott. He told him, "This is purely a prilgrimage. For years your paper has been an oasis in a desert of misunderstanding and misrepresentation and I thought I must see you if only to express my gratefulness." Mr. Scott thought of his past, crowded with events, recalled veterans like Gladstone, "with beautiful dark eyes" full of "sweetness and fire" and Campbell Bannerman who had for all time left the impress of his statesmanship on history, recounted the great part this statesman had played at the time of framing the South African Constitution and sighed for men of that heroic type.

As soon as he arrived in England, Gandhiji enquired of Col. Maddock, the famous surgeon in the Sassoon Hospital in Poona, who operated him in 1923, who returned to England after retirement from India. One day he visited Col. Maddock and his wife at their home near Reading. It was a great joy for Gandhiji to meet the Maddocks. He gratefully said to the surgeon's wife, "But for your husband's skilful operation, I should not have been here to meet you. For me it was a privilege to see Col. Maddock in the evening of his life doing research work as energetically as a youth of twenty. How I wish all could make so rich a use of their time after retirement as Col. Maddock is making."

Lloyd George, former Premier of England, invited Gandhiji to Churt. He sent his own car to take him from London and also dropped him back in London. They talked for three hours. I was told that the conversation was unreserved, but not a word of the talk was revealed either by Mahadev Desai on Gandhiji's side nor by any one on Lloyd George's side.

Gandhiji was given a great reception by Madame Montessori in her London home. Mahadev Desai described the meeting between the two as the meeting of a soul with a soul. Madame wrote "Gandhi appears to me as a soul rather than a man. He has been in my thought for years and years. I have followed him with my soul."

Before taking his boat at Genoa for Bombay, Gandhiji called on Romain Rolland in Switzerland.

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PART III

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

THE FIVE BROTHERS:

CHAPTER IV

DRONAACHARYA'S DECISION

THE *Yuddha shala*—military academy—of Hastinapur, situated on the bank of the Ganga, enclosed a very large area. Warriors were trained here, also arms were fabricated, horses bred, elephants trained and war chariots manufactured.

In the *Yuddha shala* there was a large mansion where lived Dronaacharya, the teacher of the Kuru princes and the great leader who directed all military preparations which upheld the Kuru power.

In front of the mansion, under an ancient peepul tree, he sat in deep thought, though he appeared to be gazing intently only at the wavelets which lapped the bank of the river. He was seated on a sort of throne placed on a small platform, now and again throwing parched gram to the fish and tortoises swimming in the shallow waters. Here he always sat, making plans, talking to pupils or giving orders to subordinates. Feeding fish was the only stimulant he permitted himself at the time.

As a Brahman of high position, Dronaacharya wore his locks matted and had no jewels or ornaments on his body. Unlike a Brahman, however, he was dressed in silk. A tiger skin was spread on the throne on which he sat—a tribute which he paid to his great guru Parashuraama, who never wore anything else. A gold-encrusted bow and arrow, adopted by him as the insignia of his office, rested against his knee, also reminiscent of the manner in which his master always kept the famed battle-axe with him when seated.

His beard and locks were dark, thick and well trimmed. His pointed nose, firm set lips and small but brilliant eyes testified to the fire which burned within his small but sturdy frame.

His forehead was deeply furrowed, for he was facing a crisis. Just when his ambitions were on the point of being fulfilled, he was faced with a reverse.

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Dronaacharya was the son of Bharadwaja, a very learned Brahman who, pledged to austere poverty, had taken the traditional vow of not keeping more food in his house than was needed to provide his family for three days. From his childhood, therefore, he had smarted under the privations which his father's self-imposed vow entailed.

When Drona went to the house of his guru to pursue his studies, he had to accept self-imposed poverty—the privilege of a *brahmachari,* a celebate student. He had to maintain himself by collecting his daily food from generous neighbours, sleep on a deer skin, collect fuel and perform other domestic chores.

Other Brahman co-students who stayed in the guru's house, took pride in living this way, not Drona. He hated poverty, self-imposed though it was. He saw no sense in self-imposed non-possession and envied some of his co-students who came from princely families and who found ways to live in comfort.

Drona was as proud as he was ambitious. He was sure that he had in him to outstrip all his co-students in whatever he undertook—now or at any time. But invariably his poverty shook his self-confidence. He had an insistent urge to command, to control, to bend men to his will. He scorned the Brahmanical discipline which gave up worldly gain in the pursuit of high learning and austere self-discipline—*vidya* and *tapas*.

With a view to overcome the helplessness which his poverty imposed upon him, he ingratiated himself in the goodwill of a co-student, Yajnasena Drupad, the Prince of Panchala, a generous young man, who had no hesitation in sharing his comforts with him.

However, Drona was not content to be the Prince's friend; he wanted to be his master. With that object in view, he won the confidence and affection of the Prince, whom he came to dominate by his superior intelligence and resourcefulness. Led step by step, Drupad, in effusive friendliness, pledged eternal friendship for the young Brahman.

The Prince was impressionable to a fault. His friendship for Drona soon turned into worshipful devotion. In a fit of childish generosity skilfully engineered, he took a solemn vow with the sacred waters of the Ganga in his hands that when he ascended the throne of Panchala, he would share his royal authority with his friend.

Some years went by. On the death of his father, young Drupad succeeded to the kingship of Panchala. Drona was happy. His dream had come true. So, when he finished his studies, he went to his royal friend and claimed a share of power; the time, he urged, had come to fulfil the Prince's vow.

The young King had even forgotten the vow that he had taken in a moment of boyish enthusiasm. During the short time that he was on the throne, he had also been awakened to new values and responsibilities as the king of one of the most powerful kingdoms of the Arya world. But he still held his friend in affection. He welcomed him with lavish presents and even offered to provide an *ashram* for him or confer an office suited to his learning.

For years, young Drona had nursed the hope that the young Prince would keep his promise when he became a king and accept his domination as in their student days. He was, therefore, affronted. He had not come to Kampilya to assume the role of a guru or a minister; he wanted a share of the royal power and was determined to have it.

Drona, therefore, insisted on the pledge being fulfilled. Drupad, now wise in the ways of the world, ridiculed the idea of his fulfilling so silly a pledge taken in his teens. He simply could not share royal power. He had to share it with the chiefs of Panchala and with the ministers who have served his father all their life. He could not, he pointed out, do such an absurd thing as to share his royal authority with a friend, however beloved he was.

Drona was furious. He charged Drupad with breaking his pledge. In reply, Drupad was polite but firm; he could not fulfil a promise given in ignorance of his responsibilities.

Exasperated, Drona, in the presence of the assembled court, hurled insults at the young King and threatened him with dire penalties. The position became impossible and the King was forced to turn this irate, erstwhile friend of his, out of Kampilya.

Drona was not prepared to accept defeat. He decided to acquire the necessary sanction to coerce Drupad into performing his promise.

He was a hard realist, with a cool, calculating brain. Mere learning, he saw, was not enough to satisfy his ambition. He must, therefore, follow in the footsteps of Parashuraama, and through mastery in arms, acquire a power greater than that of the kings.

Undaunted by hardships, he travelled to the *ashram* of Parashuraama at Shurpaaraka, walking through forests, sleeping under the open sky, often going without food. The old Master, pleased with the intelligence of this aspiring young man and his zest to be trained in arms, accepted him as his pupil.

A few years passed by. Drona mastered all that the old Master and his *ashram* had to teach in the fabrication and use of arms and in the making and winning of wars. Even his *guru*, the ancient master of the art of war, who had trained generations of pupils, was amazed at the unbending will with which the brilliant young man completed his training.

Drona became a matchless teacher in the art of war. He saw, as few had seen before him, that the era of battle-axe and the mace, the sword and the trident, had gone, never to return. The bow and arrow were the only weapons of the future. He, therefore, acquired complete mastery of the flying missile—the arrow which, when he willed, could serve him with the readiness of an intelligent slave.

Before leaving the *ashram*, Drona married Kripi, the daughter of his teacher in whose house he was residing. Accompanied by her and her brother Kripaacharya, also an expert in training young men in arms, he returned to Aryavarta to carve out a career which would ultimately enable him to avenge Drupad's insult.

With rare self-assurance, the young teacher presented himself to no less a person than Grandfather Bheeshma at Hastinapur. Bheeshma, himself a pupil of Parashuraama, immediately saw the worth of such a competent expert in military affairs and engaged him, as also his brother-in-law, to initiate the Kuru princes in the art of war.

* * *

Once appointed at the head of the *yuddha shala* of the Kurus, Dronaacharya bent all his energies to impart to his pupils the art which he knew so well.

However, that was not enough for his bursting energy, nor was it the aim he had set for himself. He rebuilt the Kuru machine of war, reorganized the corps of swordsmen, archers, experts in mace-combat, masters of elephants and chariot warriors. He also became an adviser on the affairs of the State to Bheeshma, to whom his penetrating intelligence became useful.

His students, the Kuru princes and other cadets, proved worthy of the master. Of them, Bheema and Duryodhana excelled in the art of mace-combat; Arjuna, as also Karna, the charioteer's son, became master bowmen. His own son, Aswatthaama also became a formidable warrior.

His pupils not only fulfilled his hopes, but helped him to secure the primary aim of his life. Through the miraculous bowmanship of his pupil, Arjuna, he also got King Drupad to fulfil his promise.

In a sudden and unexpected attack, Drupad was captured by Arjuna and brought at his feet. The helpless King of Panchala had to offer an abject apology for breaking his vow, and by way of ransom, part with a slice of his kingdom to the north of the river Ganga. The fair city of Ahicchatra in this territory now became Dronaacharya's to rule.

Drona's ambition waxed higher. He was not content with being the master of Ahicchatra. He had no illusions about the kings and held kingship in contempt. He scorned the pomp and ceremony which glorified them into little divinities. His aim now was to be the real master of the Kuru empire, on whom depended the fortunes of many kings.

The situation in Hastinapur was to Drona's liking, and whatever was not to his liking, he knew how to shape as he wanted. Grandfather Bheeshma, in spite of the supreme power he enjoyed, was getting old. King Dhritaraashtra lacked both character and vigour. His pupils, the Kuru princes, were divided among themselves; the sons of Dhritaraashtra were jealous and distrustful of the sons of Pandu.

This hostility provided him with the necessary opportunity to manipulate things as he liked.

The Five Brothers—the Pandavas—all able in their own way, were loyal to him. Of them, Arjuna was the most devoted. Duryodhana and his brothers—the sons of Dhritaraashtra—though loyal to him in a sense, were intrinsically unreliable, but he had seen to it that his fiery son, Aswatthaama, was Duryodhana's close associate.

Drona knew that only the Five Brothers could extend the Kuru empire to the ends of the earth. Yudhishthira, righteous and noble, would make a very good emperor. Bheema and Arjuna were formidable warriors. Nakula knew the art of breeding and training horses for war as no one else did. Sahadeva was learned, wise and far-sighted. And he fondly hoped that in view of their ungrudging loyalty to him, he would be the master of the situation when they came into power.

So, when the time came, Drona heartily approved of Grandfather Bheeshma's suggestion that Yudhishthira should be appointed the *yuvaraj*, the Crown Prince. He was the wisest of all the Kuru princes and loved by all, and as the eldest son of the late King Pandu, he was justly entitled to succeed to the throne.

No sooner Yudhishthira became the Crown Prince, he, with his conscientiousness, took upon himself all the responsibilities of the office. He commanded the full confidence of Bheeshma in the affairs of the State and acquired the respect of all the ministers, particularly of Vidur, the wisest of them.

When Yudhishthira was appointed *yuvaraj*, Drona felt that he had now become all powerful, more powerful than Bheeshma himself.

However, he was annoyed at Yudhishthira's attitude. As a *yuvaraj*, he was no longer the docile pupil which he was in the *yuddha shala*. He was a monarch, with the self-confidence of one who knew his business and with an honesty of purpose which could not be deflected by personal loyalties. No doubt, when he had military affairs to discuss, he took his teacher into confidence.

Much as he tried, Dronaacharya could not dominate Yudhishthira. At all times, the young Prince was fair, just, correct and cordial, but firm in his determination to fulfil his royal duties conscientiously. Intrigues did not affect him. He sought advice from many, but accepted guidance from no one else than Grandfather Bheeshma, and he governed the empire to the satisfaction of all concerned.

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Then the blow fell. Without even mentioning the matter to him, Yudhishthira sent an invitation to Krishna *Vaasudeva* of Dwarka to visit Hastinapur. He also heard that Drupad, his enemy, had offered his daughter to Krishna.

All the fabric of power which he had built up was threatened. For some years, he had received reports about the formidable exploits of Krishna, but so far it had caused him no worry, for the Yadava hero was too far away to be of any significance. But now he was coming. His cousin, Uddhava, was actually arriving in Hastinapur within a week to announce his arrival.

The crisis had to be met and met with cold-blooded decisiveness. Yudhishthira could not be permitted to ally himself with Krishna. In no event was it to be thought of, if Krishna was to wed Drupad's daughter.

Drona carefully considered all the possible moves on the chess-board. He had to checkmate the new move of Yudhishthira. Yudhishthira, in matters of State, was not pliable. Bheema and Arjuna could not be parted from Yudhishthira. Bheeshma was not likely to refuse an alliance between the Kurus and the Yadavas.

The game which he had been playing all through his life had suddenly changed shape. It demanded drastic moves. The Five Brothers could not rule in Hastinapur if he had to have his way.

The only way left was to inflame the rivalry between the Five Brothers and Duryodhana and his brothers. He himself had no confidence in Duryodhana's character or ability; but his son, Aswatthaama, he knew, provided Duryodhana with fire and energy. So far it was his influence over Duryodhana exercised through his son which had prevented Duryodhana and his friends from taking violent steps to displace Yudhishthira.

It was the most decisive moment of his own life. He had to make the final bid for assuming complete power over the Kurus, which was only possible with Duryodhana as the *yuvaraj*. True, he was unstable, insolent, badly advised, but he would be an easier instrument in his hands than the self-righteous Yudhishthira.

Drona clapped his hands and ordered the servitor who came in response to his call with folded hands, to send for his son, Aswatthaama. The teacher went on feeding the fish and the tortoises.

Aswatthaama soon came and prostrated himself before his father. Unlike his father, he was a tall and well-built man with large eyes and apparently of impatient temper.

'I want to talk to you, son,' said Dronaacharya, his face dissolving into a winning smile, which he could assume whenever it suited his purpose.

'As the venerable father pleases,' said Aswatthaama.

'You were displeased with me the other day when I told you that the salvation of the Kurus was in the hands of the Five Brothers. You told me that I was unjust to Duryodhana and his brothers.'

Aswatthaama's eyes were full of annoyance, but he lowered them out of respect. 'I was sorry to have said so, but, venerable father, if I do not tell you what we feel, to whom should we say it?' These words, though humble in their meaning, were not spoken in humility; they conveyed suppressed displeasure.

Dronaacharya smiled affectionately. 'Son, I thought over what you said. There is some truth in it. I have not been fair to all my pupils equally as I should have been'

Aswatthaama looked up in surprise. This was almost the first time when he found his father confessing that he was wrong. He did not know what was coming next and waited.

'Have you told Duryodhana what I said to you?' asked Dronaacharya.

'Yes, venerable father,' replied Aswatthaama.

'You are now free to tell Duryodhana that I do not propose to take sides in his quarrel with the Five Brothers,' said Dronaacharya with a show of fairness.

'Oh, Father, I am so pleased!' exclaimed Aswatthaama happily. 'May I have your permission to go and convey to Duryodhana what you have now said? Now we see our way'.

'Yes, my son, you have my blessings'.

* * *

As Aswatthaama hastily left his father, Dronaacharya threw a handful of gram to the fish and the tortoises and smiled to himself. It was a smile of supreme satisfaction; for he felt that his mind retained the same crystal clarity which characterised him throughout life. He could cut any knot with uncanny precision without being affected by sentiment. Yes, he had done it more than once in the past.

A Nishadh boy, Ekalavya by name, once, had fallen at his feet begging to be trained in archery. He had refused him. His mastery in bowmanship was not to be distributed freely to all pupils who might or might not be useful to him. He was going to concentrate on the Kuru princes—among them, above all, on Arjuna, the left-handed bowman of immense promise.

Now, the picture of Ekalavya rose before the teacher's mind. The boy had a blind devotion for him, and would not take a refusal. He had gone to his forest home, constructed an image of himself and, in his name, practised archery and gained perfection.

When he learnt about it, Drona at first had felt very proud. Students could learn archery not only under his direct guidance, but even under his distant inspiration!

But the moment he saw the supreme bowmanship of Ekalavya, he sensed the danger which lay in a Nishadh boy raising a generation of Nishadhs to practise advanced archery, of which he was the master. That could not be allowed to happen; it would come in the way of his personal ambition. Ekalavya would some day overcome Arjuna and all his other pupils, and his project of building power with the aid of the Kuru princes would come to naught.

The foolish, trusting Nishadh boy, true to tradition, had wanted to give Drona a present due to a *guru* on completion of studies. In that moment, Drona had seen the way to avert the danger. He asked the boy to give him the thumb of his right hand as a present!

It was a terrible thing which he had asked for; it would make the poor boy utterly useless as an archer. But Drona could not allow anyone to stand in his way. Ekalavya's skill must be made entirely ineffective.

The Nishadh boy had fallen at his feet, had begged of him to spare his thumb without which he could not speed an arrow. But he, Drona, was not to be shaken in his calculated decision.

He now remembered the words

that he had then spoken: ‘My boy, either you give me the present of your thumb or you can have your skill as a free gift.’

‘No, no’, the boy had asked, tears rolling down his cheeks. ‘You have been to me the master not only of skill, but of my body and soul. I have lived all these years in the hope of pleasing you. I shall not fail.’

With a broken heart, the brave boy had taken the blade of his arrow, cut his thumb and presented it to him.

For a moment his heart, as he recollected, had been moved. He had been inclined to countermand the order. But no! He could not permit a pupil of his to thwart his ambition. He accepted the bleeding thumb as a present, blessed the boy and came away. And he was not sorry for it.

Today he had a similar crisis to deal with. But now he had not to merely get a thumb of his pupil removed. He had to remove five of his favourite pupils—and among them, his dearest—to clear his path.

After all he was Drona and no one could stand in his way.

[*To be continued*]

PRAYER is a call to humility. It is a call to self-purification, to inward search.

* * * *

Religion is the tie that binds one to one’s Creation, and whilst the body perishes, as it has to, religion persists even after death.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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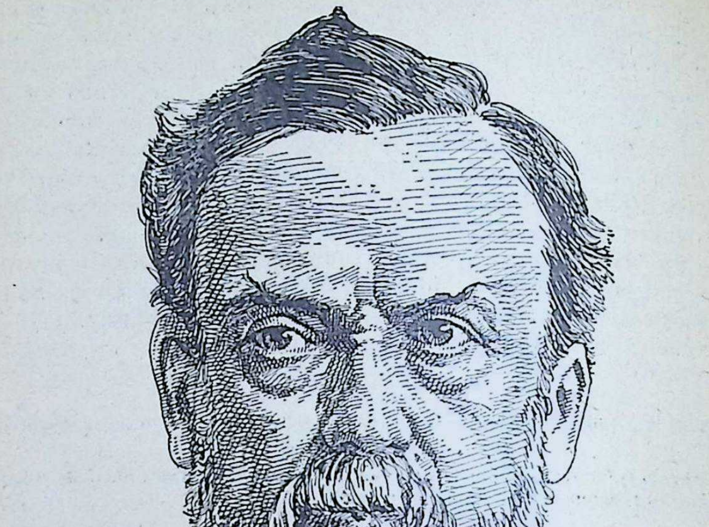

LOUIS PASTEUR

[*b.* December 27, 1822; *d.* September 28, 1895]

Louis Pasteur is the father of preventive and curative medicine. "There is no greater charm," says he, "for the investigator than to make new discoveries; but his pleasure is heightened when he sees that they have a direct application to practical life."

Love energy and its transformation

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

IN the relationship between love and the objective consequences of creativity in the fields of truth and beauty—creativity motivated otherwise than by love for goodness—we are confronted with the phenomenon of transformation of the energy of truth or beauty into that of love or goodness, and vice versa.

As mentioned before, since real truth, real beauty, and real goodness or love are three inseparable aspects of the Supreme and Ultimate Reality, the possibility of the transformation of one of these "energies" into the other two follows logically from the hypothesis.

Just as the energy of heat can be transformed into that of electricity or motion, so also can one of these supreme energies be transformed into the other two.

Empirical facts and a careful analysis clearly show such transformation.

Real beauty, whether in the form of great music, great literature, drama, painting, sculpture, or architecture, simultaneously purifies and ennobles us morally.

This transformation of beauty into goodness and love was observed, studied, and confirmed long ago. Mimesis and catharsis effected by a tragedy or other real art creation were indicated by Confucius, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and a legion of other known and unknown thinkers and observers of ancient Egypt, Babylonia, India, China, Greece, as well as by recent thinkers and educators. The morally ennobling educational effects of a genuine art creation are an axiom of contemporary educators as well as those of the past.

Likewise, a legion of thinkers in the past, in recent times and today have pointed out convincingly that real beauty or art contains in itself cognitive elements which in their own way impart to us something of truth and knowledge. Beethoven expressed this well: "Every art, all genuine feeling, is a moral progress. . . .He who truly understands my music must go free of all the misery which others bear about with them." "When I am alone, I am never alone. I prefer the spiritual realm and Him who stands above all spiritual and celestial monarchs. The Almighty, the Eternal, the Unending!" Finally, "Music is the sole incorporeal entrance into the higher world of *knowledge*, which comprehends mankind. It gives prophetic vision and. . . .heavenly wisdom.

That real truth is beautiful and good and transforms itself into beautiful and ethically good energies is nowadays an almost axiomatic proposition, questioned by hardly anyone. The aesthetic elegancy of a genuine mathematical, scientific, philosophical, or religious thought is obvious, as is its enormous role in aesthetic creativity itself; also obvious are its immeasurable benefits in enriching and ennobling the beauty-realm of every one of us. The innumerable empirical facts of the most beneficial (altruistic) consequences of an important scientific discovery, constructive technological invention, enlightening philosophical thought, or genuine religious truth are well known and need not be demonstrated here.

On the other hand, real goodness is always beautiful, in the noblest sense of the term. If real beauty produces catharsis in us, then real love or goodness impresses us as the purest and noblest beauty. It is not incidental that the terms love and beauty are often used interchangeably as "lovely" and "beautiful."

Likewise, real love or goodness contains in itself cognitive elements that enrich us with either intuitive, or rational, or even empirical cognition or truth.

The ethical *summum bonum* has correctly been considered by Plato, Aristotle, and others as containing in itself also a true cognition.

An analysis of the value judgments as cognitive propositions by past and contemporary thinkers is general evidence of the transformability of goodness into truth. Kant's "practical reason" is ethical as well as cognitive "reason."

The intenser, purer, more extensive, durable, and adequate the given energy of truth or beauty is, the greater tends to be the percentage of its efficient transformation into goodness (love) energy; and *vice versa.*

The beauty of the geat compositions of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven seems to be much greater—intenser purer, etc.—than, for instance, the beauty of third-class compositions or of the latest crooning of jazz "hit". The relevant facts seem to corroborate this expectation. It is uncertain that any such "hit" has ever ennobled, purified, or ethically uplifted anyone, and it is certain that it has stimulated sex, biological, and selfish aspirations in thousands; it is equally certain that Bach's, Mozart's, and Beethoven's compositions have given the purest bliss to millions, have ethically ennobled and uplifted them to the highest spheres of reality, to the *universalia ante rem* of Godhead of goodness.

The same can be said of any great art creation compared with the questionable "hits": of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Dostoievski, confronted with various best sellers of our time; of the Parthenon or a great medieval cathedral compared with an ostentatiously glittering night-club building. The great art creations endure and continue to be transformed into goodness for generations, centuries, millennia.

The splashy best sellers go into oblivion within a short time—a few months or a few years at the most. Similarly, the great philosophical, religious, and scientific "truths" of Plato's system, of the religious systems of Taoism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, Christianity, Mohammedanism; of the fundamental principles and generalizations of the natural sciences, and of the true part of the social sciences; these have benefited, ethically ennobled, and uplifted millions of human beings for millennia.

The efficiency of their transformability into goodness energy has been incomparably greater than that of "little" scientific, or philosophical, or religious tuths, and especially of many big pseudo-truths in these fields and in the field of the social and humanistic disciplines.

Many of these large generalizations, like the Marxian or Freudian, are at best true in only a small part; for the great part they are sham truths.

It is small wonder, therefore, that side by side with some goodness they have generated an incomparably greater amount of hate, enmity, struggle, war, bestiality, and other evils.

The collective experience of humanity clearly perceives this in the statement that "sham truth or half-truth is more dangerous (socially and ethically) than complete ignorance."

Herein also lies one of the reasons why a mere increase in literacy, in school training, in purely "technical" training in little special "tricks," the imbibing of many little truths in our schools and colleges, not for their own sake but to get a comfortable and well-paid position, even scientific discoveries and inventions of a destructive kind—why all these have exerted little if any moralizing influence on the "imbibers.".

This explains why an increase in schools, in literacy, and even in discoveries and inventions—in part constructive, in part destructive—has not decreased the selfishness of individuals and groups; why bloody wars, both international and civil, have not declined; and why criminality has not abated.

In brief, it explains why the percentage of efficient transformation into love energy of these little truths, half-truths, ignorance parading as truth, and destructive semi-truths has been so low, and often resulted in the evil of strife instead of the unity of love.

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ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1033

Sri D. J. Patro, Hirakud.

Q: *Is it wrong for a wife to call her husband by his name? Why is it prohibited in Hindu homes?*

A: Husband and wife calling each other by names is a cheap way of addressing each other. Relations between the two become dignified if each addresses the other by a respectful term. For want of a respectful term, the habit grew of referring to each other as 'he' or 'she'. They were not terms of contempt, but of respect, like 'his lordship' when referring to a judge.

The modern habit of calling each other by their short names —American style now in fashion with half-baked educated—is distinctly vulgar in Indian eyes and vulgarizes marital relations.

1034

Sri R. Gopalachakravarthy, Mysore-2.

Q: *Do you think that a time will come when no one is afraid of another and no country is afraid of another country?*

A: Not for generations to come, so far as I can see.

1035

Sri K. Durairaj, Tuticorin.

Q: *Is it true that the Vedas have mentioned the name of Jesus Christ?*

A: No. It is a lie whoever told it to you. Vedas came into existence 2000 years before Christ was born.

1036

Sri N. Dixit, Kanpur.

Q: *The motto "Yogakshemam" which the Life Insurance Corporation has taken from the* Gita, *in my opinion, is improper. Do you agree with me?*

A: Modern salesmanship has the arrogance to assume God-like attitudes and exploit scriptural phrases to exploit the market. How can we help L.I.C. trying to play Sri Krishna? Many *sadhus* do, and are tolerated in this country.

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OUR FORTNIGHTLY PROFILE—174

DR. ERIC WILLIAMS

AMONG the Commonwealth Prime Ministers who met at Marlborough House, London, this month in connection with the Common Market Discussions was Dr. Eric Williams, Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, the latest colony to become independent within the Commonwealth but a few days earlier.

Early in August, Jamaica had become independent, and at the end of the same month, the unitary state of Trinidad and Tobago, among the remaining islands of the erstwhile federation, followed suit, becoming the smallest independent member of the Commonwealth and possibly of the U.N. too. These two islands are jointly administered and Trinidad with a population of 800,000 and area of 1,860 square miles is the senior partner. Port-of-Spain is its capital along whose incredibly crowded streets jostle donkey-carts and enormous American cars. The capital is multi-racial and overhanging the hills lies the Government House and across the stretch, the Savannah, the home of cricket-matches and horse-racing.

The break-up of the Caribbean federation which never really clicked, makes melancholy reading. Its failure owes mainly to the ambition of their grabbing politicians. Now the remaining partners Barbados, and the Windward and Leeward islands are trying to scrape together and federate among themselves.

Columbus named this island for Trinity and has a splendid deep-water harbour. At the beginning of this century, Trinidad was a purely agrarian island and sugar was its main crop; but today the pattern is completely transformed. In 1960, her exports totalled nearly £100 million of which sugar accounted for but 8% and mineral fuels, lubricants and asphalt constituted over four-fifths of the exports. Today it is an oil-producing island and has useful deposits of natural gas and the famous pitch-lake at La Brea from which asphalt comes. The island contains two main ethnic groups: 44% African and 36% of West Indian. Its social tensions are crude and violently cut into politics. The Indians are better off and their growing tendency to spend, unintentionally creates animosity.

Trinidad holds out a splendid promise of prosperity. Its sources of cheap power for agriculture and industry, its good communication system, and comparatively higher educational standards, its close alliance with neighbouring islands and above all a capable, honest and forceful leader in their Prime Minister Dr. Williams—all these support this expectation. But everything depends upon Dr. William's future course of action, how he mobilises capital, talent and trade. For, his Government is said to be left of centre and a large percentage of her population is either underworked or out of work and an influx of hungry mouths will further complicate issues.

Time was when Trinidad's politics had a bad reputation for corruption and nepotism as when in 1957 it was suggested as a capital for the now defunct federation, it was at first rejected on the above count, although this judgment was reversed later. But those were pre-William days. Now there is a complete break with the past. The present Prime Minister whose People's National Movement came to power in 1956 and has again returned to Parliament (bagging 20 out of 30 seats in the House of Representatives), has since been systematically aiming at administrative honesty, efficiency and economic expansion.

An unimpressive looking little man with dark glasses and a hearing aid, Dr. Eric Williams is nevertheless an able man. He can hold the attention of huge audiences without the aid of rhetoric or showmanship. Recently he held huge audiences by his lectures on Aristotle! His inspiration comes from his people; not from cocktail parties. Rather blunt and outspoken, his opponents accuse him of being a black recialist. The fact is he is apt to be oversensitive where his principles or the interests of his people are involved and at times he is harshly critical of the British. Dispassionate observers, however, say that he is equal to any Commonwealth statesman and superior to many, in intellectual attainments. The British, however, significantly failed to discover him, by not putting him in gaol like other Commonwealth statesmen!

Born on 25th September 1911 at Dundonald, Port-of-Spain, as the eldest of 12 children, Dr. Williams is predominantly African; he did his early education in his own island and went to Oxford on a scholarship. Describing his humble origin, he says: "My father was a junior civil servant—two years' probation without pay to start with—that is how it was in those days." After taking his first in history and a doctorate of philosophy with a thesis—his professor called it one of the best he had ever seen—he lectured for 14 years in the Negro University of Howard in Washington and later on joined the Caribbean Commission.

At the termination of his connection with Commission in 1955, he started his own political party the PNM with the help of a few able colleagues. He swept into power in the 1956 elections to the surprise of many. The new Government started with a bang and a wide programme of social and economic development was implemented. Under the Five-Year development plan of 1958-62, there have been public investments in electricity, communication etc. with the result that in the second election, his party got a thumping majority.

Dr. Williams has always lived for his work. People call him a recluse; for he will have nothing to do with the social round. He lives unostentatiously in his plain old colonial-style house, thinking all the time or writing.

Dr. Williams has definitely arrived. Said he recently: "If the competing European economies can get together, so can competing Caribbean economies." In that spirit he is laying the foundations of economic association with the other West-Indian islands. On the basis of her present stability and progress, Trinidad and Tobago can really become the focal point of a new economic grouping in the Caribbean serving the good of all.

A former president of the Historical Society of Trinidad, Dr. William's published works include "Capitalism and Slavery" which was his thesis for his D. Phil.; "The Negro in the Caribbean" and "Education in the British West Indies." On the day his country attained independence i.e. last month-end was published his latest book on the history of the West Indies from 1492 to the present day. India sends her best wishes for the prosperity of the youngest member of the Commonwealth.

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66.

....the working of complex devices may often be demonstrated vividly with simple things by seeking the key-principle of the device and demonstrating that....

Teaching Science the Right Way

K. M. Swezey

ASSEMBLED with imagination, simple materials around the home and school—tumblers, string, rubber bands, apples from a lunch box, toy balloons or electric fans—can become magic tools of science.

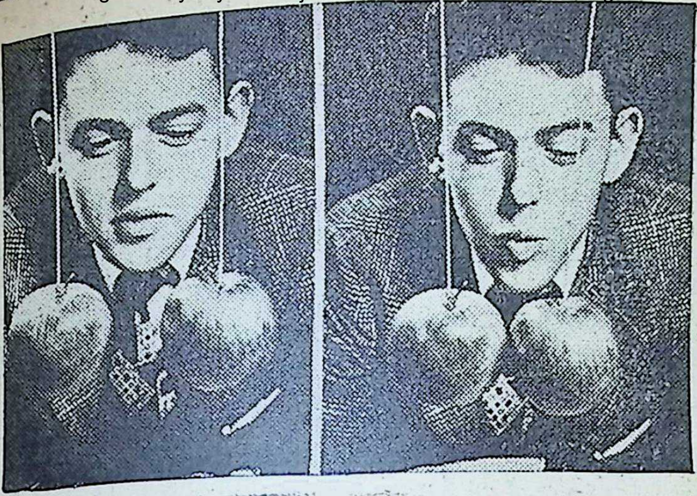
With this everyday equipment, chances are that science students will become more interested in their classes and teachers will come closer to revealing the essence of an experiment or a demonstration, than if they had used more complicated and expensive materials.

Many of the greatest scientists of history are remembered largely by such simple and dramatic showmanship. The toy jet-propelled steam engine exhibited by Heron of Alexandria more than 2,000 years ago is used today to teach the principle of steam and gas turbines, jet engines and rocket motors. Merely by dropping weights from the "Leaning Tower of Pisa," Galileo helped to revolutionize the scientific thought of his day. Michael Faraday's famous lecture demonstrations on "The Chemical History of a Candle" packed the auditorium of the Royal Institution with school children during their Christmas holidays. Now in book form, these are still among the best sellers a hundred years later!

Teachers can go a long way toward making their demonstrations more exciting, easier to do, and less costly, merely by substituting jam jars and tumblers for laboratory cylinders or rubber bands for coil springs. For outstanding presentations, however, they must rethink completely the science behind them, discard everything that is unnecessary or irrelevant, and then they often emerge with an entirely new technique better suited to the simpler equipment.

In devising and adapting several thousand demonstrations of everyday science—for general magazines, experiment books, text-books, teaching films, and television—these criteria seem to be the most important:

1. The demonstration should help explain a device or experience in which a student is actively interested, rather than merely an abstract scien-



The student's breath is blown between two apples which hung on strides. (left)
The results demonstrate graphically one of the reasons airplane fly. (right)

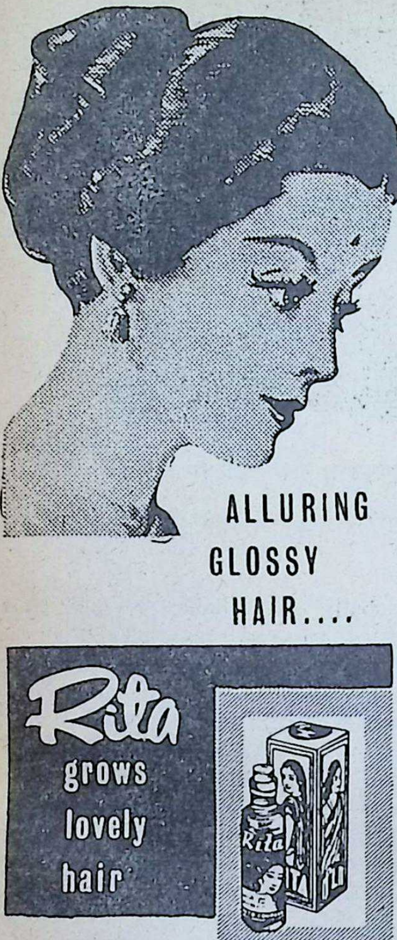
tific law about which he knows nothing and for which he can yet see no practical use.

2. It should involve the simplest and most familiar equipment possible.
3. Its result should be capable of being observed directly.
4. The result should contain an element of wonder or surprise.
5. The science behind the demonstration should be sound and capable of leading to broader discussion and experimentation.
6. It should be repeatable by the student at home for his own pleasure and edification and, even for that of his family and friends.

However, every experiment—even with the greatest effort—cannot be adapted to meet all these standards. One of the tests that seems to do so is performed with two apples (oranges, baseballs, tennis balls, or small soda bottles will serve as well) hung at mouth height and about an inch apart on long strings. Blow strongly between them and what happens? "They will fly apart," reasons the science novice. To his surprise, they actually bump together.

For years this potentially ideal demonstration had slumbered as a mere parlour trick.

Another ideally simple demonstration that illustrates the same principle requires only a toy balloon, a couple of paper clips, and an electric fan. First point the fan upward and turn it on. Then drop the balloon into the air stream. (The balloon should have been weighted before class with enough paper clips, clipped to its neck, to prevent it from being blown too far away from the fan.) Although the



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balloon bobs up and down, it cannot leave the stream because of the envelope of high-speed low-pressure air flowing around it. Every time it reaches the edge of the stream, the quiet, higher pressure air of the atmosphere pushes it back.

To create an ever more mystifying effect, tilt the fan. Seemingly disobeying the laws of gravity, the balloon still stays in the stream—falling out only if the fan is tilted so low that the pull of gravity becomes stronger than the upward pressure of the atmosphere.

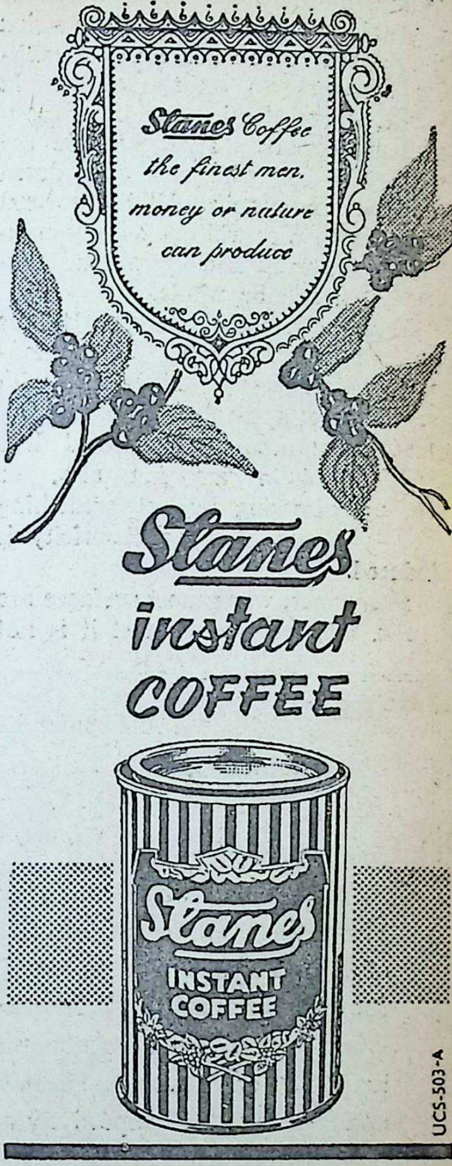
Many of the classic experiments, described in text-books for generations almost unchanged, can be performed more interestingly and instructively with less complex everyday items.

The mysterious "Bottle Imp," or "Cartesian Diver," devised over three hundred years as a toy to amaze the layman, is an example. In its original form (still shown in text-books), it consists of a small blown-glass man or demon, having a tiny hole in its leg or tail, which floats in a cylinder of water covered by a flexible diaphragm. Press or release the diaphragm (forcing more water into the man, or letting it out) and the man dives or rises.

For mere mystification, the original design is still fine. For demonstration of the compressibility of air and the incompressibility of water (for which purpose the diver is usually included in text-books), however, one can do better with everyday materials that show precisely what is happening. One combination requires only a bottle of water, a medicine dropper, and a cork. Fill the dropper from a tumbler of water until it just barely floats, put it into the bottle, filled to the brim, and insert the cork. If the amount of water in the dropper is right, slight pressure on the cork will now cause the "diver" to sink; slight loosening of the cork will cause it to rise. At first as mysterious as the traditional "imp," close observation of the water level in the dropper will enable a student to deduce for himself the principle behind its action.

A thought-provoking experiment involving inertia, requiring traditionally "a heavy metal ball, suspended by a light thread just strong enough to support it," can be done more conveniently and less dangerously by suspending a moderately-heavy book by a light string and tying a similar string below it. The question which can be posed to the class is how one can break either string at will, merely by pulling on the bottom one? The student who understands the law of inertia will give a quick jerk to break the lower string, and pull steadily on it to break the upper (thus adding the force of his pull to the weight of the book).

To demonstrate the always-astonishing phenomenon of regelation, one does not need the huge cake of ice (supported by sawhorses, tables, boxes, chairs, and straddled by a wire hung with "brass" weights!) indicated perennially in text-books. The same result is obtained—much faster, with more fun, and far more conveniently —with an ice cube from the lunchroom refrigerator. Provide handles at the end of an eight-inch length of thin, strong wire by twisting each end



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around the middle of a large nail or a pencil. Place the ice cube (which should not be too much below melting temperature) on top of a soda bottle, upended stick, or other convenient support. Then straddle the cube with the wire and bear down hard on the pencils. Within several minutes the wire will cut its way completely through the cube, which, however, will still be whole!

That electricity surrounds us everywhere may better be demonstrated with familiar things than with complicated apparatus. The fact is that every time an individual lifts anything from anything else, or moves something against something else, a charge of static electricity is induced.

In summer, when most surfaces are moist, this leaks off so fast it is not even noticed. On a dry winter day, however, it is met in snaps, sparks, and in objects clinging to or repelling each other. One of the simplest and most graphic ways to show its presence is with a giant electroscope which can be improvised in a second. Just tear two long strips from a sheet of newspaper, hold them together at one end, and give them several light downward strokes between the thumb and fore-finger of the free hand. The strips fly apart! Charged similarly by contact with the fingers, they repel each other.

When a text-book suggests the use of a neon wand to demonstrate effects of static electricity, an ordinary fluorescent lamp (good or burned-out) will generally do as well. Merely stroke one briskly on a sleeve in a dark room—or, better still, hold one

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near a long-playing record that has been so stroked—and it will light brilliantly!

The working of complex devices may often be demonstrated vividly with simple things by seeking the key principle of the device and demonstrating that. Students cannot be taken inside the mechanism of an electric refrigerator, for instance, but they can be shown how the expansion of Freon 12 (the liquid used in most home refrigerators) can actually produce ice. All the apparatus needed is a metal or glass tube, about one-fourth inch in diameter and four or five inches long, a spring clothespin, or a loop of paper to hold it (to keep from warming the tube or freezing your fingers), and a can of pressurized air deodorant. To demonstrate, merely wet the outside of the tube with water and direct the Freon-propelled jet from the can through it. In a few seconds, the water will freeze to ice.

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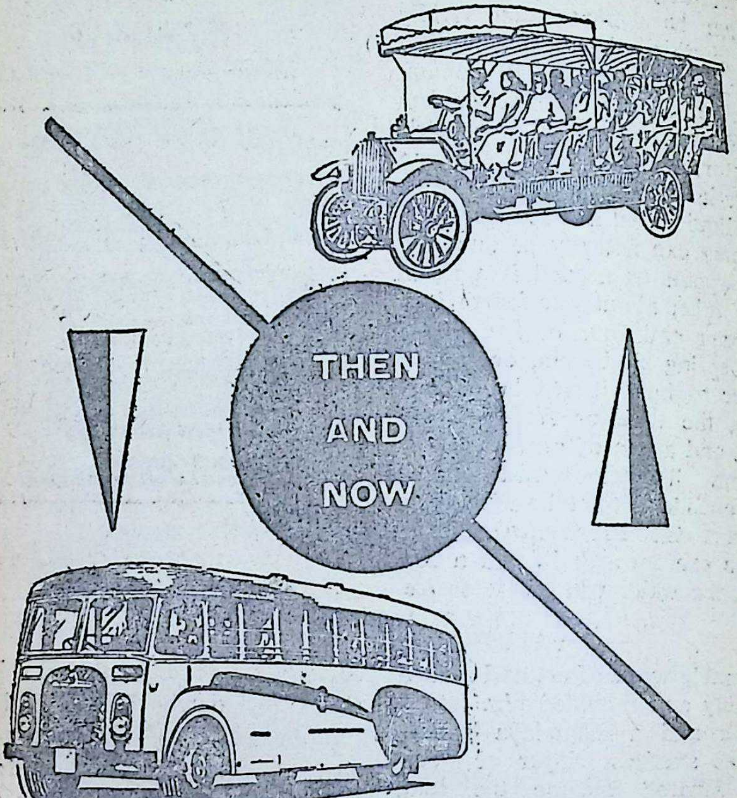

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PART III

TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.

87. A Flag Is Hoisted

THE news of Uday's arrest became known rapidly, thanks to the city newspapers and Congress bulletins and leaflets. It created quite a sensation, for he was both a member of the local legislature and a well-known and leading legal practitioner. It had an electrifying effect on the minds of the people in the city and in particular in its Gujarati-speaking areas. A new keenness and enthusiasm permeated the atmosphere. Business houses and shopkeepers closed their establishments. Young boys kept away from schools and organised themselves into little *vanar senas,* or "Monkey Brigades" and took upon themselves the task of shouting national slogans. In many localities huge bonfires of foreign clothes were lit at night.

Early next morning, large crowds began to assemble in front of Esplanade Police Station. The police had their work cut out trying to prevent people from shouting slogans. When little boys were not allowed to enter the court compound, they assembled across the road in front of the court periodically and called out derisively at the police. By ten o'clock there was not an inch of space left anywhere within and without the court.

An hour before the court opened, Rajba, Sheela and Karan went to the lock-up to see Uday. There was no sadness on anybody's face. Karan's joy knew no bounds. He kept asking Rajba when his turn to go to jail would come. Sheela behaved as naturally with Uday as was her wont before the recent strain imposed on their relationship.

At quarter to eleven the Deputy Commissioner and the Superintendent of Police came personally to take Uday to the court. They allowed Sheela, Rajba and Karan to accompany them by the staircase at the rear. Uday's entrance into the court was signalised by thunderous applause. With great difficulty the police managged to restore quiet. Uday was asked to sit in a chair alongside the lawyers and behind him Sheela, Rajba and Karan were also given seats. Bhagwandas, Joshi, Ravi and other Congress workers stood nearby. On Uday's informing the police that Bheem and Gangoo were his relatives, they too were allowed to come and sit near Rajba. Uday was greeted warmly by his lawyer friends.

Soon after, the magistrate entered the courtroom. Everyone stood up. Sheela knew him very well for he was an erstwhile pupil of Radharaman and was also a colleague and friend of Uday.

The proceedings concluded within a matter of minutes. Uday was asked by the magistrate if he had anything to say and Uday answered quite simply, "No, I have nothing to state before a magistrate of the British Rulers. I do not recognise his authority."

The magistrate delivered his judgement, sentencing the accused to six months rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs.200. He then left the courtroom and Uday was taken back to the lock-up. Raj, Karan and Sheela also accompanied him and remained with him.

After the crowd had dispersed, the police came to take Uday to the prison at Arthur Road. Gangoo touched Uday's feet; he embraced Bheem and told him to see that the volunteers were led properly.

"Leadership is in my blood. If I had not been encumbered by a namby-pamby brother like you, I would have long ago been recognised as the second Shivaji Maharaj", was Bheem's boastful reply.

Uday picked up Karan and pressed him firmly to himself. As he put him down he asked him to promise to behave himself and not to trouble his aunt and his grandmother. Karan readily promised.

Then Uday turned to Rajba and placing both his hands on her shoulders asked if she was satisfied that he had carried out her instructions.

"My dear brother, of course, and I have no doubt that God will give you a new life. I am confident of that," repeated Rajba.

Then, turning to Sheela, Uday grasped her hands in his own. So overcome was he by emotion that he could scarcely speak, and what he had to say, he said through his eyes;

Sheela, too, returned his feelings through her eyes, for she found herself too overcome to speak. He gave her hands an extra squeeze and went out with the police. As the police car left, Karan's lone voice called out, "Goodbye, Motabhai."

Immediately afterwards, Sheela went home and, after informing Radharaman of what had taken place in the court, went straightway to her own room. She took out an old portrait of Uday which she had stowed away in her chest of drawers and embraced it fondly. "My beloved," she spoke softly to herself, "I wish you success in your battles," and immediately scolded herself for letting her feelings run away with her. Later in the evening she went to see Majiba to cheer her up.

The next day she went to the Congress House in response to Bhagwandas and Joshi's invitation. There she found that a large number of volunteers had gathered. The men were dressed in khaki shirts and shorts and the women in saffron-coloured saris. Ravi and Bheem were engaged in organising a procession.

The procession moved out, led by a company of men volunteers. They were followed by women volunteers singing national songs in a soft, pleasant rhythm. Sheela allowed herself to be dragged along by Gangoo willingly but she wished she had put on the sari uniform. Behind the women marched other men, among whom were Bhagwandas and Joshi.

As the procession moved forward, it was joined by groups of people who had been singing songs and waiting for it along its previously announced route. Their enthusiasm was tremendous and infectious; there was created in everyone's heart a feeling of immense confidence; no power on earth could defeat them.

The procession made its way slowly to the Azad Maidan. They found the flag-post surrounded by a couple of hundred policemen, clearly determined not to let anyone go near it. The volunteers stopped the procession some distance away from the police. The latter soon found themselves encircled by the crowd. For quite a time complete silence prevailed: neither the police nor the people showed any inclination to take the first step to disturb the peace that prevailed. It was difficult to say how long this situation would have continued.

Slowly the *satyagrahis* got tired and sat down on the ground, while the police gave themselves rest by leaning upon their long staffs. It looked as if the two forces were engaged in a battle of patience.

All of a sudden, Gangoo along with a few other young women took out the national flags which they had tied around themselves and rushed towards the flag-post hoping to take the police by surprise. Immediately there began a battle of wits and physical agility. The European police officers ordered the European sergeants to seize the flags from the hands of the women. For about fifteen minutes the police met with no success. This incident brought excitement in the atmosphere and the crowd kept shouting "Shame" or "Well done."

Gangoo was an expert at climbing

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trees, besides being physically supple and active. Unlike the Gujarati women who were afraid of the upper part of their sari covering their head slipping, Gangoo who had tied her sari in the Marathi fashion, had no such fear, because it was wrapped firmly around her waist. The lumbering, middle-aged police sergeants who were trying to arrest her were no match for the agile young woman who moved with the speed of a deer.

Somehow one of the sergeants was able to catch one end of the flag which Gangoo was holding. As the other end was firmly tied to her waist, the sergeant found it difficult to force the flag out of her hand. Instead of the flag being pulled away, it was Gangoo who was dragged along with it.

The sergeants had instructions not to seize hold of any woman; this handicapped them seriously. The situation became almost comical. In his effort not to touch Gangoo, the sergeant often lost his balance which encouraged Gangoo to try to run away.

For a few minutes this comical tug-of-war went on. Then the sergeant dragged the flag so violently that Gangoo lost her own balance and fell heavily upon him. This caused the man to lose his balance and he fell on the ground close by the flag-post. The crowd was delirious with joy at his discomfiture.

Gangoo's mind now worked swiftly. She bit the sergeant's hand so violently that he was forced to let go the end of the flag he had been holding in his hand. Immediately she rushed to the flag-post, climbed it swiftly like a squirrel, and stretched out her hand to which had been tied the flag. The national flag had been hoisted!

The whole crowd jumped with delight and enthusiasm at this victory, small though it was. Thousands of throats sang loudly the national song of the moment:

High shall fly our national flag!
High shall fly our flag!
Under it we will fight fearlessly,
Until we become independent.
Victory to Mother India!

While the police were still recovering from the surprise, Bheem evaded them. He ran up to the flag-post and caught Gangoo as she came sliding down.

Meantime, the crowd had forced its way through and showered upon Gangoo a veritable rain of flowers. Bheem had to carry Gangoo upon his shoulders and with great difficulty he extricated her from the crowd and sent her away in Sheela's car.

[*To be continued*]

Story of King Pururavas

Pururavas Rehabilitated

LEFT alone in the midst of a forest, shepherd Ananda said to Princess Pushpa: "I am only sorry for you. God has willed that I should be a cripple. But what distresses me is that, knowing me to be a cripple, why should you—you who could afford to wallow in wealth and luxury—voluntarily forego all these comforts and wilfully throw your lot with mine."

"Lord! The moment I decided to marry you, I have taken upon myself as my sacred duty to serve you. In that service alone do I derive my comforts which are far superior to those that you just mentioned!"

Feeling inwardly happy, Ananda asked her: "One thing puzzles me and that is, when you knew little about me, what made you take any interest in me at all?"

Pushpa related the incident in which his music melted the gem in her diadem one night and how subsequently she managed to find him out.

While the two were thus conversing, Mother Saraswati appeared before them with the customary food packet in her hands. After feeding them with the nectarine food, Mother Saraswati raised, by her powers, a palatial mansion for them, furnished it luxuriously and after installing them there comfortably, disappeared.

At about the time when the two had started their life, there ensued a quarrel in heaven between the gods of Destiny and Intellect. Each claimed that he was superior to the other.

The King of Devas, being unable to arbitrate on the rival claims, sent them to King Pururavas who, under the garb of shepherd Ananda, was staying alone with Princess Pushpa in the midst of the forest.

The two gods dressed themselves as learned Brahmins and appeared before Ananda offering him Vedic benedictions.

Asked by him the object of their visit, they replied: "Noble Sir! We are brothers We had a quarrel and people said that you were greatly learned and so we came to you for the solution."

And they stated their case in the general words: "Is Destiny or Intelligence more powerful?"

Asked to state their objections to one or the other, one said: "Have there not been persons who have escaped their fates? What about Rishi Markandeya?"

Replied Ananda: "Listen, holy Sir! You forget that the 16-year formula was itself the making of Destiny! Therefore, understand that no one can jump his destiny of his own free will. Don't you know that it was because of relentless fate that Lord

Sani had to mount the crow; the Elder Sister, the donkey; Indra's body was riddled with a thousand eyes; Rishi Mandavya mounted the scaffold, and King Pururavas lost a hand and leg?"

On hearing this, the two Brahmins felt happy and revealed themselves in their true forms and showering their blessings on the cripple, disappeared.

As soon as they had gone, Lord Sani came there and addressed Pururavas: "King! From the day I came to you asking for your preference for my visit until to date, I have been subjecting you to untold troubles. And I am happy to testify that you have borne them all without any malice. I have not seen in all my chequered career a man more wedded to truth and rectitude than yourself. I may tell you now that the highest gods will appear before you and bless you, and you will not only get back your limbs and bodily lustre, but also your lost kingdom over which you will rule for long justly and in the end reach *sayujya*."

On hearing these words, Princess Pushpa shed tears of joy and Pururavas fell at the feet of Lord Saneeswara and said in grateful voice: "By your grace I have been vouchsafed the sight of gods whom I would otherwise never have been able to see. I can never repay this debt."

Saneeswara then said: "My son! My rule ends today," to which Pururavas simply smiled.

As soon as he did so, Mother Saraswati appeared on the scene and judging the situation, requested Saneeswara: "Deva! Be so kind as to stay on the side of King Pururavas and help him cure the ills of humanity."

"So be it", replied Saneeswara and stayed behind him unseen.

Mother Saraswati, after feeding the royal pair as usual, left them. As she was walking along, villagers asked her where she was coming all the way from, aged as she was.

Replied Saraswati: "Yonder is a large mansion. There is a holy pair who cure all the ills of humanity."

Hearing this, people thronged to the mansion where Pururavas, cured of all his own disabilities, sat, shining in all his splendour.

When people went to him with their tales of woe, Pururavas uttered benedictions upon them, and their ailments automatically disappeared. Thus in course of time this mansion became a regular temple which was visited by all ailing folks.

On his part Pururavas who was rich in his wisdom, instructed his wife Pushpa in the *shastras* in his spare hours.

In due course, they got a son too, whom they named Gunabhadra.

●●●

From the day Princess Pushpa went away, King Daivata became depressed. He lost all interest in life and was leading a secluded life in the capital.

When, however, people after people brought reports of the miracle that was being effected in the midst of the forest, the King thought of visiting it himself along with his Queen, with the sole object of finding a clue as to the whereabouts of their missing daughter.

When therefore the King and

Queen prostrated themselves before the Divinities Pururavas and Pushpa, Pururavas raised King Daivata and said that he was no other than his cripple son-in-law and the lady by his side his lost daughter!

"But you are not a cripple," replied the King.

"By God's grace, I have been restored those limbs. Here is your daughter," said Pururavas and he and his wife prostrated before the Daivata pair. Happiness reigned all around.

King Daivata immediately saw to it that a township was created at the place and sent word to the philanthropic merchant whose guest Ananda had been. The businessman came post-haste and prostrated before Pururavas who embraced him feelingly.

Very soon a principality had been raised round about the place after clearing the forest, and Pururavas was installed King there under the name Divine King. Miracles continued to be worked at this place even as the city was being administered in an ideal manner.

It so happened that Mati Dheera, King Pururavas's original minister who had been wandering to the ends of the earth, chanced to visit the city. Learning of the miracles performed by the King, he instinctively thought by his own former liege and entered the durbar. When to his surprise he found that the Divine King was no other than his own lord Pururavas, he fell at his feet crying like a child. Pururavas who could easily recognise him, embraced him and kept him by his side. The King related to him all that had happened to him since the day he fled his country.

The two young boys who were growing at the home of the shepherdess into hefty young warriors, sought permission from their foster-mother to seek service in the expanding armies of the neighbouring Divine King to which the shepherdess gave unwilling permission. When they sought audience with the King, the latter was instinctively drawn to them and therefore, appointed them in his service on a salary of a thousand gold-pieces a week. He kept them as his body-guards. Those boys boarded with an old woman and served the King with great enthusiasm.

Seth Navakoti who found himself stumped in a forlorn island developed a flourishing trade in that island. People who came on a business visit to the island chanced to speak to him of the miracles being effected by the Divine King. Seth Navakoti who was getting exasperated by the wooden box, thought of seeking that Divine King's help in the matter of finally disposing it. So he came to the Divine King with the precious luggage.

The presence of truly great men is compelling in the sense that most people open their heart there. Navakoti too suddenly found himself speaking the truth before the Divine King in what all he said about the box. The two young body-guards who happened to listen to the story, looked at each other meaningfully, because the anecdote tallied with what their Guru had told them about their own parentage.

King Pururavas, of course, fully understood that the box contained his wife who might or might not be living.

So he ordered the box to be broken. The effort went to nought. He ordered to set fire to it, only to no purpose. Finally he ordered it to be submerged into the sea with sufficient ballast. He also set some people on the watch at night lest the box should come out. But those people became alarmed that the box might contain a ghost. So they ran to the King and prayed to be relieved. The King thereupon sent his two body-guards to keep watch on the box.

No sooner did these two young boys arrive on the shore than did the wooden box come to the surface and float near to where they were seated. One of the boys said: "Brother! I have a feeling that this box contains our family Deity. It comes towards us to protect us and not to injure us!" The other nodded.

When the younger brother asked his elder to narrate a story to while away the time, the latter said: "Brother! What story shall I tell? My birth and bringing up constitute such a nice story that you will like it better than any other."

"Please tell," urged the other.

The elder brother narrated how their father, the great King Pururavas, owing to the infliction of Saneeswara, fled his country with his wife and two sons; how he worked; how he lost his wife (their mother) and later, them too; how the two brothers were brought up by a shepherdess; how Pururavas lost his own arm and one leg; how the latter lived under the hospitality of a philanthropic merchant.

Queen Jayaprada inside the box who listened to this story wondered: "How fortunate am I to be near my children!" And she addressed the boys: "Young men! Who told you all these stories?"

"Our Guru, Sage Narada!"

"May I request a favour from you? Tomorrow please repeat this story before King Pururavas in the palace. Will you promise?"

"Yes" they replied.

Seth Navakoti who was most anxious to dispose of the tell-tale box was the first to inspect the place where the box had been submerged. When he found the box floating near the coast, he ran and reported to the King who called his body-guards and enquired of them how that happened.

"Sir, the box of its own accord came floating towards us. In fact my brother felt a little nervous about it. But I reassured him. Should your Majesty ask the box itself, it will explain its conduct!"

The King asked the box if the boys had dragged it ashore.

"No. I found myself being dragged towards them. Now, boys, would you mind repeating before the King the story you were telling yesterday?" replied Jayaprada from the box.

As the elder boy repeated the story, tears started flowing down the eyes of the Divine King and his former minister Mati Dheera.

As soon as the narration ended, Mother Saraswati, in her garb as the old woman, appeared on the scene at which the King fell at her feet.

Mother Saraswati said: "King! These two young men are your own sons. Jayaprada is inside the box. She pronounced a vow on herself that the box should become proof against everything except your touch. Navakoti was her son in his last birth. Hence his actions. You had better take back your wife without any suspicion."

As the King touched the box uttering the Panchakshara, its lid flew back and Jayaprada stood before him bowing. The gods showered divine flowers on her. Lord Parameswara himself appeared on the scene and blessed the Divine King saying "Reign as of yore for a long time and return to my abode in the end," and disappeared.

Sani Bhagavan then showed himself before the Divine King and praised him: "I have not seen a nobler King or man! Ask me of a boon!"

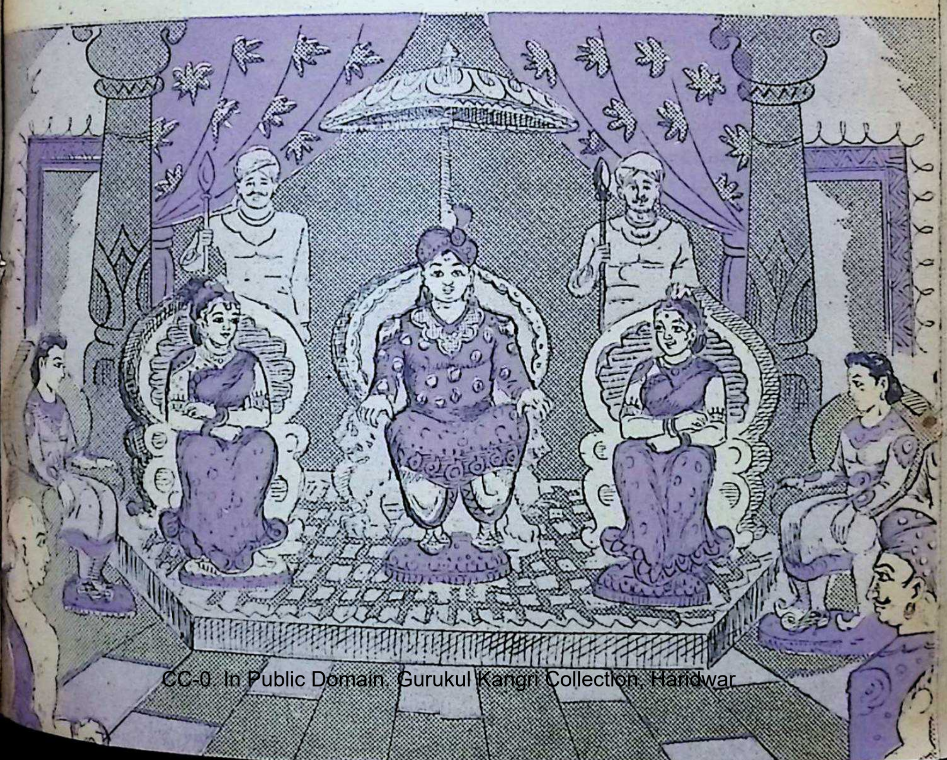
PURURAVAS: "Whoever hears or reads my story shall be spared the hardship of the rule of your goodself!"

"So be it," said Sani Bhagavan and departed.

As Jayaprada and her two sons prostrated before the Divine King, Queen Pushpa too came out and embraced Jayaprada calling her 'sister' and eulogising her for her great qualities.

The shepherdess who brought up

(*Continued on page 67*)



Prof. H. D. Velankar, Joint Director of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, replying to felicitations at the 'At Home' given at the Bhavan. (See Bhavan's Journal *news dated September 2, 1962).*

Notes & News

GITA VIDYALAYA

DISCOURSES on *Gita, Bhagavata* and *Ramayana* were conducted on 17th, 18th and 19th of this month respectively, under the auspices of the Gita Mahavidyalaya of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan at the Bhavan's Arts College, Chowpatty. Acharya Dikshitarji, Sri Jayantkrishna Dave and Prof. Nalin Bhatt presided on the three days respectively and the reputed scholar Swami Sri Raghavacharya of Bareilly delivered the lectures. The meetings were well attended.

Prof. Nalin Bhatt is giving discourses everyday on *Gita* and other philosophical works at the above-mentioned place at 6-30 in the evening. The lectures are open to the public.

DAKOR KENDRA

ACHARYA T. A. V. Dikshitar and Prof. Nalin Bhatt who were on a lecture tour of Dakor and Umreth, gave a discourse on the *Gita* at Bhavan's Dakor College on the 7th of this month. The speakers in the course of their speech, described *Gita* as a collection of profoundly sublime and soul-stirring spiritual truths that form the cardinal principles of Hindu religion. Great teachers and scholars like Sankaracharya, Lokamanya Tilak, Sri Aurobindo, Gandhiji, Munshiji and others had borne testimony to the fact that the *Gita* is an inexhaustible spiritual treasure, the cream of the Vedas and the Upanishads that brings about a synthesis of the philosophies of action, devotion and knowledge. The teachings of the *Gita,* they said, could never date as they did not belong to any sect, cult, creed, age, place or country. It harmonised in it three Yogas—Jnana Yoga, Bhakti Yoga, Karma Yoga—and directed the individual to the path of perfection and thus to his ultimate salvation.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Mathematics Department of the Bhavan's College, Dakor, Dr. P. C. Vaidya of Gujarat University delivered a speech on "Mathematics applied to Modern Sciences" on the 8th instant. Dr. Vaidya, in the course of his speech, elucidated the 'Theory of Relativity' for the benefit of the students. The function was more attractive for the presence of the renowned poet Pinakin Thakor who recited his poems to the audience. Principal Sri C. M. Mehta proposed a vote of thanks.

* * *

A lecture on Hindi poetry was delivered by Dr. Shyam Sunder Shukla under the auspices of the Hindi Sahitya Sangham of Bhavan's College, Dakor, on the 9th of this month.

OMBUDSMAN IN NEW ZEALAND

THE first Ombudsman in the British Commonwealth will start functioning from tomorrow, October 1, 1962. It is in New Zealand and the first incumbent is Sir Guy Powles who had recently retired from the post of New Zealand's High Commissioner in India. Parliament unanimously approved of his nomination.

A CORRECTION

In our last issue Poet Bharati's Birth Jayanti was given as on September 11. The correct date, however, is December 11, the former being his Punyathithi. We regret the inadvertence.

—Ed.

(*Contd. from page 65*)

the two young sons was gratefully taken with the royal household. The philanthropic merchant was richly decorated and rewarded. Seth Navakoti was fully exonerated. Indeed the Divine King called him his own son, having protected his wife Jayaprada after the manner of a son.

As King Divine continued to dispense justice and perform miracles, the usurpers of his former kingdom, hearing of his return to power, came to him apologising for their conduct and requested him to return to his former Kingdom.

The Divine King agreed and departed to his old Capital, where he ruled as an exemplary King, fulfilling all the requirements of Manu.

In the end, King Pururavas handed over Indrapura to his eldest son Dharmanandana, the Divine city to his younger son Dharmasheela and to son Gunabhadra (of Pushpa) the Kingdom of Daivatapura ruled over by his grandfather.

Recollecting Urvasi, one day Pururavas entered the forest, recovered the pot of fire given by her and with its help, merged his life and body into Vedic Agni.

As sage Veda-Vyasa concluded the story of King Pururavas before the Pandavas, Yudhishthira and his other brothers, heaved a sigh of relief that a great King had to pass through such misfortunes. They expressed their gratitude to the venerable sage who blessed them thus, "Dharma! When your brother Arjuna who has gone to bring the Pasupatastra returns, your fortunes will return to you. Be of good cheer!"

THE END

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OUR BOOK SHELF

SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA. By S. R Sharma. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 200. Price: Rs. 2.

THE volume under review is a splendid, compact account of the life and teachings of one of our celebrated, venerable monks of renascent India, Swami Rama Tirtha, who within a short span of thirty-three years (1873-1903) did great service to religion in general and Hinduism in particular. He stood for the best ethical and spiritual elements in the religion of the *Gita* and Upanishads. This radiant monk was for some time Professor of Mathematics in Lahore, roamed in the Himalayas, meditated and had unmistakable spiritual illumination and realisation. He spoke from the depths of his authentic experience in the idiom and in the terms of the psychological needs of the age to meet the maladies of the times. His complete works run into eight volumes under the caption *In the Woods of God realisation*, and the best of it is presented in this volume by the discerning and devout *chela* Prof. Sharma in the second part of the book under different heads, *precepts, parables, parallels, prototype* and *personality*. We have a moving message and rich fare in these pages. Prof. Sharma has given us a graphic account of his Guru in the first part. So much about such a great saint is nowhere presented in a single volume. Rama Tirtha's influence abroad is comparable in essence to Vivekananda's and it was widespread. Gandhiji remarked "Swami Rama's teachings have got to be propagated. He was one of the greatest souls not only of India but of the whole world. I adore his ideals." The Vedanta of Rama Tirtha was no traditional *maya-vada;* it preached active sympathy to such a degree that altruism and egoism become identical. This message is reminiscent of the exhortation of the sage Yagnavalkya to Maitreyi about *atmakama*. The appendix to the volume gives us extracts from the large number of letters Swami wrote. Among the English thinkers, Carlyle's writings on the hero have influenced Rama Tirtha's thoughts, and this is examined in the eleventh chapter. The book is a boon to the reading public about an unforgettable Hindu monk who spread India's immortal message abroad and at home.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

LAST GLIMPSES OF BAPU. By Manuben Gandhi. Published by Shiva Lal Agarwala & Co. (P) Ltd., Agra. pp. 348. Price: Rs. 15.

THIS volume gives a vivid picture of Gandhiji's life in the last few days of his life. The authoress had the unique privilege of serving the Father of the Nation at Birla Bhawan and reproduces here from her first-hand knowledge the thoughts and anxieties that occupied Bapu's mind immediately after the partition of India. The volume covers the period of one month from 31st December 1947 to the 30th January 1948, the day of Gandhiji's martyrdom. The last days of the Mahatma's life are memorable inasmuch as they put to the severest test those ideals and principles for which he had stood and striven through life. In fact, they were the concluding days of the tremendous sacrifice he had undertaken for the promotion of communal harmony and "to redeem the heart of man". The writings and speeches of Bapu that find a place in the volume throb with the distress and worries of a man who had led a nation to freedom but was mortified in hopes.

Many things that he wrote at this period are stern reminders to those who strive for the integration of the nation today and a warning to those who advocate linguistic chauvinism. His words on the question of reorganising the States are prophetic: 'If all States demand to be autonomous without owning any responsibility to the Centre, the reorganisation of

States will be a blunder' (p. 261). Again, while he knew that English could never last indefinitely either as a national language or as the medium of instruction, Bapu has the following to say: 'English will never lose its place in my limited stock of knowledge. I can never wish to forget that language nor do I wish that India should abandon it or forget it' (p. 187). The volume on the whole puts in a nutshell those luminous aspects of the life of a great soul to which history has assigned an immortal place.

—*P. V.*

THE TWO VISIONS. By D. Surya Rao. Published by Alpha-Beta Publications, Post Box 2539, Calcutta-1. pp. 208. Price: Rs. 8.

THIS is a first novel and one tries to read it with a not-too-critical eye. It has a friendly Foreword by a lady-Oxonian and she hopes this novel will not be the author's last. There is no reason why it should be. Sri Surya Rao, it is evident, loves to amuse himself writing, a harmless hobby; he seems to possess an alert mind, has an eye for the unmerited wrongs which afflict many men and women, and considerable faith in the shape of things to come.

Two things strike the eye. One, the attractive jacket designed by Jiban Mukherjee; two, the lengthening series of printer's errors which makes reading a severe strain. The least which the author could have done was to see that the proofs were carefully corrected. As he himself says in his book, there are people who "impose their writings on unwilling ears"; a well-got-up book often eases the strain on the eye.

—*Cayenne R.*

SANSKRIT

UBHAYA RUPAKAM—A Sanskrit Farce. By Y. Mahalinga Sastri, M.A., B.L. (Sahitya Chandrasala, Tiruvalangadu, Tanjore Dist) Price: Rs. 3.

SRI MAHALINGA SASTRI is one of the reputed Sanskrit scholars of the South who has made his own contribution to the development of Sanskrit literature in modern times by means of Readers for school and college students, prose abridgements from Bhasa's dramas, translations of poems from English literature and original compositions in the form of lyrics, *Sandesas* and some plays and playlets in Sanskrit.

Works such as his are sufficient proof—if any proof is needed—that Sanskrit can be wielded as an effective medium of light literature also on modern subjects. His *Ubhaya Rupakam* is a social play in Sanskrit. It is a satire-cum-farce. It highlights the incompatibility of tastes, temperaments and behaviour of modern educated youth with the old fashioned life in the villages. The visit of Chagala, the hero, to his parents in a sleepy village, is cut short amidst tragicomic developments. The drawbacks which make village life unpleasant, such as the quarrelsome nature of the people there and their fondness for gossip and tendency to pry into others' affairs, are touched upon with penetrating effect. The characters are well portrayed with suitable contrasts and foils. There is not much in the story as such. The situations and idiom are to some extent far too localized and redolent of South Indian Brahmin life and speech in the villages of Tamil Nad (pp. 4, 6 and 23). Contrary to expectations the sympathies of the modern reader may go to the hero rather than to his aged parents.

The style is at times a bit too learned and recondite for a farce to be easily read and understood by modern students of Sanskrit (pp. 8, 14)). Some of the specimens of abusive rhetoric from the typical repertoire of South Indian Brahmin life introduced here are not in the best of taste and could have been eschewed.

A Sanskrit farce, by its very nature should conform to a higher standard of literary art, if it is not to be dismissed as cheap, banal and repulsive. There is charm and ease and felicity of expression in many of the verses (pp. 14, 15, 36 and 38).

If the role of good literature is to teach, delight and persuade, the author has succeeded in his task by the thoughtful plea which he makes in his Bharatavakya for a proper emotional adjustment and integration between the new and the old ways and values of social life.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

HINDI

SHREE VRINDAVANAMAHIMAMRITAM. By Shree Prabodhanand Sarasvati; translated by Shree Shyamdas. Published by Shree Harinam Prem Samkirtana Mandal, Vrindavan. 1962. Parts I, II, III. Prices: 62 nP; 62 nP; Rs. 1.50 respectively.

SHREE SHREECHAITANYACHARITAMRITA. By Shree Krishnadas Kaviraj Goswami. Translated by Sri Shyamdas. Published by Sri Harinam Press Samkirtana Mandal, Vrindavan. 1962. Price: Rs. 5.

SHRIMAD VAISHNAVA SIDDHANTA RATNASAMGRAHA. By Sri Radhagovindnath. Translated by Sri Shyamlal Hakim: Vrindavan. 1953. Price: Rs. 2|50.

OF the hundred centuries composed by Sri Prabodhanand Sarasvati on the glory and grandeur of Vrindavan, only seventeen are available at present; of these the first ten are edited by Sri Shyamlal together with a Hindi translation in prose.

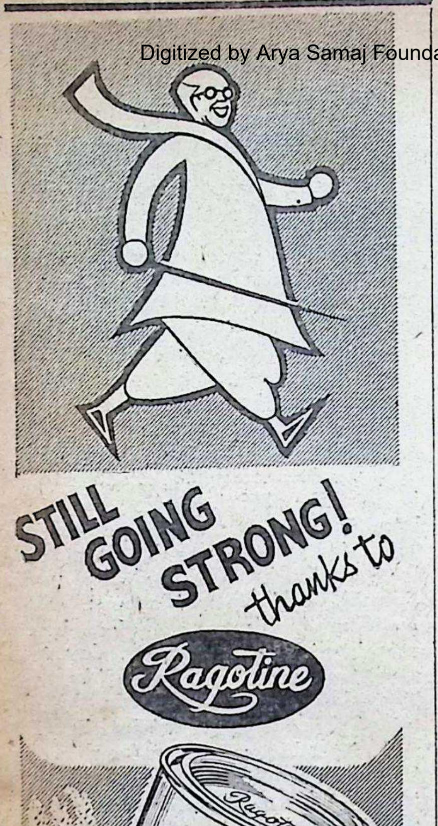
The Sanskrit verses not only picturesquely describe the rich natural beauty of the holy Vrindavan with its divine fragrance but also gracefully delineates the romantic sports (Leela) of Krishna and Radha with their spiritual significance. The metres are apt and varied, the language is lucid and perspicuous and the different figures of speech reveal the poet's art of word painting. These devotional lyric verses, with their vivid exuberance of romantic fancy, touch the very core of the hearts of the readers and do not fail to transform them into a world of mystic and elevating joy.

The Hindi translation being simple and faithful to the original is quite satisfactory. The publication of the remaining seven centuries is eagerly awaited.

The efforts of Sri Shyamlal deserve congratulations for his maiden effort at translating into Hindi, the well-known Bengali work, entitled *Shri Chaitanyacharitamrita* of Sri Krishnadas. The Bengali text printed in Devanagari script is followed by its translation into Hindi prose and by a gloss in Hindi called Chaitanyacaranachumbinitika. It depicts the different events in the life of Sri Chaitanya upto his becoming an ascetic (i.e. Adi Leela). The biographical details often recede into the background and the exposition of the important aspects of the Gaudiya Vaishnava religion become prominent. The work reads almost like a commentary on Shrimadbhagavata. The gloss lucidly expounds the sustained thought of the original in simple and direct language. But for this gloss, the work would have remained unintelligible to many a common man. Let us hope that the editor will soon bring to light the remaining two parts dealing with the Madhya Leela and Antya Leela of Sri Chaitanya.

Shrimadvaishnavasiddhantaratnasamgraha summarises in Hindi all the important principles of the Vaishnava religion as discussed in the Bengali commentary entitled Gaurkripatarangini by Prof. Radhagovind Nath on Sri Krishnadasa's *Shrichaitanyacharitamrita*. The different principles like Krishna Tattva, Jiva Tattva, Sadhya-Sadhana Tattva etc., are discussed in simple language with apt quotations from other works. Sri Shyamlal deserves our congratulations for making available in Hindi language a work which ably epitomises the principles of Gaudiya Vaishnava religion.

—*S. A. Upadhyaya*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BHARATEEYA TATTVASHASTRAMU —Vol I. By Nirvikalpaananda Swami. pp. 192. *SRIMAD BHAGAVAT GITA*, Adhyaya IX—Raajavidyageeta. By Ishvara Satyanarayana Sharma. pp. 193. Price: Each Rs. 2/-. Both published by Sadhana Grandha Mandali, Tenali.

THE Swamiji's book, *Bhaktitattvamu*, attracted the attention of the late C. R. Reddy for its clarity of thought and neat presentation and his editions of the *Gita* with Sridhara's commentary and *Yogavasisthamu* have become classical and run into several editions. His present work on the six systems of philosophy and particularly the Vedantic systems of Sri Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhva, Vallabha, Nimbarka, Baladeva, Bhaskara Vijnaanabhikshu and Srikantha seems to have been the author's labour of love and patient research for more than ten years and we have no hesitation in declaring that the summaries are such as will deserve the encomium of the scholar and the layman alike. The ontology, bibliography, important principles and authors and their works, the nature of the Pramanas and Mukti in each system are very clearly set forth and the reviewer, himself a Madhva, feels glad to note how the author has called Madhva's system *swatantra-aswatantra* vaada. The printing and get-up is very good.

The second book deals with the Ninth Adhyaya of the *Bhagavad Gita* in an equally striking manner. The Adhyaya has rightly been termed Raaja Guhya Yoga or the topmost philosophical secret and the commentator's taking the reader into confidence by heart-to-heart 'talks' in almost every *sloka* strikes a new path among the drab commentaries. The author's commentaries on the Bhagavatpaada's Soundarya Lahari and particularly his poems on the "Golden Lid" etc., have received very wide recognition and appreciation in Andhra scholarly circles.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Arthur Road, Bombay-34. Mg. Editor: J. H. Dave; Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.

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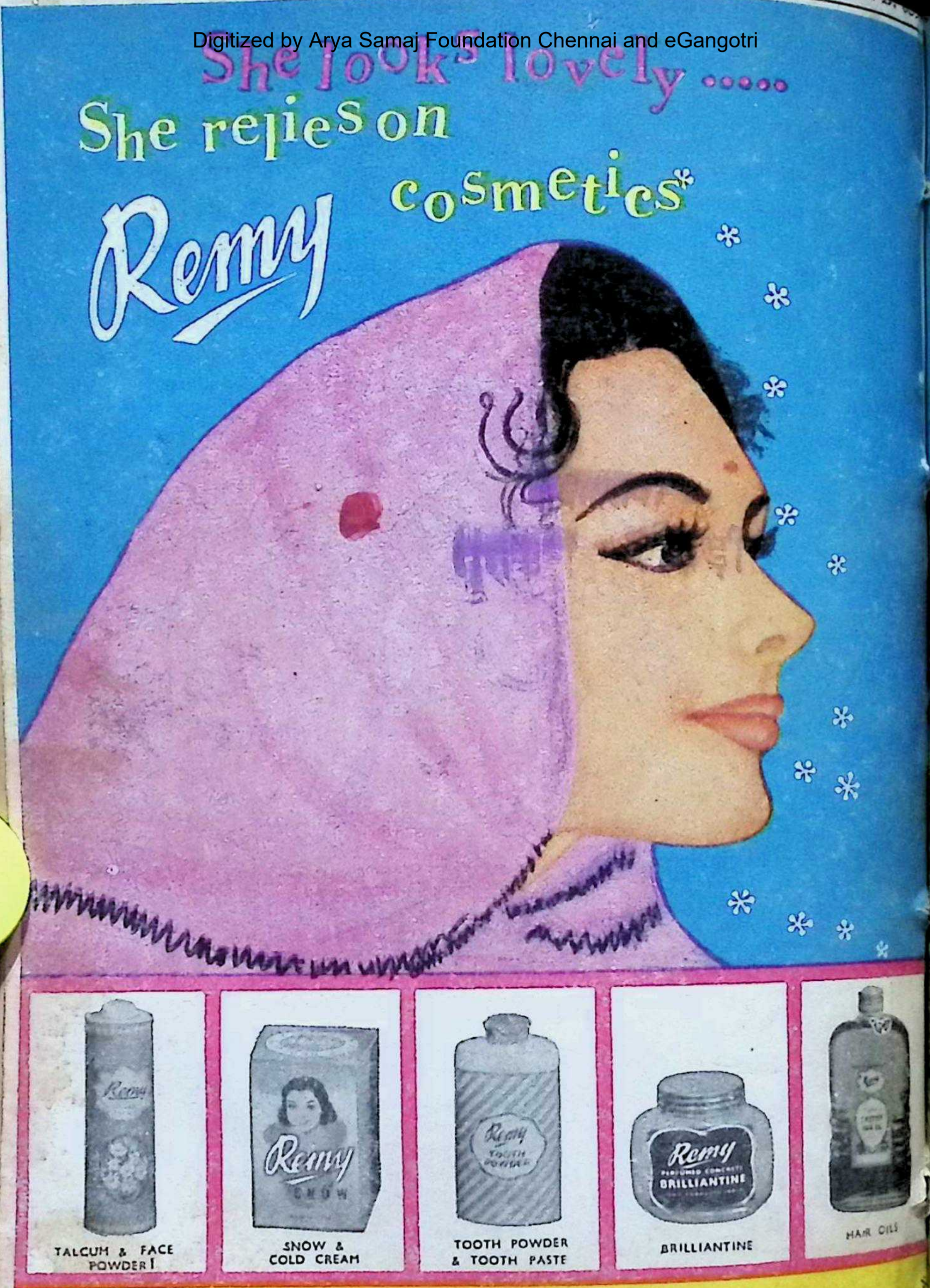
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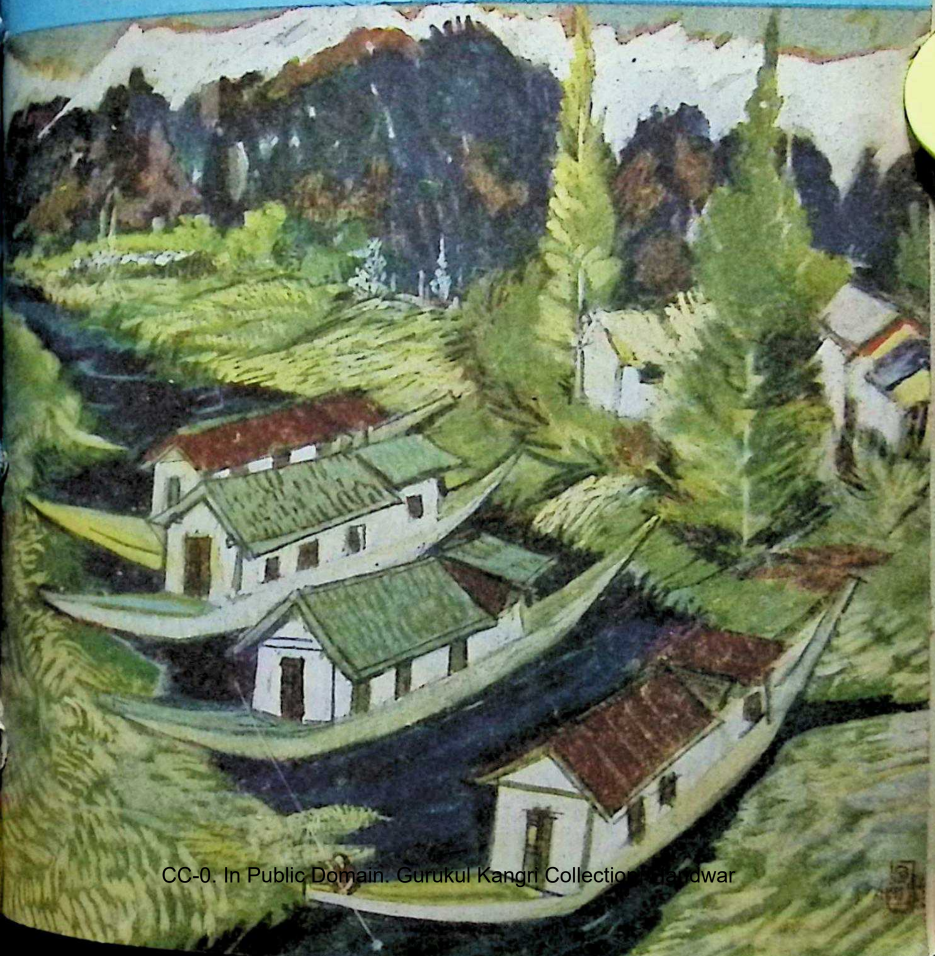

Shashikant, Prabhavati and Vijay are the children of B. R. Patil, Bombay. Shashikant, the eldest, is studying engineering. Vijay and Prabhavati are in the First Year (Science) in college.

Although Patil's only income is a small Government pension, he is able to afford a sound education for his children. "A few months ago," he said, "I received Rs. 2500 from a Life Insurance Policy taken in 1946. I was earning only Rs. 140 at that time". Patil added proudly: "Now I have enough money to educate my children properly. It's a great relief."

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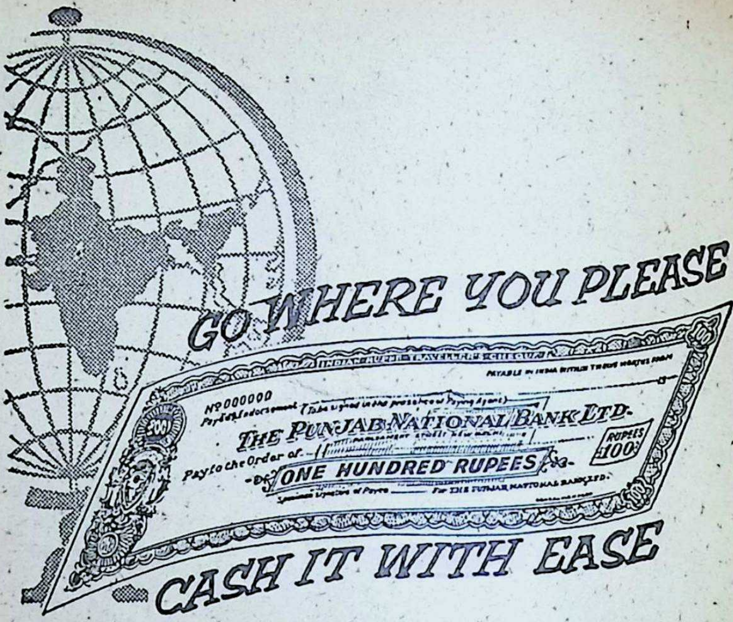

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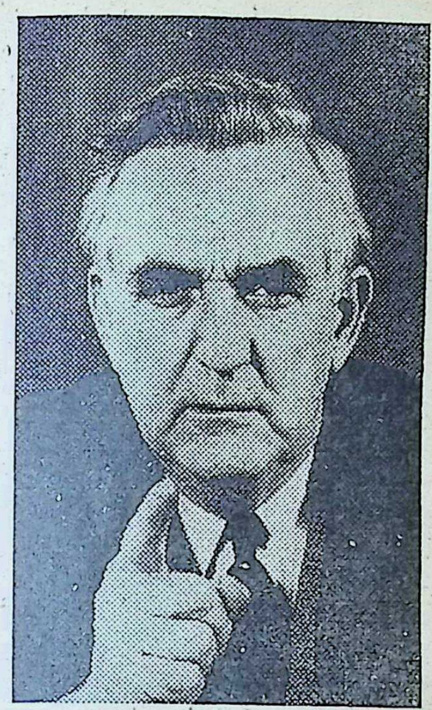

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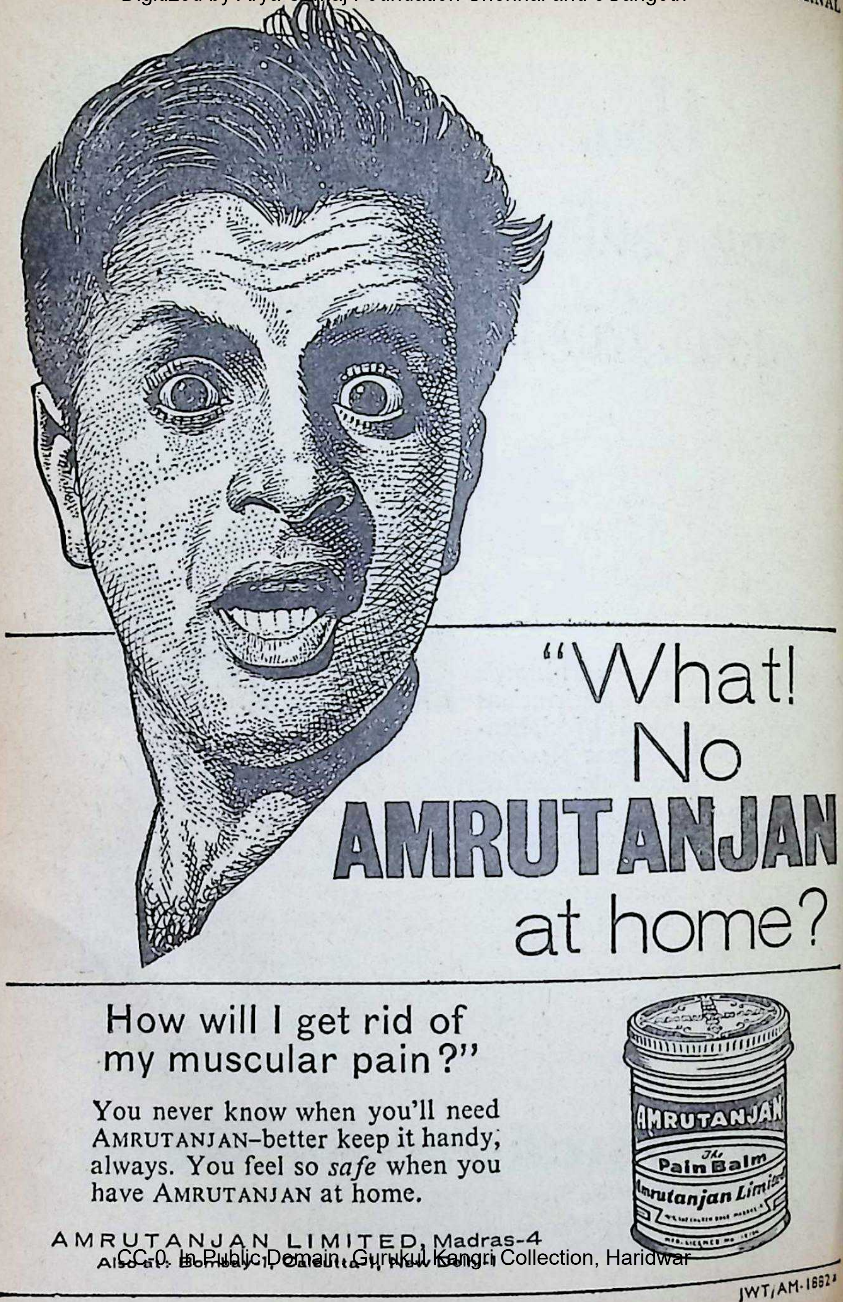

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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LORD, THE PROTECTOR

अपश्यं गोपाम् अनिपद्यमानम्
आ च परा च पथिभिः चरन्तम् ।
स सध्रीचीः स विषूचीर् वसान
आ वरीवर्त्ति भुवनेष्वन्तः ॥

I saw the Protector, who never rests, who moves
forward and backward over the earth,
He, wearing splendour that gathers together and
spreads out, travels constantly within the
worlds.

—*Rigveda*, I, 164-31.

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 266

★ *'WHITHER FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS'* ★ *ORGANIC UNITY OF THE COUNTRY* ★ *GUARANTEED RIGHTS UNDER ARTICLE* 19 (1) ★ *'REASONABLE RESTRICTIONS'*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.
SEPTEMBER 16, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WAS invited to preside over the Symposium on "Whither Fundamental Rights" held under the auspices of the Third All-India Law Conference in New Delhi on August 12, 13 and 14, 1962. I read a paper from the chair of this Symposium, giving my views on the subject.

The paper is full of technical details which would be appreciated only by a lawyer. However, every citizen is interested in Fundamental Rights, for our free democracy rests on their paramountcy being upheld by the Parliament, the Courts, and in the last instance, by the general public opinion in the country; and as I am in the habit of sharing with you almost all things that I write, I am making that paper a part of my Kulapati's Letters.

I. WHITHER FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS

When we consider the question 'Whither Fundamental Rights', the point from where the journey forward or backward begins has to be measured. That point can only be the 26th January 1950 when the People of India as a whole organised in the Constituent Assembly established a Sovereign Democratic Republic and gave the Constitution to the country.

My active interest in Fundamental Rights began in August 1946 when I began drafting the Constitution for India as an exercise for myself. It grew from one stage of the Constituent Assembly to another till Part III emerged as a part of the Constitution finally adopted. Now, having watched their fortunes with anxious care, I am constrained to confess that during the last few years the scope of several Rights has been considerably narrowed down by judicial decisions in several respects.

This process can be traced to recent trends in judicial decisions which, apart from individual cases, fight shy of firmly upholding the paramountcy of Fundamental Rights. This can be attributed *inter alia* to:

(a) a growing decline in that sensitive concern for the constitutional paramountcy of Fundamental Rights which characterized the judiciary in the early post-freedom years ;

(b) an increasing, though unconscious, bias in favour of legislative wisdom, if not supremacy, possibly resulting from our close association with British Constitutional Law ; and

(c) an inability to resist the influence of economic theories marketed by politicians in tabloid slogans of vague implications.

The Constitution, founded on the concept of free democracy, embodies in specific terms of precise content what is loosely termed "the Rule of Law". It rests on inalienable rights of the individuals as the firm pillars of the structure. Its inspiration is drawn, through the American Bills of Rights, from the constitutional doctrine that there is a natural law paramount and superior both over the Executive and the Legislature.

The philosophers and jurists who developed the fundamental aspects of this doctrine in England were as much concerned with the supremacy of the Parliament against the arbitrariness of the Executive, as with the vindication of the rights of man against Parliament itself.[1] In *Calvin's Case,* Lord Coke stated *inter alia* that "the law of nature is before any judicial or municipal law in the world ; (and) ....that the law of nature is immutable and cannot be changed."[2] In recent times Fundamental Rights are traced not to natural law, but, as stated in the Declaration of Delhi adopted by the International Commission of Jurists in 1959,[3] through history in the age-old struggle of the mankind. This doctrine in one shape or the other came to be adopted by most of the written constitutions of the world and culminated finally in the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.[4]

II. THE PREAMBLE AND THE BASIC FREEDOMS

By the Preamble of the Constitution, the people of India, while solemnly resolving to constitute India into a Sovereign Democratic Republic, reserved to all its citizens—

> "LIBERTY of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship ;
> EQUALITY of status and of opportunity"

to secure a firm base for the free democracy they were founding.

The other objectives in the Preamble have no relation to democracy. They could be attained in a measure even under a form of government which denies freedom to the individual.

The right to freedom of speech and expression, including that of the press, lies "at the foundation of all democratic organisations, for without free political discussion, no public education so essential for the proper functioning of the process of popular Government is possible".[5]

---

[1] H. Lauterpacht, *International Law and Human Rights,* London, 1950, 135.

[2] (1608), 7 Co. Reports 1. See Lauterpacht, footnote 24, ibid.

[3] *Journal of the International Commission of Jurists,* Geneva, Vol. II, No. 1, 17.

[4] See Kelsen, *The Law of the United Nations,* 1950, 33-39.

Liberty of belief, faith and worship are closely associated with liberty of thought and expression. The central idea is that a healthy democratic system can only survive if the citizens are at liberty, and in fact invited, to scrutinize and re-examine currently accepted opinions. Regimentation of belief or of religious attitudes through State-controlled education or indoctrination or indirectly through suppression of freedom of conscience, is a negation of basic freedoms.

The Preamble also clearly indicates that the object of the Constitution was to maintain the dignity of man, thereby accepting the concept of the sanctity of human personality. It is by virtue of this acceptance that certain Fundamental Rights are vested in all persons within the Union regardless of whether they are citizens or not.

III. ORGANIC UNITY OF THE CITIZENS

Another vital aspect dealt with by the Preamble and Article I is that the Republic, a Union of States, is based on national unity, that is, on the organic unity of all its citizens. The Union is the National Government of India, to which all citizens in the country are related not only by a common allegiance, but by common Fundamental Rights vested in each one of them, together with the Right directly to approach the Supreme Court for their enforcement.

The ultimate sovereignty, however, rests in the people. To adopt the words of Chief Justice Marshall, "we are one people" and because "the people made the Constitution, they can unmake it", but then he added: "the whole body of the people and not any sub-division".[6]

Under our Constitution, the Union is a national, sovereign State with the character of nationality and possessing plenary powers. The States are merely subordinate political bodies which, juristically speaking, act as agents of the Union without any right to perpetual existence. Their formation and boundaries depend upon the will of the Parliament (Article 3). Their powers and functions can be seriously affected by Parliamentary action under certain circumstances (Articles 248, 249, 250 and 251), and in emergencies, suspended under Part XVIII. To quote Dr. Alladi, "though the country and the people may be divided into different States for convenience of administration, the country is one integral whole, its people a single people living under a single *imperium* derived from a single source".[7]

Article 15 prohibits discrimination *inter alia* on the ground of place of birth. Article 19(1)(d) guarantees free movement throughout the territory of India. Article 19(1)(e) opens up the whole of the territory of India for residence and settlement. These guarantees have been given to ensure that the country is not fragmented into regional jurisdictions by State action.

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[5] Per Patanjali Sastri J. (as he then was), in *Romesh Thappar* v. *The State of Madras*, 1950 S.C.R. 594; A.I.R. 1950 S.C. 124, 129.

[6] Willis, *Constitutional Law of the United States*, (1936), 61.

[7] Constituent Assembly Debates of 23-11-1949, 836.

Indians, therefore, like the residents of U.K. or any other sovereign country, can have only one domicile. Yet in *Joshi v. Madhya Bharat State*,[8] the Court leaned towards, what I have called, an unconscious bias for English law when it approved the principle entirely inconsistent with the Constitution that a State in India is entitled to impose discriminatory regulation of its own on the basis of regional domicile.

Differing with the majority view, Justice Jagannadhadas held—and, in my opinion, in conformity both with the spirit and the letter of our Constitution—that "the recognition, express or implied, of regional domicile by a decision of this Court would be contrary to the intendment of the Constitution".[9]

The majority decision, as it stands, narrows down the scope of both Article 15 and Article 19(1)(b) and (d), and thereby affects the basic concept of our Constitution that India is a single country in which all citizens can move in and settle freely and enjoy the privileges and facilities available to every citizen without discrimination.

The Union of India is 'indestructible', 'perpetual', 'indissoluble',[10] with even much greater force than can be said of the U.S.A. In this connection a moot question may arise any day whether a citizen can constitutionally claim the rights of free expression, free assembly and free association in order to destroy the Union and thereby repudiate the very citizenship through which he enjoys these rights.

IV. GUARANTEED RIGHTS UNDER ARTICLE 19 (1).

Among the basic freedoms mentioned before, liberty of thought and expression is the most important, but it can only be effectively exercised when there is ability to do so. This ability is derived from the exercise of the Rights mentioned in Article 19(1)(b) to (g). While each of them has an intrinsic validity and an importance of its own, all of them are in a way inter-related and interdependent, so as to form an integrated scheme for promoting and strengthening the basic freedoms.

Without the right to assemble and form associations and unions, free expression would be ineffective, as it would be restricted to activities of isolated individuals. The right to free movement and residence throughout the country is calculated to maintain national unity as well as to keep alive the consciousness of a common citizenship through the enjoyment of common rights throughout the country.

Effective, organised public opinion can never come into existence if the rights in Article 19(1)(f) and (g) are not enjoyed by the citizens in a substantial measure; for, without them, the financial support from non-governmental resources would not be available to sustain organised public opinion of an independent character.

---

[8] *Joshi* v. *Madhya Bharat State*, 1955 (1) S.C.R. 1215; A.I.R. 1955, S.C. 334.

[9] Ibid, 346.

[10] Constituent Assembly Debates of 4-11-48, 43.

As to U.S.A. see—*Texas* v. *White* 7 Wall (U.S.) 700, *Knox* v. *Lee* 12 Wall (U.S.) 457; 20 L. ed. 287, Willoughby, *The Constitutional Law of the United States*, Vol. I, 2nd ed., New York, 1929, 137.

Whereas the rights in Article (19) (1)(b), (c), (d) and (e) provide the organisational base for the exercise of the basic freedoms, the right to carry on trade, business and industrial operations, and the right to own and dispose of property, provide their economic base. Without such organisational and economic bases, the basic freedoms would be illusory; there would then be no parties, unions, associations, newspapers and no religious denominations or associations with sufficient means to create a free public opinion on any vital concern of individual or collective life.

The right to free speech and expression guaranteed under Article (19) (1)(a) is likely to be considerably whittled down by the principle enunciated in *Hamdard's case*,[11] in which it was laid down that the Right cannot be extended "where there is an element of trade or commerce". It must not be forgotten that under modern conditions most of the organised activities indispensable to the exercise of the basic freedoms through media of books, journals, newspapers, cinema, drama and the press, owe their existence in some way or the other to trade or commerce, which would cease to be protected if this principle stands accepted. The door would then be opened to the Legislature to cripple the Right by imposing restrictions on the essential commercial activities connected with it.

The correct position in this matter would appear to be that if speech and expression *prima facie* attracts Article (19)(1)(a), protection should not be denied because it also falls under Article (19)(1)(g). In *Sakal Paper's case*,[12] there has been considerable improvement on the position, at any rate so far as the press is concerned. However, it is difficult to see any distinction in principle between the press and other media of expression, all of which have an element of trade or commerce.

Under the Constitution as amended, the right to property is available to the citizen only in a very attentuated form. Justice Douglas of the American Supreme Court, in his review of the Indian Constitution, summarises the position as follows:

> "Whatever the cause, the 1955 Amendment casts a shadow over every private factory, plant, or other individual enterprise in India. The Legislature may now appropriate it at any price it desires, substantial or nominal. There is no review of the reasonableness of the amount of compensation. The result can be just compensation or confiscation—dependent wholly on the mood of the Parliament... If the Parliament appropriates private property for only nominal compensation, the spectre of confiscation would have entered into India contrary to the teachings of her outstanding jurists."[13]

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[11] *Hamdard Dawakhana* v. *Union of India*, (1960) 2 S.C.R. 671; A.I.R. 1960 S.C. 554.

[12] A.I.R. 1962 S.C. 305.

[13] See William O. Douglas, *From Marshall to Mukherjea*, Studies in American and Indian Constitutional Law, Calcutta, 1956, 224.

Luckily, in *Kochuni* v. *States of Madras and Kerala,*[14] the Supreme Court has held that the laws relating to deprivation of property must conform to Articles 31 and 19(1)(f). In some respects, therefore, the restrictions on the right to property have come under judicial review, without which the basic freedoms are sure to wither away in course of time for want of economic nourishment.

V. 'REASONABLE RESTRICTIONS'

The rights guaranteed by the Sub-clauses of Article 19(1) can be subjected to "reasonable restrictions" referred in clauses (2) to (6). This enables the Courts to strike a balance between the rights and permitted social control,[15] by exercising the power on the one hand to "play the role of the sentinel", and on the other, to accommodate the just claims of public interest to the paramountcy of the Fundamental Rights. Reasonableness, it is obvious, has in the first instance to be related to the right, that is to the necessity of maintaining it substantially unimpaired, except in extraordinary or emergent circumstances of a passing nature. As Mr. Justice Vivian Bose laid down, it is the "Rights that are fundamental and not the restrictions."

The test was specifically laid down in *State of Madras* v. *Row,*[16] where it was held that for construing "reasonableness" under clauses (2) to (6), the nature of the right, the underlying purpose of the restrictions imposed, the extent and urgency of the evil sought to be remedied thereby, the disproportion of the imposition, the prevailing conditions at the time, should all enter into the judicial verdict. The restriction on the guaranteed rights, according to the test so laid down, should be within the narrowest limits and 'not to curtail a right like the freedom of association, in the absence of any emergent or extraordinary circumstances."

Soon thereafter, there was a trend in judicial decisions to reduce the importance of the right as guaranteed by the Constitution and to give greater importance to public interest as envisaged by the Legislature. Reasonable restriction, it was laid down, must have a reasonable relation to the object which the Legislature seeks to achieve and must not go in excess of that object.[17]

This trend soon gained momentum and the view of the Legislature in the main was accepted as the measure by which to judge the reasonableness of the restriction. Emphasis on the other elements, namely the necessity of maintaining the right substantially unimpaired, the extent and urgency of the evil sought to be remedied and the disproportion of the imposition, receded in the background.

The trend was further strengthened in *Hanif Quareshi's case*, where it was laid down that the restriction has to be determined in an objective manner and from the standpoint of the interests of the general public, and *not from the point of view of persons upon whom the restrictions are imposed or upon abstract considerations.*[18] (Italics mine). This principle, as it reads, would imply that the Courts, while assessing reasonableness, need not take into account how the restriction affects the right of the citizen concerned nor the broad constitutional grounds on which the paramountcy of the Fundamental Rights has to be maintained. This is a reversal of the express provisions of the Constitution.

---

[14] 1960 (3) S.C.R. 887; A.I.R. 1960 S.C. 1080.

[15] *Dwarka Prasad* v. *State of U. P.*, 1954 S.C.R. 803; A.I.R. 1954 S.C. 224.

[16] *State of Madras* v. *V. G. Row*, 1952 S.C.R. 597, 607; A.I.R. 1952 S.C. 196.

[17] *Chintamanrao* v. *State of M. P.*, 1952 S.C.R. 759; A.I.R. 1951 S.C. 118; *Arunachala* v. *State of Madras*, A.I.R. 1959 S.C. 300 (303).

The scope for discovering "the reasonableness of a law" was rendered limitless when in *Krishna Sugar Mills,*[19] it was held that the Court, in judging the reasonableness of a law, should necessarily see, not only the surrounding circumstances, but also the contemporaneous legislation passed as part of a single scheme. According to this test, reasonableness is not to be judged from the object which the impugned legislation seeks to achieve, but the Court must embark on a microscopic scrutiny of related legislations and notifications passed thereunder, to discover the unity or wisdom *ex post facto* to justify the restriction.

Mr. Justice Subba Rao, in a separate judgment, disapproved of this approach in unqualified terms:[20]

> "But I am clear in my mind that the validity of an Act shall not be made to depend upon another Act unconnected with the impugned Act or power conferred thereunder, which might, if properly exercised, off-set the evil tendency or the vice of the impugned Act. If the validity of an Act is made to depend upon such a foundation, a super-structure will have been built on shifting sands. To do that is to destroy the stability of legislation and to introduce an uncertain element therein.
>
> * * *
>
> To go further and to depend upon a notification of a transitory nature issued under an unconnected Act is to place the statute in a fluid state. In such a situation its validity would depend upon a statutory order of temporary duration; it would change colour with the changing attitudes of an authority empowered to issue the order. It would also mean that a Court will have to embark upon a roving search of all Acts and notifications which may, by design or accident, alleviate or mollify the evil consequences of an impugned Act."

This tendency reached its high water-mark in *Narendra Kumar v. Union of India,*[21] in which the Supreme Court upheld the Non-Ferrous Metals Control Order, totally extinguishing the right to carry on business by a large group of intermediaries, on the ground that the restriction was "reasonable in the interests of the general public". As assumed by the Court, it would eliminate middleman's profit and thereby bring down prices—a proposition of questionable validity. If this is accepted, it would empower the State to bring in totalitarian millennium of universal State trading by notification, which by the way is rarely known to have brought down prices. The fact remains that the restriction has been construed as authorising "prohibition" or "extinction"; the "role of the sentinel" has been extended to putting the unfortunate victim out of existence altogether.

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[18] 1959 S.C.R. 629; A.I.R. 1958 S.C. 731, 733, 744.

[19] *The Lord Krishna Sugar Mills v. Union of India,* 1960 (1) S.C.R. 39; A.I.R. 1959, S.C. 1124, at p. 1132.

[20] Ibid, p. 1137.

[21] 1960 (2) S.C.R. 375; A.I.R. 1960 S.C. 430, 436.

If this judicial trend is not arrested, most of the rights in Article 19(1) would be placed at the mercy of the Legislature.

The rest of my address will appear in my next Kulapati's Letter.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

All rights to be deserved and preserved come from duty well done. Thus, the very right to live accrues to us only when we do the duty of citizenship of the world. From this very fundamental statement, perhaps, it is easy enough to define the duties of man and woman and correlate every right to some corresponding duty to be first performed.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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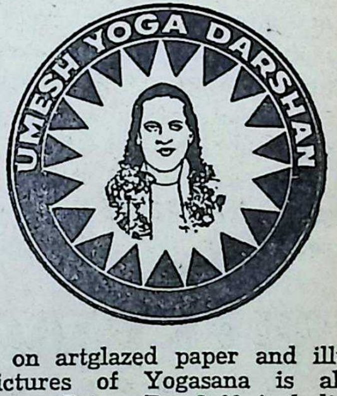

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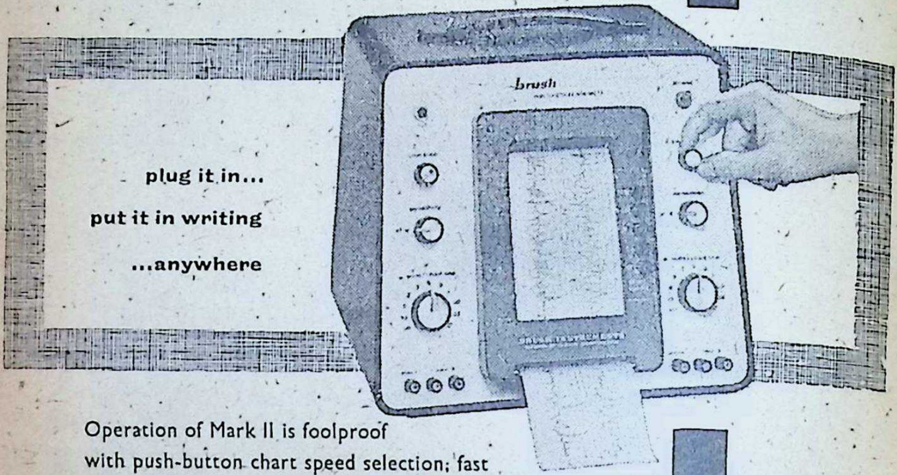

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Lord's Name

Praise be to the name of Lord Krishna, which purifies the mind of all sensual images and unholy worldly desires;

Which allays the heat and fire of all those pains which man is heir to,

That which offers eternal joy, which is the essence of all wisdom, and the veritable sea of happiness and fruit of all sadhanas.

And which satisfies all our holy yearnings towards the Lord.

The names of the Lord are many, they are filled with power like Himself and He has laid down no laws regarding their repetition:

Alas! Such is His Grace, and yet we on our part have not yet developed full love and enthusiasm for the name of the Lord.

Perform at all times the kirtan *of* Hari *with due humility like that of the grass which you tread under foot, giving honour to the meek, and bearing up with all humiliation like unto a tree.*

O Lord Krishna! When will that moment arrive when with my eyes brimful with tears, my heart overflowing with love for Thee, and with words soft with Thy remembrance, and my whole body tense with Thy love—I shall repeat Thy name?

—Chaitanya Mahaprabhu

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Thoughts from Tiruvalluvar—7

FORBEARANCE

To continue to help even those who do positive harm to us is a leading virtue. Doesn't Mother Earth continue to hold those who dig her?

To put up, without retaliation, with a harm done to us is commendable; but to erase it out of our memory is even more praiseworthy.

The worst kind of poverty is said to be the turning out of a guest from one's door; the loftiest act of courage is to commiserate even the hoodlum.

The only way in which a man can preserve the solidity of his character is to hold fast to this virtue, viz., forbearance.

In fact, the will to punish has never been fancied by the great; but forbearance, they praise to the hilt.

Come to think of it, the satisfaction of having punished a wrongdoer but lasts for a day. But the fame of one who returns good for evil will outlast his life.

The foulest of means employed in a damaging act should not entitle one to veer a whit from the path of rectitude. Pride should only be conquered by meekness.

Holier indeed than the holiest are the lives of those who put on a smiling face against the foulest mouth; for, the hardiest tapas comes only next to it in merit.

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MANLY ENDEAVOUR

Sri Rama's speech on the futility of life was listened to by all with rapt attention. He ended with a series of queries for which he expected answers from the learned sages who surrounded him.

Vasishtha then offered to instruct Rama in the wise counsels that lotus-born Brahma uttered of old, and spoke thus:

वसिष्ठ उवाच:

सौम्याम्बुत्वे तरङ्गत्वे सलिलस्याम्बुता यथा।
समंवाब्धौ तथाऽदेहसदेहमुनिमुक्तता ॥
सदेहा वास्त्वदेहा वा मुक्तता विषये न च।
अनास्वादितभोगस्य कुतो भोज्यानुभूतय: ॥

Vasishtha said:

Liberation of the soul, O Rama! whether in the embodied or disembodied state is both alike just as the property of the water exists in both the waves as well as the calm sea. Liberation, whether in embodied or disembodied spirit does not consist in attachment to objects of the sense. How can a soul that is not given to sensual gratification have any idea of sensible objects?

जीवन्मुक्तं मुनिश्रेष्ठं केवलं हि पदार्थवत्।
पश्यामः पुरतो नास्य पुनर्विघ्नोऽन्तराशयम् ॥
सदेहादेहमुक्तानां भेदः को बोधरुपिणाम्।
यदेवाम्बुतरङ्गत्वे सौम्यत्वेऽपि तदेव तत् ॥
न मनागपि भेदोऽस्ति सदेहादेहमुक्तयोः।
सस्पन्दोऽप्यथवाऽस्पन्दो वायुरेव यथानिलः ॥

सदेहा वा विदेहा वा मुक्तता न प्रमास्पदम्।
अस्माकमपि तस्यास्ति स्वैकतास्त्यविभागिनी ॥

We see the great sage (Vyasa) having a liberated soul as an embodied person here before our eyes: but his inner detachment is an accomplished fact. So what difference is there in the enlightened when liberated, whether in the embodied or disembodied state? The difference is that of the water in the calm and turbulent states (i.e. non-existent). There is no more difference between bodily and unembodied liberation than there is betwixt the air in motion and at rest. Liberation whether with or without body is not subject to perception. It has come to us through the knowledge of the undivided unity (of the soul).

तस्मात्प्रकृतमेवेदं शृणु श्रवणभूषणम्।
मयोपदिश्यमानं त्वं ज्ञानमज्ञान्ध्यनाशनम् ॥
सर्वमेवेद हि सदा संसारे रघुनन्दन।
सम्यक् प्रयुक्तात्सर्वेण पौरुषात्समवाप्यते ॥
इह हीन्दोरिवोदेति शीतलाह्लादनं हृदि।
परिस्पन्दफलप्राप्तौ पौरुषादेव नान्यतः ॥

पौरुषं स्पन्दफलवत्दृष्टं प्रत्यक्षतो न यत्।
कल्पितं मोहितैर्मन्दैर्दैवं किंचिन्नविद्यते ॥

So listen to this doctrine of knowledge that I propound which will be an ornament to your ears and dispel the darkness of your ignorance. O! Son of Raghu! everything in this world can be attained by everybody by manly exertion well employed. Cool delight arises in our heart as moonlight, to enjoy the fruits of our labour won by manly effort and not from anything else. We see the result of our efforts evidently and it is not to be deemed as fate as dull and mistaken people do..

साधूपदिष्टमार्गेण यन्मनोङ्गविचेष्टितम्।
तत्पौरुषं तत्सफलमन्यदुन्मत्तचेष्टितम् ॥
यो यमर्थं प्रार्थयते तदर्थं चेहते क्रमात्।
अवश्यं स तमाप्नोति न चेदर्धान्निवर्तते ॥

An effort directed according to the counsel of the good in the action of mind and body bears fruit. Others are freaks of a mad man. He who seeks a thing and strives to acquire it, surely succeeds in obtaining it; or else he stops in the middle.

पौरुषेण प्रयत्नेन त्रैलोक्यैश्वर्यसुन्दराम्।
कश्चित्प्राणिविशेषो हि शक्रतां समपागतः ॥
पौरुषेणैव यत्नेन सहसाम्भोरुहास्पदम्।
कश्चिदेव चिदुल्लासो ब्रह्मतामधितिष्ठति ॥
सारेण पुरुषार्थेन स्वेनैव गरुडध्वजः।
कश्चिदेव पुमानेव पुरुषोत्तमतां गतः ॥
पौरुषेणैव यत्नेन ललनावलिताकृतिः।
शरीरी कश्चिदेवेह गतश्चन्द्रार्धचूडताम् ॥

It is by means of courageous effort that certain outstanding persons have attained the paramount power of Indra over the three worlds. Some have attained to the rank of the lotus-born (Brahma) by persistent endeavour; and some others obtain the inward joy of Brahmatva by it. Some persons have become the best among men by virtue of self-exertion in the manner of Lord Vishnu. It is again by manly endeavour that men accompanied by their female powers have attained to the status of Lord Siva.

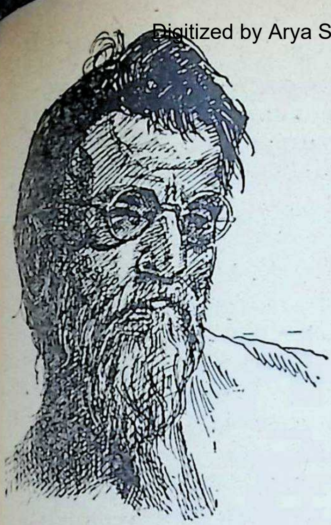
प्राक्तनं चैहिकं चेति द्विविधं विद्धि पौरुषम्।
प्राक्तनोऽद्यतननाशु पुरुषार्थेन जीयते ॥
यत्नवद्भिर्दृढाभ्यासैः प्रज्ञोत्साहसमन्वितैः।
मेरवोऽपि निगीर्यन्ते कैव प्राक्पौरुषे कथा ॥

Know that our exertions are of two kinds: the present and the past. The acts of the present life supersede those of the past. By those who are unremitting in their efforts, discreet and diligent, even mounts like Meru can be smashed. Then why not the effects of former action? The exertions of a man proceeding from manliness and countenanced by law, leads to the desired end. If otherwise, it leads to misfortune.

शास्त्रनियन्त्रितपोरुष–
परमा पुरुषस्य पुरुषता या स्यात्।
अभिमतफलभरसिद्ध्यै
भवति हि सैवान्यथात्वनर्थाय ॥

A man laid up in a state of disability is unable to fold his fingers in order to hold a little water in the hollow of his palm for drinking; while another by his well-directed efforts gets possession of oceans, mountains, and cities and does not regard the earth too great for him.

...there must be a broad-based programme for the peace army covering the whole of India...



SHANTI SENA

Vinoba Bhave

[Vinobaji crossed into Pakistan early this month].

OF Mahatma Gandhi's many concerns, one was Shanti Sena.

When he presented this idea to us we who were then weak, felt that it was an impossibility and could not be put into practice.

But actually none of Gandhiji's ideas failed to be put into practice. He used to say that there is at least one person who will put his ideas into practice—and that was himself.

Consequently Gandhiji as leader of the Peace Army gave orders, and he as the soldier of peace followed these to the end.

He passed away in its service—a sacrifice which was laid at the feet of Mother India.

The primal seed that Gandhiji sowed is now giving forth shoots and inspiring mankind to build up armies of peace.

The meaning of 'Shanti Sena' is quite clear.

However much one tries to simplify it, in the end it involves the readiness of a person to lay down his life rather than lay hands on his opponent.

In the beginning of the Sarvodaya Movement, the land problem was taken up; its solution lay in a change of heart, and Bhoodan—the gift of land—became its means.

It is now important that violence should not raise its head, and it is to achieve this that Shanti Sena has been started.

There will be no place in it for difference of caste, creed or party; the volunteers who offer themselves must become acquainted with Indian and world thought, and must be given training in ways of carrying on different kinds of service.

We expect to have one worker to every five thousand people.

Within the area where they live the Shanti Sainiks will carry out continual service—they will help to relieve suffering, help the sick and distribute Sarvodaya literature.

By so doing they will enter the hearts of the people and become part of their families.

Such service is sure to be welcomed everywhere by all people, whether they are communists, socialists, Hindus, Christians or Muslims.

Who will not welcome the doctor?

A business centre should also be a centre for the Shanti Sena.

Violent disturbances and situations show their effect in the business world; therefore, a business community has the greatest need to maintain peace. Business cannot be carried on without it.

Actually today the whole world is one business centre. Hundreds of things are being sent from one country to another. Importation and exportation are likely to increase from day to day.

The Peace Volunteers will go from house to house building up relationships with the young and the old alike, creating an atmosphere of peace and a spirit of service.

The business community of every city should undertake the responsibility of supporting their work.

They should realise that it is their duty to do so if they reconsidered their own position in society—a position of service, a position as trustees of the wealth of society.

Man experiences love from birth to death everywhere and at every moment. It can be said that man is born in love, dies in love; even so, its real power has not been harnessed.

Why do we not realise the full power of love?

Because our love is self-interested —we only love those who love us. This is the reason why no new power is made available to us.

Even animals love those that love them. A child loves its mother. Why shouldn't it? The mother nourishes it, cares for it, so naturally it replies with love.

But such 'love for love' does not build up a *force* of love. Hate for hate, love for love, fear for fear—these are the ways of the world; this is the law of reaping what you sow. But the natural law of love is to bring forth love.

If you place something before a mirror you see its reflection in it. The mirror does not create the picture. In the same way, if we love because we are loved, our love becomes reflective, but the full power of love is revealed only when we face hatred with love and love our enemies.

We are not living now on the basis of this principle.

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The big nations fight one another and each considers the other to be wrong. They are not able to meet hatred with love—they feel that this is impracticable. To practise the art of meeting hatred with love forms the basis of the Gramdan movement. This develops a power of love which will influence the whole world.

I want every thoughtful person to understand and accept the basic principles of the Shanti Sena.

If it could be shown that all problems can be solved peacefully, then India's moral strength would be greatly enhanced.

This will not come through merely repeating the name 'peace'. It is a word which is now commonly used by those who believe in armed might.

There must be a broad-based programme for the Peace Army covering the whole of India. There should not be a single person who does not believe in it, who does not feel that he has a place in it. There is a great need for such a Peace Army in India.

India has no real armed strength to speak of, there can be no protection and instead of being a benefit to the country it may do harm.

When we do get rid of the armed forces we can really speak in terms of the establishment of Independence in the country.

But the armed forces will not be abolished just by talking about it. First we must demonstrate that they are not necessary for the country. This responsibility lies with everyone throughout India, but specially with those who are believers in SARVODAYA.

They must raise their voices for non-violence and the Peace Army.

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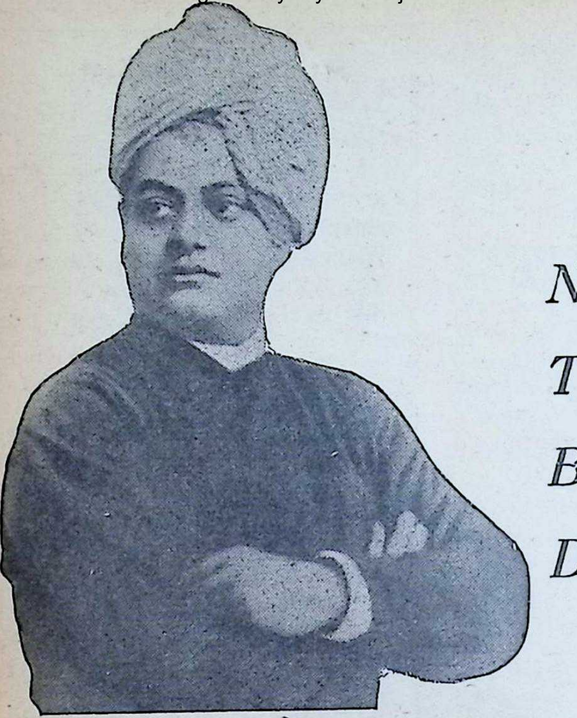


Swami Vivekananda

NAREN THE BELOVED DISCIPLE

[Swami Vivekananda, whose birth centenary India will be celebrating soon, had the rare distinction of being praised to the skies by no less than a Paramahamsa, his Master, Sri Ramakrishna.

Following are some observations made about Vivekananda by Sri Ramakrishna on various occasions.—Ed.]

SAID the Master of Narendra who later on came to be called Vivekananda, once: "You have assumed this body for my sake. I asked the Divine Mother, 'Mother, unless I enjoy the company of some genuine devotees completely free from "woman" and "gold" how shall I live on earth? You came to me at night, woke me up,' and said, 'Here I am!' "

On another occasion the Master said of the beloved disciple: "When peasants go to market to buy bullocks for their ploughs, they can easily tell the good from the bad by touching their tails. On being touched there, some meekly lie down on the ground. The peasants recognise that those are without mettle and so reject them. They select only those bullocks that

From *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

frisk about and show spirit when their tails are touched. Narendra is like a bullock of this latter class. He is full of spirit within."

During those early days when Narendra was in financial difficulties in connection with the maintenance of his family, the Master's solicitude for him was apparent from the following:

"The joys and sorrows of the body are inevitable. Look at Narendra. His father is dead, and his people have been put to extreme suffering. He can't find any way out of it. God places one sometimes in happiness and sometimes in misery."

Again, said the Master: "The son of an aristocrat does not worry about his food and drink, he gets his monthly allowance. Narendra, too, belongs to a high plane. Then why is he in such straitened circumstances? God certainly provides everything for the man who totally surrenders himself to Him."

There were occasions when even Sri Ramakrishna had to be on the defensive in the face of Naren's arguments: Here is the Master's confession: "One day I remarked that the *chatak* bird doesn't drink any water except that which falls from the sky. Narendra said, 'The *chatak* drinks ordinary water as well.' Then I said to the Divine Mother, 'Mother, then are my words untrue?' I was greatly worried about it. Another day, later on, Narendra was here. Several birds were flying about in the room. He exclaimed, 'There!' 'There!' 'What is there?' I asked. He said, 'There is your *chatak!*' I found they were only

MEANING OF HELP

Swami Vivekananda

Look upon every man, woman, and everyone as God.

You cannot help anyone; you can only serve: serve the children of the Lord, serve the Lord Himself, if you have the privilege.

If the Lord grants that you can help any one of His children, blessed you are; do not think too much of yourselves. Blessed you are that that privilege was given to you, when others had it not.

Do it only as worship.

I should see God in the poor, and it is for my salvation that I go and worship them.

The poor and the miserable are for our salvation, so that we may serve the Lord, coming in the shape of the diseased, coming in the shape of the lunatic, the leper, and the sinner!

Bold are my words, and let me repeat that it is the greatest privilege in our life that we are allowed to serve the Lord in all these shapes.

Give up the idea that by ruling over others you can do good to them.

But you can do just as much as you can in the case of the plant; you can supply the growing seed with the materials for the making up of its body, bringing to it the earth, the water, the air, that it wants.

It will take all that it wants by its own nature, it will assimilate and grow by its own nature.

bats. Since that day I don't accept what he says."

Describing his first contact with Naren, the Master said: "At my first meeting with Narendra I found him completely indifferent to his body. When I touched his chest with my hand, he lost consciousness of the outer world. Regaining consciousness, Narendra said: 'Oh, what have you done to me? I have my father and mother at home!' As the days passed I longed more and more to see him. My heart yearned for him. One day at that time I said to Bholanath: 'Can you tell me why I should feel this way? There is a boy called Narendra of the *kayastha* caste. Why should I feel so restless for him?' Bholanath said: 'You will find the explanation in the *Mahabharata*.' On coming down to the plane of ordinary consciousness, a man established in *samadhi* enjoys himself in the company of *sattvic* people. He feels peace of mind at the sight of such men." When I heard this my mind was set at ease. Now and then I would sit alone and weep for the sight of "Narendra."

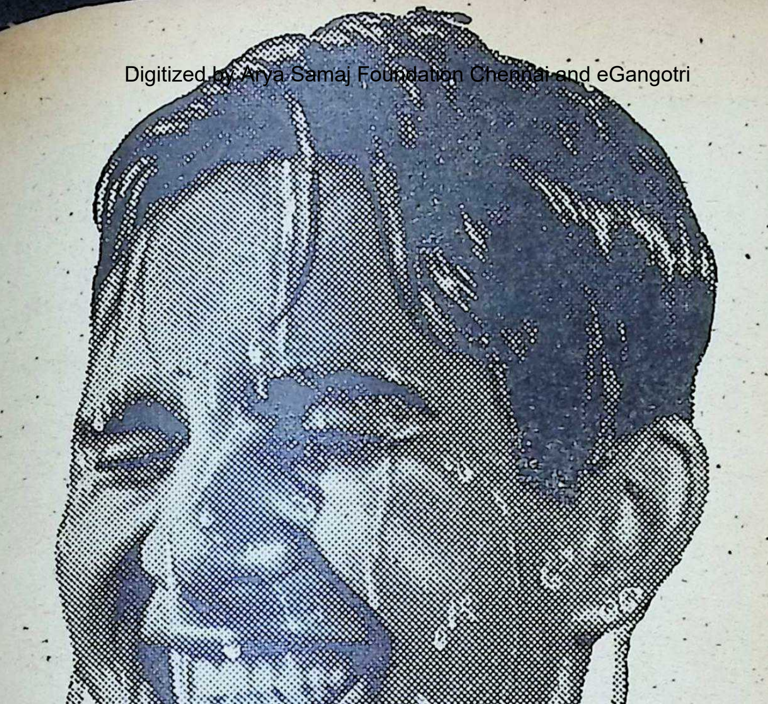
How the Master and disciple got on in the early days of their meeting is illustrated by the following words of the Master: "Those who are my own will come here even if I scold them. Look at Narendra's nature! At first he used to abuse my Mother Kali very much. One day I said to him sharply, 'Rascal! Don't come here any more.' He slowly left the room and prepared a smoke. He who is one's own will not be angry even if scolded."

There was a time in the evolution of Naren when a fierce battle raged in the young lad's mind. How the Master prayed for him is seen from the Master's confession: "I have had many amazing visions. I had a vision of the Indivisible Satchidananda. Inside It I saw two groups with a fence between them. On one side were Kedar, Chuni, and other devotees who believe in the Personal God. On the other side was a luminous space like a heap of red brick-dust. Inside it was seated Narendra immersed in Samadhi. Seeing him absorbed in meditation, I called aloud, 'O Narendra!' He opened his eyes a little. I came to realise that he had been born, in another form, in Simla in a *kayastha* family. At once I said to the Divine Mother, 'Mother, entangle him in *maya*; otherwise he will give up his body in *samadhi*.'"

About his disciple's many-sided attainments, the Master has said: "Haven't you observed his many virtues? He is not only well-versed in music, vocal and instrumental, but he is also very learned. Besides, he has controlled his passions and declares he will lead a celibate life. He has been devoted to God since his very boyhood."

How correctly the Master estimated his beloved disciple Naren when he said: "Narendra is perfect from his very birth. He is devoted to the ideal of the formless God."

Long live the *Guru-shishya bhava!*



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PART III

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

THE FIVE BROTHERS:

CHAPTER III

THE TEACHER AND THE PUPIL

AS desired by his Guru, Krishna after meals met him at the *ashram* of Gargacharya.

Sandipani was seated on a deer-skin under the shade of a banyan tree, surrounded by some pupils. When Krishna joined him, the other disciples left them to themselves, sensing a special purpose in this visit.

Sandipani soon came to the subject which was uppermost in his mind. His voice was earnest and his deep-set eyes grave, when he said: 'Krishna, my son, I am glad to see you so well and so happy. What do you wish to do, now that the Yadavas are doing so well? Are you content with what you have done so far?'

'Gurudeva, by your blessings the gods have been very kind to me,' said Krishna with equal seriousness, for between them two, there was a close bond of understanding. 'The Yadavas are now free from the fear of Jaraasandha. They are strong and united, and also prosperous—perhaps too prosperous to be good for them,' he added with a smile. 'Some of us are prone to lapse into riotous living.'

'Remember, you are not born to make the Yadavas rich,' said Sandipani. 'Riches and *dharma* don't go together.'

'I don't know what I am born for. Many people seem to know more about it than I do,' remarked Krishna with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. 'You have to find out what I have to do next.'

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

BALARAAMA, His elder brother.

VASUDEVA, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.

DEVAKI, His mother.

DEVABHAAGA, His uncle.

UDDHAVA, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.

YUYUDHANA SAATYAKI, His friend and a Yadava Chief.

GURU SANDIPANI, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.

ACHARYA SHVETAKETU, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.

RUKMINI, SHAIBYA: His wives.

BHEESHMA (also GAANGEYA)

KING SHANTANU, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.

SATYAVATI, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.

CHITRANGADA, VICHITRAVEERYA: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.

AMBIKAA, AMBALIKAA: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.

KRISHNA DVAIPAAYANA VYAASA, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.

JAIMINI, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

PANDU, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.

KUNTI, Pandu's wife.

YUDHISHTHIRA (also Dharmaraaja),
BHEEMA, ARJUNA: Pandu's sons by Kunti.

MAADRI, Pandu's second wife.

NAKULA, SAHADEVA: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

DHRITARAASHTRA, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.

GAANDHARI, Dhritaraashtra's wife.

SHAKUNI, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.

DURYODHAN, DUSHAASAN: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.

PANCHALAS

YAJNASENA DRUPAD, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).

KRISHNAA DRAUPADI, Drupad's daughter.

DHRISTADYUMNA, SATYAAJIT: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

JARAASANDHA, Emperor of Magadha.

DRONAACHARYA, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.

ASWATTHAAMA, Dronaacharya's son.

KRIPACHARYA, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.

* * *

'I wish I was fit to do it, my son,' said Sandipani with an apologetic smile, for often he wondered whether it was not his pupil who kept him on his mettle all the time. 'However, is it not time, Krishna, to think of all men, not of Yadavas only? You alone can achieve the impossible and establish *dharma* among men,' he added.

'I must rest content to face the task which confronts me for the moment. I will not go about seeking it,' said Krishna thoughtfully.

'Well, the task has come to you in the shape of your Guru,' said Sandipani with a smile. 'He brings you a message from King Drupad of Panchala. He wants a favour from you. After telling you all about it, I may, if you like, talk about it to King Ugrasena and your noble father.'

'King Drupad! Sends a message to

me?' said Krishna, eyes wide in surprise.

'Krishna, he offers you his daughter Draupadi, in marriage,' said Sandipani slowly, watching the reactions of his pupil. 'She is beautiful, gifted and highly intelligent. In return for your accepting her, he also offers to give you a part of his kingdom and help the Yadavas in rebuilding Mathura which is now a wilderness.'

Krishna dissolved into a smile, his eyes shining merrily. 'I wish every task you ask me to perform were so tempting, Gurudeva. It seems I am a very desirable son-in-law. But why have I merited this favour from so great a King? Everyone, except myself, seems to have forgotten that the kings would not sit with me, a *gopal*, at the *swayamvara* of Bhismaka's daughter.'

The teacher also got the infection of merriment from Krishna and laughed heartily before he said: 'Drupad does not merely confer a favour on you; he also asks a favour.'

'What favour can I confer on the noble lord of Panchala?' asked Krishna.

'Quite a big one,' replied Sandipani. 'Drupad, you must have heard, he had suffered brutal humiliation at the hands of Dronaacharya, that great master of war, who is now the military leader of the Kurus, who also got the King to part with some lands north of the Ganga. Since then, the King has only one aim to live for—to avenge the humiliation. And he wants you to help him do so.'

Krishna laughed aloud. 'And Draupadi will be my fee for destroying Dronaacharya!'

Sandipani raised a warning finger. 'Don't take this as a silly joke, Krishna. I know Draupadi. Don't be unfair to her. She is noble; she is devoted to her father; she will marry none but the most redoubtable hero in Aryavarta, so that his pledge is fulfilled. Few daughters live for their fathers as she does.'

'But why me? There are many redoubtable heroes in Aryavarta who will do what her father wants them to,' said Krishna, again laughing merrily.

'She thinks you are the best of them or perhaps the only one she would choose,' said Sandipani. 'And she is the finest woman in existence.'

Krishna, with thumb and finger brought together in the manner of a teacher, summarised the offer with a smile. 'Drupad's favour then comes to this: I marry a very determined woman. I then fight Dronaacharya, and if necessary all his pupils, the Kuru princes, to avenge her father's defeat. I leave my position as a humble Yadava to become a tributary of Panchala. Incidentally I induce the Yadavas to leave this beautiful land and rebuild a wilderness. It is a very tempting offer indeed!'

There was no irony in what Krishna said. He was only analysing the situation with an unerring clarity. Sandipani looked on admiringly; this pupil of his had the sanity of outlook which he wished many other kings and warriors possessed.

'I know, Krishna, that you would not be tempted by the offer. I frankly told Drupad so, but as he was very insistent, I had to promise him to convey his message to you,' said Sandipani as he smiled appreciatively. 'I also told him that you are a very difficult person to deal with. You will not allow anyone to make up your mind for you.'

'How poor do I stand in my Guru's estimation!' said Krishna, and both the teacher and the pupil laughed, each eyeing the other with affection.

'I wish I had more disciples to stand in the estimation in which I hold you, Krishna,' said Sandipani. 'What reply shall I convey to King Drupad?'

'Gurudeva, give him my humble greetings and tell him that I am beholden to him, such a noble King, for the preference he had shown for me,' said Krishna. 'But the Yadavas are too well settled in Dwarka to think of returning to Mathura. Tell him also that I feel unequal to the task which he wishes to call me to.'

'You can't brush this affair aside lightly. Have you realised what we are in for, if you refuse the offer?' asked Sandipani, his face becoming grave.

'No,' replied Krishna.

'Hate consumes Drupad. At times I have felt that it would drive him to any madness. He might offer Draupadi to Jaraasandha and precipitate a war with the Kurus. Then even the Gods cannot save the Aryas,' said Sandipani.

Krishna thought for a while. 'That disaster must be averted,' he said, anxiety creeping in his voice.

'I shudder to think where Drupad's bitterness will lead him to,' said Sandipani.

'And Dronaacharya is not less determined?' said Krishna.

'Perhaps,' said Sandipani.

'Gurudeva, we have to think over this matter,' said Krishna.

The teacher and the pupil exchanged meaningful glances. They understood each other's unspoken thoughts.

'Please convey my worshipful regards to Drupad and tell him that when I come to Hastinapur where I am invited by my cousin Yudhishthira, I will come to Kampilya to pay my respects to him,' said Krishna.

'You are going to Hastinapur!' exclaimed Sandipani in surprise. 'You need not go there now. Yudhishthira is no longer the *yuvaraj*.'

'What!' exclaimed Krishna, taken aback.

'Shvetaketu was there in Hastinapur when the Five Brothers were banished by King Dhritaraashtra. He will be able to tell you more about it. He has just arrived from Bhrigutirth.' Sandipani clapped his hands and called his principal disciple.

Shvetaketu came to where they were sitting, folded his hands before the Guru. Krishna got up and the two friends held each other in a happy embrace.

Shvetaketu was the pride of Sandipani's school. He was learned in the *Vedas*; he was a first-rate teacher of the martial art. His honest face was framed in a short, dark beard and dark matted locks.

Sandipani said: 'Shvetaketu, tell Krishna all about the banishment of the Five Brothers from Hastinapur.'

'Yes,' said Shvetaketu, taking his seat in front of Sandipani. 'When I went to Hastinapur to collect the

A saintly person once offered his respects to Sri Ramanuja on a birthday of the latter.

"Do you know why a birthday is a happy event?" asked the Acharya.

The other person remained silent.

Sri Ramanuja then said: "As soon as we drop this body, salvation is sure to wait at our door. The intervening years are the only stumbling blocks to that millennium. Therefore, does not the crossing of each successive year become an occasion for jubilation?"

three cadets who were to join our school, I met Uddhava who happened to be getting ready to accompany the Five Brothers to Varnaavat. It seems, King Dhritarashtra, egged on by Duryodhana—whom, Krishna, you know very well—had asked Yudhishthira to give up his office as the Crown Prince and to proceed to Varnaavat with his brothers and mother. When the people heard of this misfortune they were stricken with grief; many Kurus raised protests; women wailed publicly. And when the Five Brothers left Hastinapur, a large crowd followed them for about a *yojana* with tears in their eyes.'

Krishna was thoughtful for a while. 'Shvetaketu, I do not understand this. Yudhishthira was appointed the Crown Prince under the advice of venerable Bheeshma who is the real power in Hastinapur. How could he allow such a thing to happen?'

'I did not stay in Hastinapur long enough to find out the details. But some people whom I met said that no sooner Dhritaraashtra conveyed his wishes, Yudhishthira cheerfully expressed his willingness to leave Hastinapur. His brothers were against it, but ultimately they submitted to him,' said Shvetaketu

Krishna, weighted with thought, remained silent.

'It is no use your going to Hastinapur now,' said Sandipani. 'It would be better that you should go to Kampilya after I have communicated your reply to King Drupad through Shvetaketu. The Five Brothers were highly respected by the Kurus, but now with Duryodhana becoming the Crown Prince, things will change —and change for the worse. It is not worth your while to go there now.'

Krishna looked up. The boyish smile had disappeared from his face. The eyes which had merrily twinkled so far, developed unfathomable depth. 'Gurudeva,' said Krishna slowly and deliberately. 'We were talking about my appointed task. It has come before me now. I must do it. I will go to Hastinapur.'

'Go to Hastinapur now! Duryodhana will not offer you a welcome,' said Sandipani.

'I am not going in order to secure a welcome. With Yudhishthira, Bheema and Arjuna in Hastinapur, *dharma* was rising high in the sky. Now it is eclipsed. That is why I should go there,' said Krishna.

The atmosphere suddenly became tense. 'I can leave Dwarka in two days' time,' continued Krishna. 'Saatyaki will get ready with sixty chariot warriors and the necessary retinue. And I will go by the short-cut through the deserts.'

'But why in such a hurry?' asked Sandipani.

'I feel that something is going to happen to the Five Brothers,' replied Krishna. 'I must reach Hastinapur before that.' Krishna's mind was made up; his eyes were now compelling. The majestic calm of a god had settled on his brow 'And Gurudeva, don't convey to King Drupad the message that I gave you just now. Send Shvetaketu with me, and he will go to Kampilya and deliver another message from me.'

'What message do you want to send?' asked Sandipani.

'Shvetaketu, my message to King Drupad is this,' said Krishna decisively. '"I am obliged to the noble King Drupad for offering me the hand of Draupadi. If the noble lord of Panchala permits me, I shall come to Kampilya from Hastinapur and discuss the offer personally with him before I place it before the noble lord, Ugrasena, and Father." Shvetaketu, get ready.'

Sandipani was struck at the transformation which had come over his pupil. The gay youth had become almost a god of destiny.

'Krishna, my son, you are the best judge of the situation,' said Sandipani. 'I will not ask you for your reasons for coming to this decision. If that is the *dharma* which lights your path, follow it. My blessings, my son, are always with you.'

[*To be continued*]

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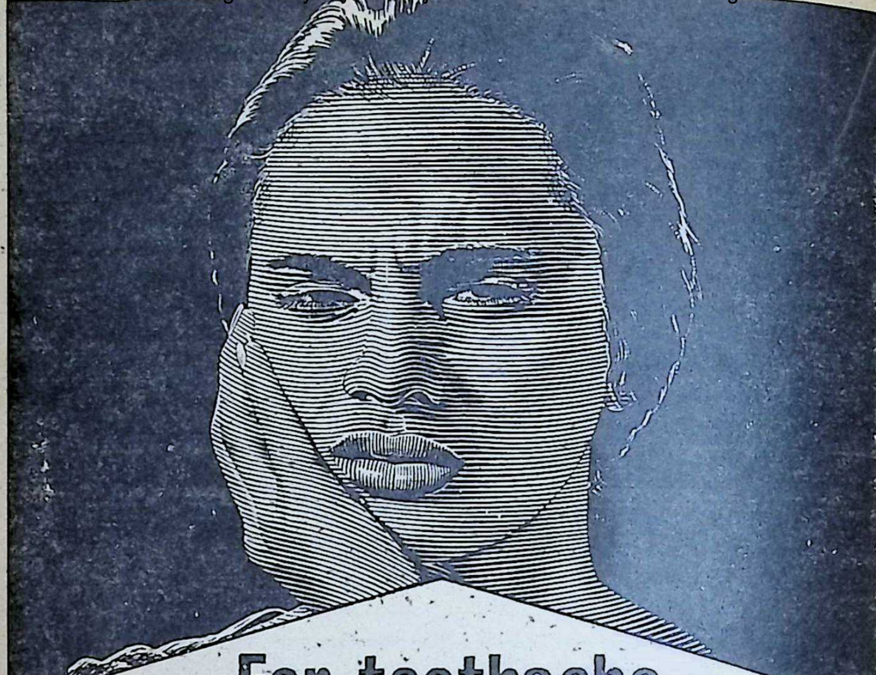

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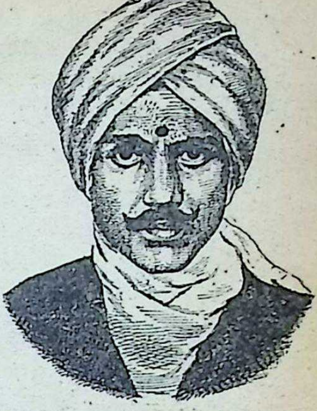
the awakener



Chinmoy

POET, patriot, savant, awakener of Tamil Nad—Bharati is all these. There is a magic spell of intimacy and national feeling woven around the very name of Bharati. For it is true, as it was yesterday and will for ever be, that his songs have an astonishing power to quicken the tempo of the patriotic fervour of his country-men.

When his political life fell under the shadow of danger he fled in 1908 to Pondicherry, then a French settlement, to save his neck. For some time he was lost to the public eye. In those days his life was poverty-stricken.

1910. What a stroke of Providence! Aurobindo Ghosh of Bengal was no more in the vortex of politics. The presiding Deity of Pondicherry housed the fiery apostle of Indian Nationalism not only peacefully but cheerfully.

An opportunity too good to be missed. For years together, when the sun would go down, Bharati would go to Sri Aurobindo's place to bask in the sunshine of his affection. Under that great influence, his head began to teem with national songs which brought him in after years transcendental praise. Sri Aurobindo taught him how to vision the country as the Mother personified. Bharati saw that, while mankind was engrossed in the immediate, Sri Aurobindo was devoted to the Ultimate. It was Sri Aurobindo who so very kindly helped him to launch into the Vedic mysteries, and made him at home in ancient literatures. Let us listen here to an authority on Bharati and a student of Sri Aurobindo, describing the relation between the two:

> "....a spell-binder, an inspiration, a veritable Krishna to the neophyte Arjuna."

Soon Bharati became a man of great comprehension and was able to animate his mass of fresh knowledge by an active and lucid imagination. Now gradually Sri Aurobindo began to dive within to unveil all the mysteries of life. Bharati somehow found the

On the 11th of this month fell the Poet's birthday jayanti.

time ripe for him to cross the frontier of Pondicherry. In 1918 he left Pondicherry only to be arrested at a place hard by Cuddalore. But only for a fleeting month did he have to undergo imprisonment.

On his return to Madras he found Mahatma Gandhi in the vanguard of the fight for freedom. He soon became one of his ardent admirers. And by this time his own admirers too were more than sufficient. A unique thrill they felt while he would break into his national songs. He was highly inspired by Bankim's *Bande Mataram*. He in his own way composed national songs to arouse the slumbering people of Tamil Nad. His songs were not only slogans of liberty but also slogans for social emancipation.

Poet Sarojini Naidu's appreciation of and admiration for Bharati are at once inspiring and significant:

> "People like Bharati cannot be counted as the treasure of any province. He is entitled, by his genius and his work, to rank among those who have transcended all limitation of race, language and continent, and have become the universal possession of mankind."

It was from Sister Nivedita that he came to learn that women are not to be looked down upon. They deserve to walk shoulder to shoulder with men. That he was profoundly inspired by Nivedita's lofty teachings can easily be observed from these lines of his:

Gone are they who said to woman:
'Thou shalt not open the book
of Knowledge'......
Nor shall it be said that woman lags
behind man in the knowledge
that he attains.

Also Nivedita inspired him to be above the caste-system. In accordance with her momentous advice the poet in Bharati sings:

We are of the same caste and race,
We are children of Bharat all;
We are equal in law and stature,
And everyone is Bharat's King!
Long live the Republic.

Nivedita's prophetic utterance as regards Bharati's future came perfectly true: "Some day, I am sure, you will become famous. God bless you."

As Lokamanya Tilak made bold to say that 'Home rule is my birthright,' even so Bharati's fearless heart voiced forth:

Freedom is our universal speech,
Equality is the experienced fact.

Bharati's cosmopolitan heart cried out to see a lucid interrelation among his Indian brothers

What is life without unity?
Division can only spell ruin.
Could we hold fast to this truth,
What more should we need?
We 'll bow to thee, Mother.

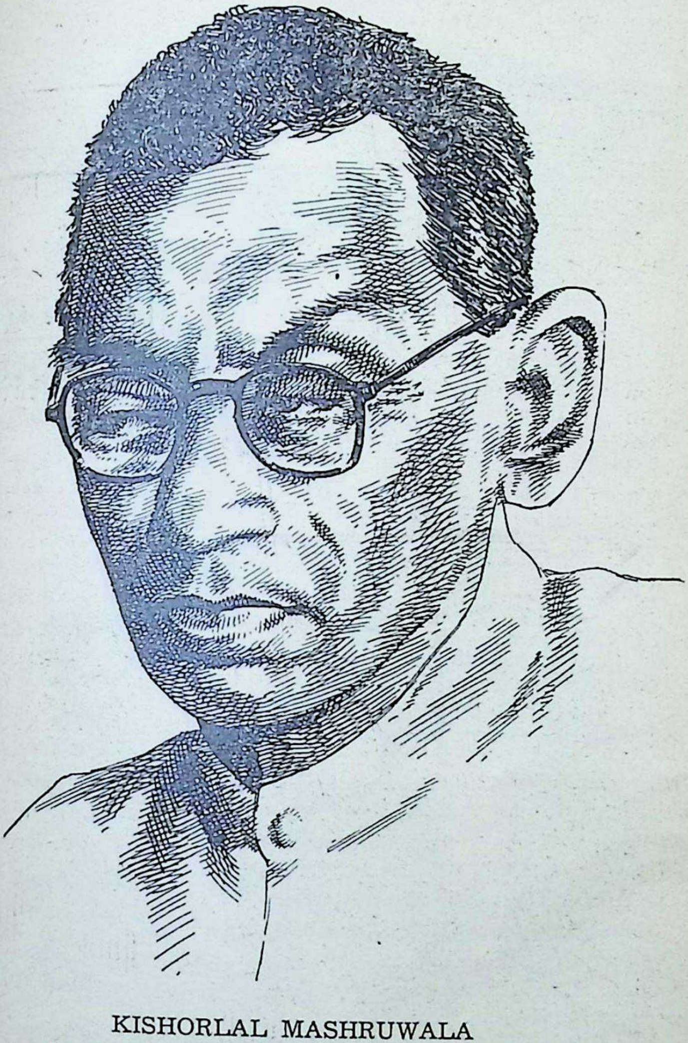
What an irony of Fate! Bharati could hardly reach the age of 39 when Death snatched him away. But he has left an imperishable imprint on Pondicherry and Tamil Nad

Finally, Bharati cannot better be described than in the words of Sri Rajagopalachari: *"Agastya incarnate who has given us Tamil afresh."*

[*Courtesy:* Sri Aurobindo Ashram]

When the baser instincts get transmuted, the human body continues as an essential tabernacle for progress.

—Tirumular.



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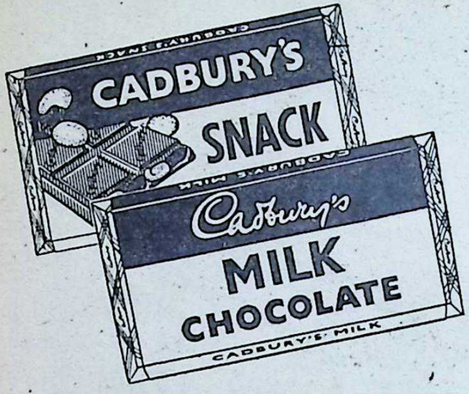
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PURE AND SOILED LOVE

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

LOVE becoming increasingly purer also increases in its intensity ; and vice versa.

Only the purest love is capable of the greatest sacrifice, of being most intense, because from the standpoint of an impure love of utilitarian and hedonistic calculations, such a sacrifice is disutilitarian and antihedonistic. As such it is hardly possible.

"Soiled love" is always fragile, weak, and short-lived. Hence it is of low intensity.

And vice versa: the intensest love has to be the purest. It means a complete merging of the whole human ego (or egos) with those of the loved one: a complete identification of the intensely loving persons.

Such an identification goes beyond any utilitarian-hedonistic motivations, which are inseparable from ego and egoism.

Such a love is a "disinterested" love, free from "soiling ingredients."

These almost self-evident conclusions seem to be corroborated by all the data of observation and self-observation, however scarce they are.

First, the love of the greatest apostles is simultaneously intense and pure. The greatest sacrifice they made testifies to its intensity. The absence of all selfish—utilitarian and hedonistic—motives from their love activities testifies to their purity.

The love of Jesus, St. Paul, St. Francis of Assisi, Buddha, Dr. Theodore Hass, Serafim of Sarov, Damien the Leper, Gandhi, and of thousands of other apostles of love; had both these characteristics

On the other hand, millions of cases of love of low intensity invariably are a variety of "soiled love" in which selfish, utilitarian, and hedonistic motivations are conspicuous. Most such love relationships are not "familistic" but "contractual." By their very nature these are selfish and almost always are planned to get as much as possible for as little as possible:

The above statement is equally applicable to hetero-sexual love based on "romance" and "pleasure."

Such love activities may appear very intense: the persons may be "madly in love," for the only reason of expected sexual pleasure. Such "loves" have little if any relationship to the love studied here. No wonder therefore that the passion and intensity of this sort of hetero-sexual love wither quickly away; "mad" love cools, craziness passes, and the persons soon become mutual strangers, sometimes even enemies. If married, they soon divorce or desert each other.

When, however, we have hetero-sexual love in which the lovers really merge into one "we", gladly sharing their joys and sorrows, each viewing the other as the end value, each identifying his self with the self of the other, then the sex factor becomes secondary and love becomes intense as well as pure.

Readiness to sacrifice anything for the other is a thermometer for measuring this intensity and purity.

Enthusiasm is faith in action; and faith and initiative rightly combined remove mountainous barriers and achieve the unheard of and miraculous.

—Anon.

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JV-11A

One form of creative writing in which Punjabi writers have achieved significant success is the art of short story writing.

RECENT TRENDS IN PUNJABI LITERATURE

MAHEEP SINGH

PRE-INDEPENDENCE era in Punjabi literature was the era of Bhai Vir Singh and Nanak Singh. Bhai Vir Singh is considered to be the father of modern Punjabi literature and language. He had written fiction, poetry and commentaries on the sacred texts and his works became known to millions because their central theme was the heroism and chivalry of the Sikhs and the ethical excellence of their religion. After independence too, Bhai Vir Singh went on writing enthusiastically till he died in 1957.

Nanak Singh, a great novelist has contributed much in the field of novel. He is popularly known as Prem Chand of the Punjabi literature. In fact, he has given the same thing to the Punjabi what Prem Chand gave to Hindi.

In the post-Independence period of last 14 years, Punjabi literature has progressed with a rapid stride. In fact, for the first time in the history of Punjabi language, Punjabi is on the way to achieve its rightful place in its own land. In this period many poets, story writers, novelists, dramatists, essayists and critics have cropped up in numbers.

● ● ●

As we come to the different forms of writing we find that poetry still remains the most popular form of literary expression. Bhai Vir Singh (1872-1957) was the first to make experiment in blank verse in Punjabi poetry. The theme of his writings was devotional. His technique and mastery over the language was impressive. He lived for nearly ten years in post-Independence era and was honoured in different ways. The Punjab University held a special convocation for him and awarded the Honorary degree of 'Doctor of Oriental

Paper read at the Greater Bombay Writers' Conference organised by the Bhavan.

learnings,' the President of India awarded him with the honour of Padma Vibhushan and Sahitya Akademi gave him the highest literary award for his collection of poems *Mere Saiyan Jio* (O My Lord).

Another popular contemporary poet of Bhai Vir Singh era was Dhain Ram 'Chatric'. He was second only to Bhai Vir Singh's reputation. His collections of verses, particularly *Chandan Wadi*, *Kesar Kyari, Nawan Jahan* and *Sufikhana* have some beautiful lyrics, full of Punjabi colloquialism.

Among the younger generation, Mohan Singh Amrita Pritam and Pritam Singh Safir are poets of remarkable literary talent. Mohan Singh (born in 1905) made a promising start with his *Sayey Pattar*, *Kusumbra* and *Adhavatty*. He came to be justifiably recognized as the best of the younger poets. His later works, particularly *Kuch-such* published after partition, showed a strong left-wing bias where political emotion was given precedence over poetical form, but in his case, the first flush of Marxism soon settled down. He has again captured the spontaneous beauty of his earlier writing and if the standard of output continues, he may well become one of the greatest poets in the language. He has also been awarded with the literary award of Sahitya Akademi for his collection of poems.

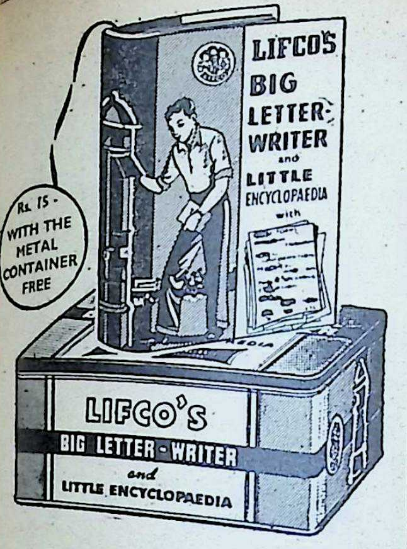
In Mohan Singh we have a conscious artist, who makes experiments, both in content and in form. In him symbols also change with the content of his verse. Faced with the modern men the poet employs symbols from the modern life and adopts a manner which would satisfy the more sophisticated demands of the new reader.

In one poem *Gori Vich Kalave* (Beauty in the Clasp) the poet ridicules fascism in strong terms. In another poem entitled *Jaidad* (Property) Mohan Singh has for his subject the Indian woman, who is looked upon as a private property by her people. She cannot have the person she likes, she cannot smile when she wants, she cannot open her lips when she wishes to speak.

Though Amrita Pritam started writing before the partition, she suddenly became famous on both sides of the Punjab because of her poem, written immediately after the partition and addressed to Waras Shah (a Sufi poet of Punjabi in the 18th century), who is a symbolic poet of undivided Punjab and favourite of all the different communities of the Punjab because of his immortal work *Heer Ranjha*, a popular love tale of the land. She asks Waras Shah to rise from his grave to see the havoc wrought in his homeland:

> O comforter of the sorrowing,
> Rise and see thy Punjab.
> Its fields are strewn with corpses,
> Blood runs in the Chenab;
> Our five rivers are poisoned,
> By the same hand that uses
> The poisoned water to irrigate the land.

Amrita Pritam has made very extensive use of symbols in her poetry, perhaps because she is a woman. A woman in our present-day society may not say all that she chooses to say. She has portrayed the emotional reactions of woman in various tragic situations—married to one, loving another, sold and bought in the



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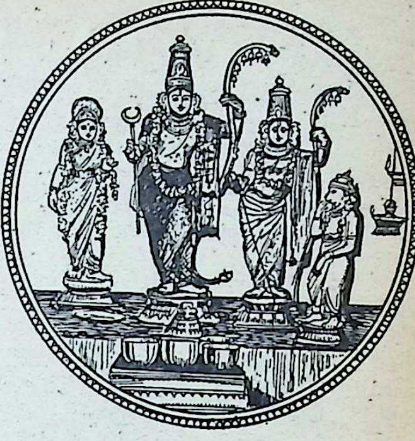

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market like the dumb cattle, and dishonoured by ruffians and disowned by her own people, socially oppressed and at the mercy of her master.

Amrita is known as a queen of lyrics, who expresses love, intense and passionate, real and human.

The Sahitya Akademi award for 1956 was conferred on her for her book of poems *Sunehare* (Messages) which was adjudged as the most outstanding book in Punjabi published during the preceding three years.

Pritam Singh Safir has written satires very successfully. The intellectual side of his poetry is much higher than any other contemporary poet.

As in other languages, so in Punjabi modern trends are there in poetry which defy the form, metre, rhyme and tend to become too obscure for the ordinary reader. But the poems written by Santokh Singh Dhir, Pyara Sindh Sahrai Prabhjot Kour and Bava Balwant have gained appreciation from readers as well as from critics. Sukhbir is a very promising young poet. Harnam Singh Naz, Mulk Raj Kamal, Shiv Kumar, Ishwar Chitrakar, are few more names who have enriched the modern Punjabi poetry by their new expressions, symbols and styles.

Awtar Singh Azad's name should also be mentioned in the field of epic poems. After his *Mard Amahgara*, *Vishwa Noor* is worth mentioning an epic based on the life of Guru Nanak.

Now we come to prose. The outstanding figure in Punjabi prose writing is Gurbaksh Singh. His book of essays *Sanvin Padhari Zindgi* established him as the best essayist and writer of Punjabi prose. Another big name in this field is Principal Teja Singh, who had given standard form to the prose writing of Punjabi. Other prominent essayists are Gurbachan Singh Talih, Kapoor Singh, Harichand Parashar and Dr. Mohan Singh.

Dr. Mohan Singh is the greatest critic of Punjabi literature. He has written a history of Punjabi literature and has made a critical study of old and modern Punjabi poetry. Post-Independence era has given a brilliant batch of young critics to Punjabi. Most of them are college-Professors and are in direct touch with the teaching of Punjabi language. Prof. S.S. Kohli, G.B. Singh, S.S. Narula, Gurcharan Singh, Kripal Singh Kasel, Parminder Singh, Vidya Bhaskar 'Arun' etc. have written books on the different aspects of literary progress in Punjabi.

● ● ●

In the post-Independence era Nanak Singh continues to be the most popular novelist of Punjabi language. After partition he has written about a dozen novels. His works are much concerned with spreading a message as social reforms. In his later novels he has taken almost every problem that the Punjab has faced. Communal riots, social injustice, religious exploitation and the current language problem of Punjab are the main subjects of his recent novels. His *Adam Khor* (Man-eater) is being translated into other Indian languages under the auspices of the Sahitya Akademi.

It is unfortunate that the tradition of Nanak Singh has not been kept in the same spirit in this field. As a whole, Punjabi has produced few writers of fiction of any significance. Two younger writers who may make good if they continue to improve are Surindar Singh Narula and Jaswant Singh Kanwal. The latter's *Puranmashi* is full of promise.

Amrita Pritam, the famous poetess has also written half a dozen novelettes. The central theme of all these novelettes is Indian woman and her social and emotional problems.

* * *

One form of creative writing in which Punjabi writers have achieved significant success is the art of short-story writing. In fact the Punjab has produced many top short-story writers, not only in Punjabi but Hindi, Urdu and English also. Top Hindi short-story writers like Yashpal, Upendra Nath Ashk, Chandra Gupta Vidyalankar, Urdu story writers like Krishna Chandra, Mantoo, Rajinder Singh Bedi and English writers like Mulk Raj Anand and Kushwant Singh, all hail from the Land of the Five Rivers!

Punjabi writers can handle short-story much more skilfully than bigger forms of fiction. The distinguishing features of these short stories are psychological build-up, dramatic and stylistic effects, non-dependence on plot and unity of atmospheric impression.

Kartar Singh Duggal, the leading writer of short stories, is considered to be the master of modern technique in short story-writing. He has published nearly two hundred short stories. He has also written novels dealing with the partition troubles, but these are collections of short stories strung together. His *Nahun Tey Mas* (Nail and Flesh) will remain a landmark in Punjabi fiction for some years to come.

Other successful short-story writers are Kulwant Singh Virk, Sujan Singh and Mahindar Singh Sarna. Amrita Pritam has also written a number of good stories in these days. Navtej, Santokh Singh Dhir, Gurnam Singh Tir, Surjit Singh Sethi, Sukhber Dilip Kour, Ajit Kaur, Rajinder Kour and Pritam Bailly are up and coming short story writers of Punjab.

* * *

The age of Punjabi theatre is only 45 years or so. It was started by Mrs. Nora Richards, the wife of Mr. P. E. Richards of Dayal Singh College, Lahore. At that time English plays were performed in the College dramatic clubs. She encouraged one of her pupils, Ishwar Chand Nanda, to write a play in Punjabi. She directed "The Bride" in 1913, the first Punjabi play. After that Nanda continued to write and stage the plays. His famous plays are *Lila Da Vyah* (Marriage of Lila) *Shámushán* and *Subhadra*, all full-length plays and *Jhalkarey* and *Lighkarey*, collections of one-act plays.

The Punjabi theatre did not have to travel the cycle of historical thrillers, mythological melodramas and dances to arrive finally at realistic prose plays. At its very inception it had a down-to-earth realism.

In the pre-Independence era Sant Singh Sekhon, Joshwa Fazal Din and Rafi Peer made an important contribution to Punjabi drama.

In the post-Independence era those who have made important contribution to Punjabi drama and stage are

Balwant Gargi, Harcharan Singh and Gurdial Singh Khosla. Balwant Gargi has written and staged many dramas. He has toured U.S.S.R. and Europe and has studied the stage technique there. Among his best known plays are *Loha-Kut* (The Blacksmith) and *Kesro*. The latter has been successfully staged in Delhi (in Punjabi) and in Poland (in translation).

Harcharan Singh, the most prolific playwright, started with his College dramatic club and has carried on for the last fifteen years. He has kept the flame of drama alive in college clubs where his dramas have often been staged.

The Delhi Art Theatre which produces realistic plays and operas has brought folk-melodies and rural speech with all their fire and colour on the stage. Among their best productions is *Heer Ranjha* by Sheila Bhatia. *Heer Ranjha*, the first opera in Punjabi, opens new avenues for dramatic expression.

* * *

Journalism in Punjabi language is still at a very poor level. We do not have a single first-rate daily paper or a standard weekly paper. Before Partition, Urdu was the state-language of the Punjab and most of the papers and magazines published by all the communities were in Urdu. Even after Independence, Urdu continues to dominate the journalistic field of the Punjab.

In the post-Independence era, the publication of Punjabi magazines has considerably increased. These magazines are of high literary calibre. Two publications of the Punjab Government *Punjabi Duniyan* and *Jagriti*, *Sahit Samachar* from Ludhiana, *Panj Darya* from Jullunder, *Kavita* from Amritsar, *Chetna* and *Arshi* from Delhi and *Jeewan* from Bombay are worth mentioning magazines.

But the most important name in all these magazines is of *Preet Lari* edited by the greatest prose writer of Punjabi, S. Gurbaksh Singh and his son Navtej Singh. *Preet Lari* has been successful in creating taste for Punjabi magazines in Punjabi-speaking intelligentsia. But still much has to be done in this field.

* * *

As far as the future of the Punjabi literature is concerned, we can have better hopes. With the spread of literacy, acceptance of Punjabi script by different sections, eradication of communal feelings, better conditions for writers and official help, will put the Punjabi literature on the path of rapid progress.

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ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1032

Mr. "X".

Q: *I became a victim of persons who practise occult sciences since 15 years. They are exploiting my vital energies and without my knowledge. All my youthful days I spent in most painful manner, not knowing these exploitations.*

Please let me know what these occult sciences are and how to prevent their operation.

A: (1) In fact, there are no occult sciences. There are only persons who claim to know occult practices. These practices do not affect a man's life or health, except through his fear-complex. It is only when a man comes to know that occult practices are being put in operation against him that his fear sense becomes mobilised and he suffers in health and mind. The reason is that his mind is not able to stand up to the threat that these practices are going to destroy him.

(2) The only way to prevent the operation of these occult practices is:

(i) To broaden our mind by acquiring knowledge that these practices have no scientific efficacy but work only through fear.

(ii) To eliminate the fear-sense in this respect by developing a resisting force against fear.

(3) Fear sense cannot be eliminated by merely thinking that we should not be afraid. It can be done by an ordinary man only by seeking the support of someone who would enable him to develop it; for, the emotions and the spirit must be marshalled to acquire resisting faith.

(4) There are many ways to secure this aim, depending upon our mental make-up:

(a) We may find a *guru* in whom we have confidence, and if he gives us blessings or some symbol of strength, then we can develop resistance to the fear sense;

(b) we may go on a pilgrimage or to a shrine in which we have complete faith;

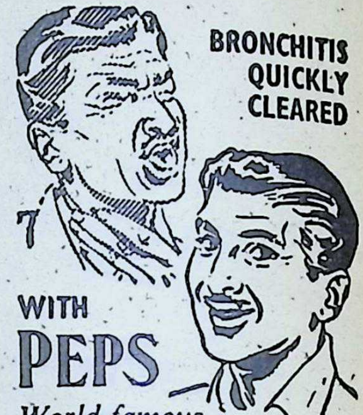
(c) we may do *japa*. There is '*mrityunjaya japa*' a *japa* which has the efficacy of avoiding death. Sankaracharya has composed many hymns for such purpose. Repetition of *Sivakavacha* and a Shakti hymn has the same purpose.

(5) However, essentially, these are only means to develop faith in God as a resisting force to fear sense. The best way, therefore, would be to develop a sense of surrender to God, leaving ourselves completely in His hands, acting only as a *nimitta matra* or instrument. In this way we will draw to ourselves the strength of God, which will help us to resist fear.

(6) This faith comes by constant practice to leave ourselves in the hands of God, performing our daily work as well as we can do it. We can adopt any of the methods that appeals to individual tastes and needs, but the central point is to develop faith in God as a resisting force to fear sense.

(7) Your statement that you spent your youthful days in the most painful manner, even without your knowing that occult practices were being put in operation against you, is just an imagination. There must have been other reasons, why you spent your youthful days in this manner.

One thing you must learn. Occult practices have no effect unless you know that they are being worked against you and you get into a fright and develop a feeling that your destruction is inevitable. Therefore, *get out of the habit of being frightened.*



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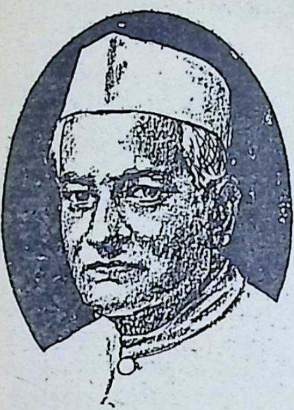

PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

N. SALIVATEESWARAN

AS an appreciation of my first class coverage of the Calcutta session of the Indian National Congress presided over by Pandit Motilal Nehru, I was deputed to the Capital of India as the Parliamentary correspondent. There was then a galaxy of stars in the Central Legislative Assembly: Motilal Nehru, Malaviya, Jinnah, Jayakar, Rangaswami Iyengar, Purshotamdas Thakurdas, G.D. Birla, Jamnadas Mehta and others, the cream of India. Pandit Motilal attracted me most. I met him very frequently and had an opportunity to study him at close quarters.

By years of legal training and very wide knowledge of Constitutional law, Pandit Motilal Nehru was a superb parliamentarian and a political strategist of a very high order. He became a terror to the Treasury Bench during his brief career in the Central Legislative Assembly as the Leader of the Opposition between the years of 1924 and 1930. He and Vithalbhai Patel formed in the Assembly a formidable combination, defeated the Britishers in their own game and severely exposed the utter hollowness of the British claim that their administration in India had the consent and support of the people. There were no diarchy or transferred subjects in the Centre under the Montford Reforms. But the Pandit had the demand for grants thrown out and the Government had to resort to certification and ordinances to carry on the administration.

Pandit Motilal Nehru had only forty-five members with him in a House of 145. But he led a very well-disciplined party which helped him to inflict defeat after defeat on the Government and thwart its black legislative measures. He often brought the Government to a stand-still by his deep knowledge of Constitutional law and Parliamentary practice, raising a point of order at every step. When he was on his legs, the members of the Treasury Bench would actually quiver and tremble in their shoes. On whom would the tiger jump this time? Not all "the king's soldiers" including the legal luminaries and constitutional experts belonging to the Government could argue with or reply to him on the legal issues raised.

I still remember vividly the days when he waged a glorious battle with the Government on a Bill which sought to restrict the liberty of the people to form associations and give political education to the masses. It was called Public Safety Bill or Bolsheviks Removal Bill. It sought to sabotage the growth of nationalism and contained objectionable provisions for the removal from British India of persons, Indians as well as foreigners undermining the security of the nation. Nationalist India saw in the Bill a clear encroachment on the fundamental and cherished rights of the people.

When the Bill came up for consideration on September 6, 1928, Pandit Motilal Nehru raised a point of order and objected to the motion being taken up on that day. He said that as per rules copies of the Bill were not made available for the use of the members three clear days before the motion was made and, under the standing orders, the Bill could not be taken up if any one member objected to it on the ground of insufficient notice and the President could not suspend the standing order concerned, once an objection was raised. The Government members argued that the Bill had been published in the Government Gazette weeks ago. Motilal Nehru said that the publication of the Bill in the Gazette could not dispense with the objection laid by the standing orders, and the matter was not urgent to suspend the standing orders. The Chair upheld the point of order and ruled that the motion could not be made on that day.

On September 10, Sir James Crerar, the then Home Member again moved the motion for consideration. Pandit Motilal again raised another point of order that the Bill was *ultra vires* under Section 65, Sub-section 2, last paragraph of the Government of India Act as the Bill aimed at the exclusion of His Majesty's British subjects, European subjects in addition to Indian subjects without any trial or conviction from any part of British India. The Assembly was not competent to legislate on the British residents in India. The Chair wanted time to study Pandit Nehru's point of order but allowed consideration of the Bill to be taken up in the meanwhile. The Government carried the motion by a majority of 62 to 59 votes to refer the Bill to a Select Committee on 15th September with instruction to report within a week's time. On September 24, Crerar moved the Bill as reported by the Select Committee be taken up for consideration. After an exciting debate the House divided and the result of the voting was a tie, 61 'Ayes' and 61 'Noes'. Patel, who was then ready with his ruling on Motilal's point of order simply gave his casting vote against the Government and declared the Bill lost.

The Government again revived the Bill in a more drastic and rigorous form when the next session commenced. For the third time Crerar moved on February 4, 1929 the Public Safety Bill be considered and referred to Select Committee with instructions to report on or before 28th February. Pandit Motilal characterised the Bill as a direct attack on the

Indian National Congress. It aimed at cutting off India from all other countries. On February 28, Government moved that the Bill as reported by the Select Committee be taken up for consideration.

Just one week earlier, Government raided a number of places all over India and arrested 31 persons under section 121 of the Indian Penal Code, and the cases against them were filed before the Magistrate in Meerut. On February 21, Pandit Motilal Nehru moved an adjournment motion to discuss the wholesale raids, arrests in several parts of India of public workers belonging to the labour unions youth-leagues and peasant organisations, all lawful bodies. Government opposed the adjournment motion on the ground that it could not be discussed without infringing the issues before the Court. The Chair ruled that as Pandit Motilal sought to discuss only the policy underlying the wholesale arrests and not the merits of the cases, the adjournment motion was in order and fixed time for taking up. The Governor-General immediately disallowed any discussions on the adjournment motion as it was detrimental to the public interest.

When Crerar made his motion on February 28, Patel asked the Government how the House could now discuss the Bill pending the disposal of the Meerut case as the grounds of the prosecution and the Bill were the same. He had received a notice of an adjournment motion from V.V. Jogiah (father of V.V. Giri), belonging to Motilal Nehru's party. As he was not impressed with Crerar's reply, the President adjourned the House till the 2nd of April. He privately gave Government his advice to postpone consideration of the Bill pending the conclusion of the Meerut trial. The Government declined to accept Mr. Patel's advice. On April 11, President Patel ruled the Bill out of order. The Government's move was thus again killed.

What an uproar, Motilal Nehru's adjournment motions and Patel's rulings created in those days in India and England. The Secretary of State for India was furious that the civilians who were running the administration in Delhi in those days found themselves unable to meet the onslaught of Pandit Motilal. More than one, however, confessed that Pandit Motilal, the Leader of the Opposition, was the only white patch in the vortex ring of the Legislative Assembly. He gained the reputation as the "Aristocrat of the Assembly".

In private life, Pandit Motilal was extremely kind and generous. He was deeply attached to his family, wife, son, daughters, daughter-in-law and grand daughter. The history of our freedom movement would have been different if the British authorities had not committed the folly of arresting his ailing daughter-in-law, Mrs. Kamala Nehru in 1930, when he had just outlined certain dignified terms for a settlement of the Indian problem to a British Labourite. He would have attended the Round Table Conference and brought about a settlement in 1930 if the British civilian clique in Delhi had not "conspired" against him, seeking vengeance. He became bitter when Kamala Nehru was sentenced to a term of imprisonment and said no compromise settlement of the Indian issue except on the basis of complete Independence.

Pandit Motilal had great admiration

for the Public School system of education prevailing in England. That was why he sent his son to Harrows.

Pandit Motilal's relations with Gandhiji were very cordial in spite of violent clashes on policy matters. Gandhiji too had great regard for his intellectual equipment. He loved and respected him as his elder brother, Motilal being senior to him by eight years. At the same time both cracked jokes at each other's expense as both had a fund of humour.

Once Motilal came to Ahmedabad to attend a Congress Working Committee meeting. At Mahatma Gandhi's suggestion he was put up with a rich millowner of Ahmedabad who is fortunately still alive, while most of the other members were housed in the Ashram. After a night's rest at the millowner's, Pandit Motilal drove to Sabarmati Ashram, to meet Gandhiji next morning. The Mahatma welcomed him warmly and in the end, with a twinkle in his eyes asked Panditji whether he had a "comfortable" night. Motilal smiled and thanked him for putting him up with such a host and added that he had some choicest drinks which his host had got down from Bombay city. Gandhiji had a roaring laughter. Panditji too laughed and retailed an incident that took place in Nainital in 1926.

He said that he was on his electioneering campaign. It was a cold evening and after addressing a few meetings he was tired and felt like having a drink. He looked round and round and at last got hold of a "Gandhiite" with a white cap. For old times' sake he asked him to produce a drink. He said that he had given up drinking and he no more stocked liquor with him.

Motilal proceeded that he cajoled and coaxed him and at last the Gandhiite came out with a bottle. They both settled down for their drink!

With gesticulations Motilal added: "Believe me Mahatmaji; before I had one glass the "no changer" emptied one whole bottle. That is your prohibition".

Gandhiji burst into a hilarious laughter in which all those present joined. He told his secretary that Panditji was in excellent mood and let them go on with the Working Committee. Some historic resolutions were passed at this meeting with Pandit Motilal Nehru's full co-operation, Panditji himself narrated this anecdote later in Delhi to my late Chief, A. Rangaswami Iyengar who was his right-hand man in the Assembly.

Pandit Motilal Nehru's motto was. "To rebel is a man's right".

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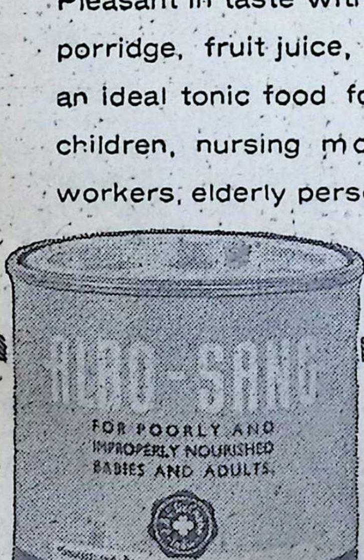
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Tapasvini

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

CHAPTER 86

A Little Escapade

SHEELA was terrified. She wondered who could have stolen the letter written by Uday under the pseudonym of 'Poet.' It could have been only Ranchhodji, and he surely could not have done it without Radharaman's orders. What could have been his intention?

Surely there must be some limit to meanness and cruelty! She had sacrificed herself to serve this helpless man. She was at his beck and call practically twenty-four hours of the day. Was this her reward that he should steal a letter of hers?

A idea came to her suddenly. Perhaps Radharaman wanted to show that although he knew of this letter, he was prepared to forgive her out of the generosity of his heart, and thus overwhelm her under a sense of helplessness. But she doubted if even he was monstrous enough to play a trick of this nature.

When Sheela saw Radharaman on the following day, she found a marked change in him. He signalled her to come close. As soon as she was within reach of his arm, he grabbed her hand and took it to his eyes. Then still holding her hand captive in his, he said in a soft, cringing voice, "Sheela, you are indeed a wonderful woman! No one but you would have done what you are doing for me. Who could have the generosity to put up with such a cripple? There is indeed no limit to your self-sacrifice. You are my life-line and I am totally dependent upon you. I do not know how long I shall continue to make you miserable."

"But why has it become necessary for you to speak in this manner? What-

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

RAWA TRIPATHY (RAVI):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

SHEELA :—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

UDAY SOLANKI :—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

RAJBA :—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

MAJIBA:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

HANSKUNVERBA :—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

SAMAR SINH :—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

ROWJI SHETH :—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

BHAGWANDAS :—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

NIRMALABEN:—His wife.

JAGJIVAN :—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

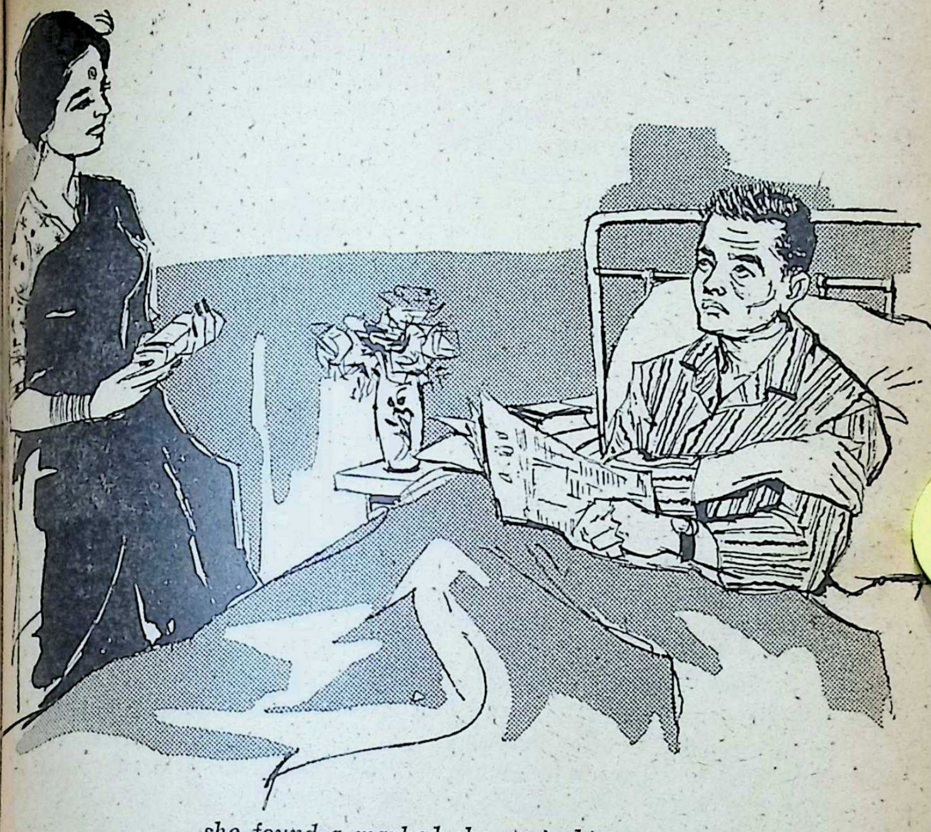
Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

Uday returns home from Europe and is soon followed by Sheela and Radharaman. The latter who knew of Sheela's attachment to Uday keeps a watchful eye on her and employs Ranchhodji to spy upon them both. Gandhiji starts the Salt Satyagraha and the entire Bombay joins the movement.

ever I am doing, I am doing it as my duty. When people marry, it is not merely for the pleasure they get out of it; they become partners both in happiness and in misery." Sheela intervened thus, in the hope that she might stop Radharaman from saying anything more. She was convinced, however, that all this was an act put on for her benefit, and his sole object was to make her more unhappy. She saw that he was watching her closely to see what effect his words were having on her.

Radharaman continued: "Sheela, you must accept one request of mine. Do not keep anything from me. Tell me without hesitation anything that you might have on your mind, anything that might be worrying you. You may certainly go out whenever you feel like it; you cannot stay cooped up all the time, for, after all, I am destined to be bed-ridden for the rest of my



...she found a marked change in him....

ife. In what words can I express my gratitude to you?"

"Please, do not agitate yourself; you will make yourself ill. Why do you worry about these matters? I assure you that I am in no way unhappy or troubled."

"But when I see you looking so sad and anxious, I feel extremely miserable," said Radharaman. To Sheela, his eyes seemed to betray not kindness but hatred.

"Why should I have any worries?" asked Sheela.

Evading a reply, Radharaman said, "You might like to go and see Majiba and, if she agrees, take Raj out for a walk. Why is Uday not coming to see me?"

It was easy for Sheela to see that these questions were not meant to be kindly; they were only intended to satisfy his sadistic nature. She prayed silently within herself. "Dear God, when will you release me from this misery?"

After Radharaman fell asleep, Sheela returned to her room, when she was able to give in to her feelings. She burst into tears and continued to cry for a long time. There was no way out of it all except to kill herself. She had been frequently tempted to seek this way out but the idea of the pain it would cause Uday deterred her. Besides, being human, she lived in the hope that better days might come, when she and Uday could be happy! She knew that this was just wishful thinking but it was still a possibility, and that sustained her spirit.

Later, when she went down, she found Radharaman and Ranchhodji whispering to each other. She tried to retrace her steps as soon as she realised that they had stopped talking, but Radharaman called out to her, "Sheela, do come in. There is no secret from you. Come, give me your hand, dearest."

"May I now go, Sir?" enquired Ranchhodji.

"No, wait a minute. Ring up Uday and tell him to come and see me. Poor chap, he keeps so busy that he has no time even to come to me. He is really doing me credit as my pupil. Some solicitors who had come to see me this morning were loud in their praise of him." Slowly and in a feeble voice but with a sure aim Radharaman released his arrow and saw that it found its target in Sheela's heart.

Sheela knew that Radharaman was watching her like a hawk. She blushed and her lips began to tremble. She was extremely angry and felt like asking, "What do you want? Why are you so cruel, so pitiless?" But she controlled herself and without a word, she turned towards the table on which the medicine bottles were kept and began rearranging them.

Ranchhodji returned soon afterwards and reported that Uday Solanki had joined the Congress that very morning, and had just gone to address a large meeting at Chowpatty.

"What? Has Uday joined the Civil Disobedience Movement? He will then be imprisoned, won't he be?"

Sheela could not help letting her anxiety manifest itself.

"Sheela, this is very unfortunate," said Radharaman. "I wonder why he decided upon this course? Why does he want to leave his work and follow in the footsteps of Gandhi? You had better go and persuade him not to."

Sheela was fiercely angry at the suggestion that anything she might say would weigh with Uday. "Why should I go? Should not brave men sacrifice themselves when the struggle for the freedom of their country is on?"

Immediately, Sheela was sorry that she had spoken. She was afraid that her husband might be seriously upset. Instead, when she looked at him, she found his eyes glowing with malicious pleasure. She walked out of the room and as soon as she reached hers, she allowed her tears to flow again.

Later, when she was composed, she called for her car and had herself driven to Chowpatty. She joined the large crowd and listened to Uday's speech with enthusiasm.

"This," she heard him conclude, "is the test for our country. We must be prepared to sacrifice everything we have. Then alone will it be possible for us to shake the foundations of the British Empire by our non-violent resistance. Tomorrow morning at seven we should all meet here. I invite you all to join me in making salt."

The crowd burst into loud cheers and applauded. "Victory to Mahatma Gandhi," shouted the multitude repeatedly, carried away by enthusiasm; the young boys, not to be outdone, sang various songs decrying the Salt Act.

"My Uday, my hero!" Sheela murmured to herself. She felt proud of Uday and was delighted to see him being garlanded and listened to attentively by the enormous crowd. In her enthusiasm, Sheela had completely forgotten her worries and unhappiness. Rumours had been afloat that it was Government's intention to punish those who took part in the Civil Disobedience Movement by deporting them to some island off the Arabian coast. If there was any truth in this rumour, that would mean that she would not again have the pleasure of even seeing Uday.

When she returned home, she saw a car waiting outside her house. She saw that the doors of Radharaman's room were firmly shut and the nurse was standing outside. This surprised Sheela and she asked herself what private consultations could be going on inside the room that even the nurse had to be sent out. She did not stop to enquire and went straight to her room. Why should she worry herself about Radharaman's visitors? When later she went to see Radharaman, she found that he was in great good humour.

"Just guess, Sheela, who came to see me today?" asked Radharaman with a smile.

"How can I guess?"

"Maharani Saheb of Manigadh and Rowji Sheth. They want you to do something for them." Radharaman looked at her with eyes from which he could scarcely conceal his hatred.

"What can that be?"

"They want Uday to give her an affidavit to the effect that he had witnessed a trust deed. It is all quite simple."

"How does that affect me?"

"If I were to ask Uday to do it, he may not listen to me. If you ask him, perhaps he would do it."

Radharaman spoke in the cringing manner which had almost become second nature with him in his infirmity. Sheela could see from his eyes that he was deriving much amusement from the embarrassment that he was causing her. She became angry and her first impulse was to leave the room. She was now convinced that it was Radharaman who had arranged for the Poet's letter to be stolen from her cupboard, and his reference to Uday and her friendship with him was meant to carry that implication.

"What have I to do with Uday? It is for you and your pupil to do as you think proper. I must leave you now."

So far as this man was concerned, Sheela said to herself, nothing counted—duty, devotion, self-control, sacrifice, all were meaningless to him. Although he knew that he could not live without her, he appeared to be wanting to live only in order to be able to torture her mentally and take delight in watching her misery.

Sheela was as disgusted with her own cowardice as she was angry with her husband. She was prepared to make the life of the brave man whom she loved miserable for the sake of this vindictive, helpless cripple. She had no courage to escape from this living hell. Despite the desperate situation in which she found herself, the very thought of Uday brought a little ray of joy in her mind.

She sent for some food in her room and after eating a little, took some sleeping tablets and lay down to sleep. Before she did that, she instructed the chauffeur to bring round the car at 6 o'clock in the morning.

The next morning she went to Chowpatty to witness the satyagrahis' making of illicit salt. Thousands of people had assembled. Bheem was in charge of the volunteers. The whole atmosphere was filled with shouts of "Victory to Mahatma Gandhiji". Everything was ready for the procession to start.

Sheela forgot all her personal problems. The atmosphere was infectious. Ravi had seen her getting out of her car and so had arranged that the Congress volunteers should help her to come close to the centre.

A little later, Uday dressed in khadi with a khadi shawl round his shoulders, walked towards them, carrying the sea water in an earthen pot. His forehead was covered with auspicious red marks. He was almost smothered with garlands.

When he arrived, a number of women volunteers dressed in saffron-coloured saris surrounded him and started singing national songs, while Gangu ran hither and thither, full of enthusiasm and joy. Sheela also was full of happiness.

A volunteer handed her a garland which she took and rushed towards Uday. As she tremblingly put it round his neck, she said to herself, "I may marry him in my next birth, but I must thank God that in this birth He has given me this opportunity." It seemed to her she was garlanding her chosen husband! She had sufficient control over herself, however, to put a stop to such mad ideas and was happy to hear Uday say he was glad she had come.

The procession soon formed itself with Uday leading it. At every few steps, people came forward to garland him, while flowers and petals were showered upon him from windows. The crowd became bigger.

The procession moved slowly along the Girgaum Back Road, and from there to Bhuleshwar and on to Kalbadevi. Shopkeepers took special delight in offering garlands and cocoanuts. There was no end to the shouting of slogans.

At last, the procession reached the Esplanade Square, later known as Azad Maidan. The volunteers formed a circle around where the principal participants stood. Two or three volunteers lit a fire and on it was put a container. Gangu took the pot from Uday's hand and poured the sea water in the container.

Meantime, a European Superintendent of Police came up to Uday.

"Good morning, Mr. Solanki. Are you making salt?"

"Yes, I am," replied Uday, with a smile.

"I have a warrant to arrest you."

"By all means. Carry on."

Uday folded his hands and bade goodbye to the crowd with the words "Vande Mataram," and to Sheela standing nearby, he whispered, "Sheela, good bye."

Shouts of "Victory to Uday Solanki" came from every side, interspersed by the more vociferous shouts of "Victory to Mahatma Gandhiji."

The police van drove away with Uday in the midst of cheers from thousands of people.

Ravi asked Sheela if she would care to come to the Congress House.

"I will certainly do so in the evening. Just now, I propose to go and see Majiba." It was as if Sheela was publicly challenging Radharaman.

"As soon as these people disperse and I am able to get away, I shall come there. Meantime, please give also Rajba an account of what has happened so far."

"Certainly," said Sheela, who found her car and went away.

The police soon dispersed the crowd. The earthen pot and the stove were confiscated. A cheeky young boy shouted "Fie, fie unto the police." The crowd allowed itself to be dispersed in good humour.

Sheela felt happy. It was as if all her chains had been snapped at one blow. She went to Majiba and told her and Rajba the whole story of the morning's happenings. She then accompanied Rajba who was going to the police station carrying some food, books and a bedding for Uday.

They found Uday all by himself in the lock-up, busy writing. He greeted Sheela warmly and without any hesitation put his arm round her shoulders.

They waited there until Uday finished his meal. After taking Rajba home, Sheela went back to her house. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon by the time she arrived there.

Ranchhodji, who was waiting for her, said, "Saheb has been waiting impatiently for you."

"Yes," the nurse confirmed, "he had to be given some sleeping tablets and made to sleep somehow."

"Very well, I shall have something to eat first. Please send for me when he wakes up." Sheela went up the steps with an enthusiasm which she had not felt for a long time.

She came down around four in the afternoon when Radharaman had woken up.

"Where have you been, Sheela?"

"I had accompanied Rajba to the lock-up where Uday is in custody to give him his food," replied Sheela. There was an unusual warmth in her voice.

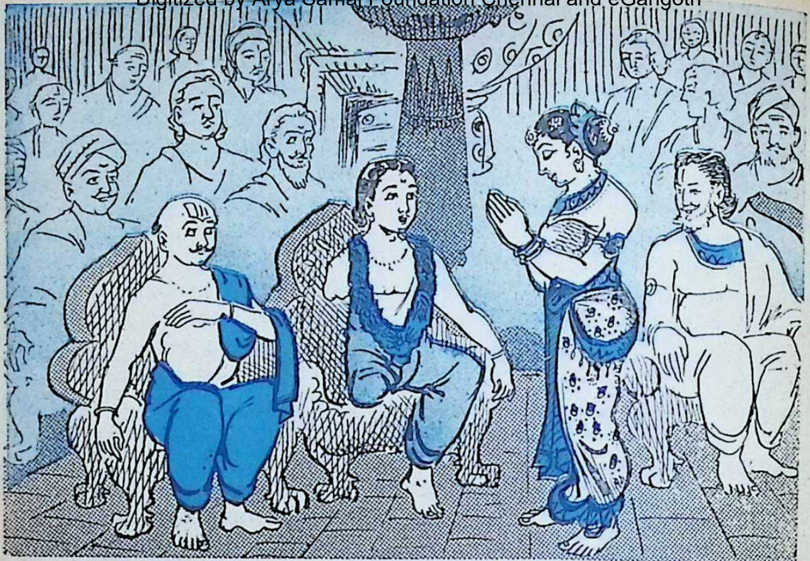
"But, Sheela, you were away since early morning!" remarked Radharaman in a tearful voice. This sound had begun so to grate upon Sheela that she could hardly bear to hear it.

"Did you think I was going to run away?" asked Sheela bitterly.

"When you are not here, my mind is full of strange thoughts. Come, sit down and give me your hand. So, Uday will now be imprisoned. He will presumably be tried tomorrow, won't he?"

"Yes, when the court opens tomorrow."

(*Continued on page 66*)



Story of King Pururavas

Pushpa Makes her Choice

PRINCESS PUSHPA found herself listening to the story of her maid, if only to hide her embarrassment.

Said the maid: "O, Princess! There once ensued a quarrel between a King and his Queen about their daughter. The King wanted to give his daughter to his nephew while the Queen wanted to give her to her own nephew. They awaited a suitable opportunity to carry out their own plans.

"But Brahma had his own plan. He had willed that the girl should marry a cripple! So all the Devas watched with wonder how things would shape.

"One day the Queen dressed her daughter in marriage-attire and confining her in a trunk left it in the open quadrangle to be carried as a luggage to her brother's place. Just then a huge Garuda came that way and thinking that the trunk contained eatables, carried the trunk in its beak to the utter horror of the Queen-mother.

"The Garuda deposited the trunk in a jungle where a cripple was leading a secluded life. When the cripple saw the trunk, he opened it and out came the Princess who, according to her mother's instruction, threw the garland around the shoulders of the man who opened the box. Thus did Destiny fulfil itself. At the intercession of the Devas, however, the cripple was restored to normal stature and thus did the two lead a happy life."

When the maid ended her story, a warm smile played on the lips of Pushpa, who, meditating on her favourite family deity, whirled the garland across in the sky, praying that it might land on the shoulders of the man of her heart.

As it landed on the shoulders of Cripple Ananda who crouched in a corner, all eyes turned on him. Imagine the surprise and unspeakable woe on the face of one and all! The entire assembly pitied the Princess and many hoped she would alter her decision.

When the result of the *Swayamvara* was conveyed to the King and he came to know that the person so chosen was the shepherd whom he had convicted and maimed for house-breaking at his own palace, he swooned.

By the time he had regained consciousness, the Queen mother came from the zenana and fell at his feet weeping. She had to be carried away for pacification.

But Princess Pushpa, for her part, coolly walked to the side of the man whom Destiny had chosen for her and stood by his side in respectful readiness for his orders. That he was crippled and maimed did not alter her will.

King Daivata sent for his Ministers and advisers and asked their advice as to what he should do with his daughter and her choice of husband under the circumstances.

The King's advisers after deeply considering all the relevant facts said: "Lord! If the fate of the girl happens to be so, there is no point in trying to either frustrate her or unnecessarily troubling ourselves. Did not Mother Janaki after marrying the great Sri Rama suffer fourteen years of life in the forest? But when you realise that Sita's exile was instrumental in the destruction of Ravana, you will see reason in what is happening to your daughter also. Under the circumstances, all of us are inclined to advise you to support your daughter in whatever she does."

Princess Pushpa who had been the silent witness to all these consultations felt considerably vexed that her father should, by his actions, make light of her choice and what was worse, put her husband whom she had just chosen to indignity.

Unable to bear any further vexation, she went to the King and said: "Enough of your consultations. I do not like to remain a minute longer at a place where my husband and myself are not respected. We would rather go to the forest and live on the leaves and fruits of trees rather than live in the luxury of an unwanted kingdom."

Saying this she undid all her valuable ornaments and distributed them among the poor folk, in the presence of her royal father, and taking leave of her parents went and stood by the side of her lord, awaiting his instructions as to what she should do further.

The shepherd Ananda saw the Princess standing beside him, and looking at her pitiful plight, asked: "Madam, are you right in throwing the garland around the neck of a person who has been convicted of felony and who, for that reason, has been maimed of his leg and hand? I may tell you this: everybody is apt to make a mistake. I exonerate you fully from the mistake you did in throwing the garland round my neck. You may very kindly choose a suitable husband and marry him."

On hearing this, Princess Pushpa burst into tears and falling at the feet of the shepherd, clung to them passionately.

The philanthropic businessman who was Ananda's host was silently witnessing this drama. As he found himself unable to bear the emotional strain on the part of both, he took the initiative and addressing Ananda said: "My dear friend, you need not worry about anything. My house and my hospitality are hereafter open to both yourself and the Princess. I request you both, therefore, to proceed there straightaway."

On hearing this the Princess said: "Sir while I am very much beholden to you for your kind offer, I would recall my pledge just taken, namely that I would neither stay for a minute longer in the kingdom of an unwelcome King nor be ever away from my husband."

The philanthropic businessman was chagrined to hear the Princess so adamant on her decision.

Therefore, he made immediate arrangements for carrying them together on a palanquin to outskirts of the city where he half-heartedly left them together to their own fate and returned home.

[*To be continued*]

TAPASVINI—*Contd.*

"I am told that Satyagrahi leaders are to be deported to some island off the Arabian coast," Sheela remarked after a pause. She saw that this information gave Radharaman considerable satisfaction.

"After all, we cannot expect the British Government to take all these things lightly!" rejoined Radharaman.

"Neither can we help it. I am going now to Majiba to see how she is bearing up. She is very unhappy at Uday's arrest."

For some time Sheela had given up referring to Uday by name. Now she had decided that there was no reason for her to be so cowardly. He was her hero. He was a part of her life. This was as clear as daylight.

She ignored Radharaman's silent entreaty and went off to visit Majiba and then to Congress House.

[*To be continued*]

Notes & News

BHAVAN'S DAKOR COLLEGE

SRI BHIMSEN SACHAR paid a visit to the Bhavan's College at Dakor on the 23rd of last month. He was accorded a warm welcome by the Members of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Gujarat Kendra.

In his address, the Governor expressed the opinion that education should aim at the all-round development of human personality. Intellectual development alone would not suffice to solve the burning problems of the day. He urged the students to realise the importance of human values like love and tolerance. Students, he said, should live up to the permanent values preached by such great men as Gandhiji, Shivaji and Tulsidas.

While proposing a vote of thanks, Dr. C. M. Mehta, Principal of the College drew the attention of the students to the unpleasant fact that the study of science had made us doubt certain spiritual values. The students, he said, would do well to emulate the great sages of the past and imbibe spiritual values.

GOKUL ASHTAMI

GOKUL ASHTAMI was celebrated with a programme of Bhajan and Devotional Songs before a big gathering at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan on the 23rd August, 1962. After Puja by the Sanskrit Pathashala students, a programme of Bhajans and Devotional Songs was rendered by Sri Kantilal Patanwalla, Sri Purshottam Upadhyaya, Sri and Smt. Ajit Sheth and Sri Rameshbhai Raval. Smt. Lilavati Munshi who presided thanked the artistes and all those who participated.

Sir K. M. Vakil

BHAVAN'S LOSS

IN the sad and untimely demises of Sri K. M. Vakil and Sri W. R. Natu the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has lost two great friends and well-wishers.

Sri Kantilal M. Vakil, who passed away on the 3rd of this month at the age of 58, had been a Member of the Governing Council of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan for several years as also a Trustee of the Kabibai and Hansraj Morarji Trust. He had been a Judge of the Bombay City Civil Court.

Sri Natu who passed away on the 23rd of last month had been a Member of the Governing Body of the Bhavan's College. Rising from a Professorship at the Sydenham College of Commerce, Sri Natu became Economic and Statistical Adviser to the Union Government, Joint Secretary to the Central Ministry of Food and Agriculture, Executive Director for India on the IMF, Chairman of the Forward Markets Commission and lastly Textile Commissioner, in 1960.

To Kulapati Munshiji their passing away is a personal loss.

Sri W. R. Natu

SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD: TIRUCHIRAPALLI KENDRA

CERTIFICATES and prizes to the candidates who were successful in the various examinations in Sanskrit conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in March last were distributed on 22nd of last month at National College premises, Tiruchirappali. Out of the two hundred students who appeared for the Saral Sanskrit examination, 20 have secured the place of distinction.

VIDWAT SADAS AT ILAYATHAKUDI

HIS HOLINESS JAGADGURU SRI SANKARACHARYA of Kancheepuram has proposed to hold a 'Vidwat Sadas' from the 13th of this month for about twelve days at Ilayathakudi, Ramanathapuram District in Madras State where he presently camps. The Vidwat Sadas is being conducted in memory of the immortal sage Vyasa under the auspices of the Kamakoti Peetha. Scholars and artistes from all over the country and neighbouring countries will be participating as usual. This year, with a view to the moral and ethical uplift of the common masses, it is proposed to include in the Sadas expositions of regional vernacular classics. This programme will entail an additional expenditure of about Rs. 50,000/-. Sri Sankaracharya Swami Mutt at Kancheepuram has requested the governments of different states to make liberal grants towards the expenses of the Sadas and suggest the names of suitable scholars to participate in the Sadas.

SRI BHUVANESHWARI

A SHRINE for Goddess Bhuvaneshwari, the first of its kind in South India, was recently consecrated at Pudukkotta, in Tamil Nad. The Mahakumbhabhishekam on June 6 was followed by daily Chandi Homam for 45 days and Satha-Chandi Mahayagnam and Rudra Ekadasa Japam on the last day, when the Mandalabhishekam for the deity was performed. The $5\frac{1}{2}$-foot stone idol in the sitting posture is a piece of superb workmanship, full of grace and beauty, truly worthy of the Mother Divine.

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OUR BOOK SHELF

IN QUEST OF GOD. By Swami Ramdas. Pages 168. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Price: Rs. 2.

STORIES AS TOLD BY SWAMI RAMDAS. Pages 195. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Price: Rs. 2.

SWAMI RAMDAS represents the life of a Jnani and Bhakta combined, with a devotion to the good of the world. In the volume *In Quest of God*, he records his experiences with great insight and in fine prose. We see in all his long life of pilgrimage to almost all the sacred shrines of India, the guidance of the hand of Rama the Lord. He practises and preaches to his disciples at the Anandashram 'to practise the presence of God' in all they do. The supreme factor for securing spiritual realization is the *grace* of the Lord secured through *bhakti, vairagya* and *satsanga*. He believes in *ekanta* and the *ananya bhakti* of a *prapanna*, complete, unreserved, conscious self-surrender without the desire for anything else except the bliss of *Moksha*. This alone can help us to attain *sama drishti* and *samyag jnana*. He develops the concept of God with a conviction unsurpassed that He is essentially love. *Prema bhakti* is the acme and the best examples of it are the Gopis of Brindavan. The method to attain this end is *Divine Name*. He believes in the method of the repetition of the Lord's *nama*. In *Kali Yuga* there is no better way to attain the Lord than *nama sankirtan*. He believes in *bhajana* of his disciples. In him we find the equation of *Parabhakti* and *jnana*. He is not selfish in keeping to himself the vision he has seen and the voice he has heard, for he believes in sharing it with all. He has made Anandashram for the last 30 years the home of bliss for the spiritual aspirant. The reflections of the Swamiji in his pilgrimage are worth our attention and we get a glimpse of the ever-burning faith in the hand of God in the turn of all the events of his life. His journey in the Himalayas is arresting and gives us an insight into the spiritual life of the Swamiji. His life in short is a commentary on the famous verses of the *Gita* IX-22, XVIII-56, one of which is printed on the first page. The book carries a useful glossary of Sanskrit terms, a useful map and an index.

In the second book Swami Ramdas has given us some 108 stories in the form of parables. These stories were either read or heard by Ramdas. They are all short and sweet in their quality. Each has a little neat moral. They provide instruction and delight. They are models of short stories and put us in mind of the parables of Jesus, Buddha and the Upanishads. They give enlightenment to the spirit of man. The stories touch on most of the topics of religion and the spiritual life of man.

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It is rich fare and a rewarding experience to read them. We have great thoughts in simple language at the end of each story which are worth pondering. The two books under review give us the gospel and the message of Hinduism and we hear in it the voice of eternity ringing across ages and see the ineffable vision of God that floats down the endless stream of time. Ramdas is one of those adventurers who has caught the voice and seen the vision and transmitted it to us.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

ANCIENT INDIAN CULTURE AT A GLANCE. By Swami Tattwananda. Published by Oxford Book Company, Calcutta-16 & New Delhi-1. 1962. Price: Rs. 10.

THIS bird's-eye view of the progress of Indian culture up to the 12th century A.D. closes rather than begins with the Indus Valley Civilization. It is a comprehensive account of Indian philosophy, religion, education, literature, science and art. Two chapters deal with social and economic conditions and administration. The 11th & last chapter treats of Greater India. The *nastika* and *astika* systems of philosophy are discussed, as well as several religious sects. The *Gita* is regarded as pre-Buddhistic because of its being rooted in the Upanishads (p. 57). The educational system is surveyed well. Sanskrit literature covers 20 pages; Pali literature nearly one page; Tamil literature about three pages; Telugu, Malayalam and Kannada literatures less than 8 lines. The account of science and art is adequate. On pages 106 and 107 Bhasha stands for Bhasa. The errata is very incomplete. An index and a bibliography are wanting. A more critical approach may be attempted in the next edition. In spite of the shortcomings mentioned above we welcome this attractive volume, which is based on the dictum that religion is the basic foundation of culture.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

GUJARATI

DHYANA-VICARA. Edited by A. K. Doshi and translated into Gujarati by Muni Jambuvijay. Published by Jain Sahitya Vikas Mandal. 1960. pp.52.

THIS is a separate pre-issue of the Sanskrit text on *dhyana* included in the larger volume *Namaskara-svadhyaya* reviewed earlier. Its importance lies in the fact that it brings to light a hitherto little-known trend that had developed in the Indian tradition of *dhyana* (mystic meditation). Twenty-four varieties of *dhyana* (like *sunya, kala, jyoti, bindu, nada, tara,* etc) are enumerated, lucidly explained and correlated with the well-known *gunasthana* spiritual gradation of Jainism. A Gujarati translation, elucidations, appendices, index and charts add to the usefulness of the text.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

YOGA-PRADIPA, with Old Gujarati *balavabodha* and modern Gujarati translation. Edited by A. K. Doshi. Published by Jain Sahitya Vikas Mandal. 1960. pp. 8 + 80. Price: Re. 1.50.

THESE 140 and odd stanzas on Yoga constitute a precious addition to the meagre Jain mystical literature come to light so far. The present edition, using four additional manuscripts, is a positive improvement on the two earlier editions, but a critical edition remains still a desideratum. In its non-sectarian, catholic outlook, in its condemnation of observing merely the outward religious form and in its stress on meditation on the true nature of self as the sole means to liberation, the work has very much in common with other streams of Indian mysticism. This is also made evident by the familiar *yogic-mystic* terminology of the text *unmanibhava, samarasa, sahajavastha, anahata-nada*, etc. The exposition is clear, lucid and simple. To give only one instance of its several memorable definitions: "That mind is said to be *samarasa* which is freed from doubt and hesitation, which is devoid of attachment and hatred and which is always deeply immersed in bliss".

The work seems to be drawing upon the earlier well-known *yogic* works like Subhacandra's *Jnanarnava* and Hemacandra's *Yogasastra*. It contains numerous echoes from Yogindudeva's *Paramatmaprakasa*, an *Apabhramsa* work on Jain mysticism. As the *Yogapradipa* is referred to by Nemidasa (18th Cent.) and Vinayavijaya (17th Cent.), its date must be somewhere between the 13th and 16th Cent.

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a stanza-wise free translation has only a linguistic value, for in several places, it has misunderstood the original text. But the modern translation is correct and reliable. The work will be enjoyed equally by Jain as well as non-Jain lovers of our classical *yogic* literature.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

KANNADA

SRI LALITA SAHASRA NAMA. By Swami Adidevananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Mysore. pp. 280. Price: Rs. 5/-.

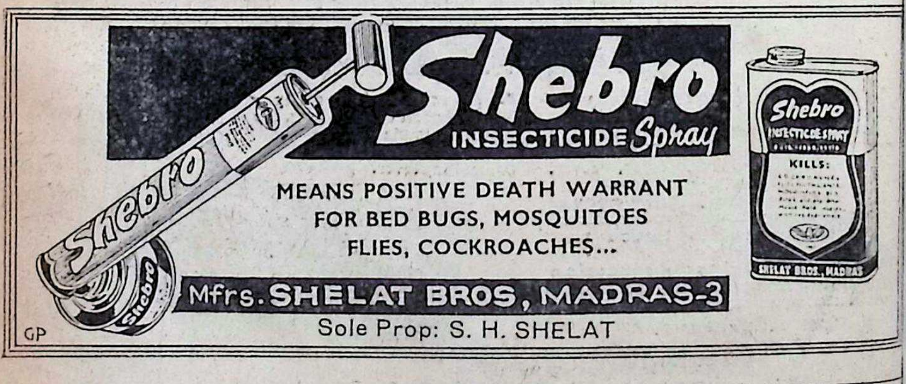
IT is not surprising that Swami Adidevananda's edition of this great work should have gone into its second edition so soon after its first appearance. Always noted for his clarity of thought and expression, depth of understanding and the facility with which he makes the abstruse intelligible, Swamiji excells himself in his Introduction and Notes to this Kannada edition of *Sri Lalita*.

As he points out, this is not merely a devotional outpouring celebrating the glories of the Divine Mother in appealing poetic world. Each term, each appellation used has a significance and trails a whole philosophy behind it. The entire course of the universal manifestation of the Divine Shakti from the supreme Station of Para-Siva-Para-Shakti down to th grossest material form is traced step b step; the several lines of manifestatio *viz.* Beauty, Power, Rhythm, Know ledge, are delineated; the fundamenta of the different ways of approach t the Divine, through the Word, throug the Figure, through the Symbol, i brief the whole of Mantra Sastra an Tantra Upasana are presented in th form of the *namavali*, series of Name The editor has drawn amply from th invaluable commentary of Bhaska Raya, now in detail, now in brief, an made his Notes compact and helpfu

The work consists of three parts. Th first chapter gives the story of th manifestation of Sri Lalitambika the hour of distress of the God an Her triumph over the threat of Evi the second consists of the sacred Eu logy of the Mother sung by none othe than the Goddess of Vak herself; th third and final chapter narrates th *phala-shruti*, the fruit of this chant Thousand Names which is rightl described as secret of secrets, *rah syanam rahasyam*, and which, we ma add, forms a sure gate of entry in the world of celestial Harmonies.

Beautifully got-up, this publicatio should be a cherished possession every Kannada home.

—*Sri M. P. Pand*



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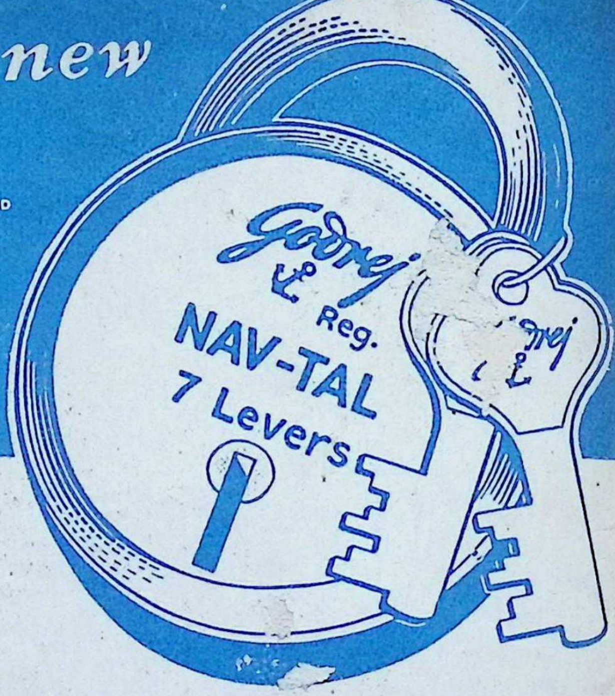

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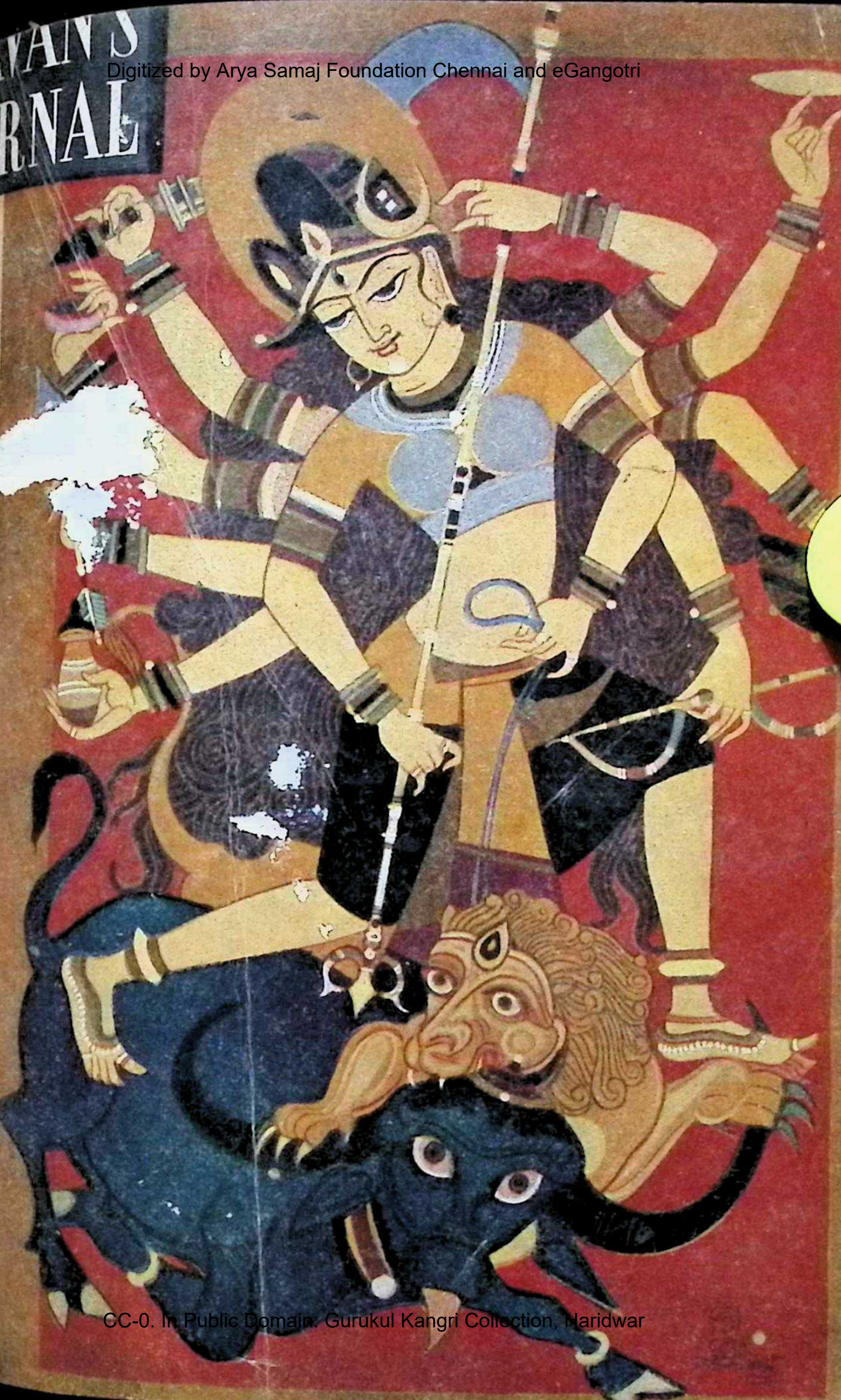

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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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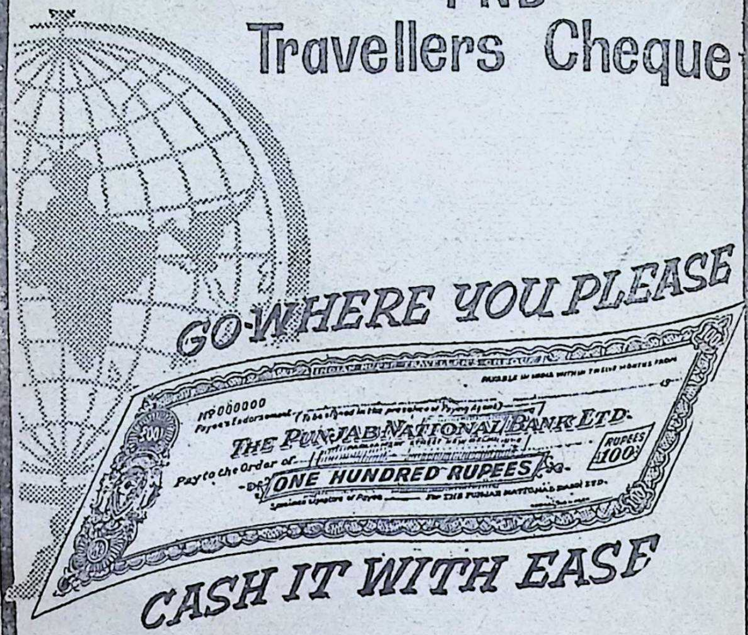
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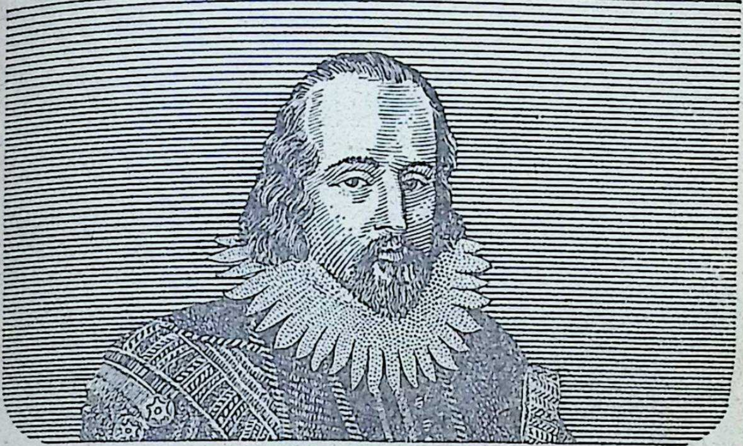

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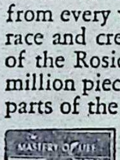

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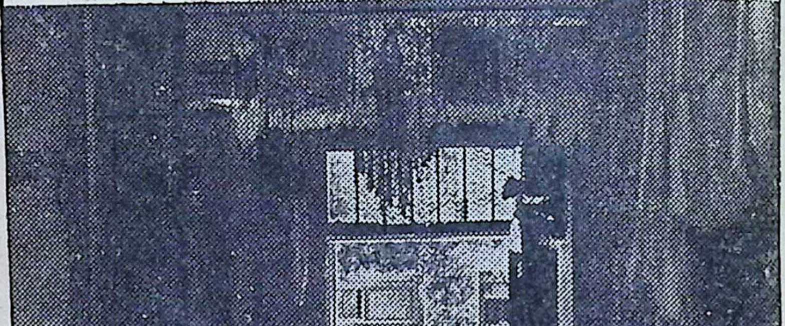

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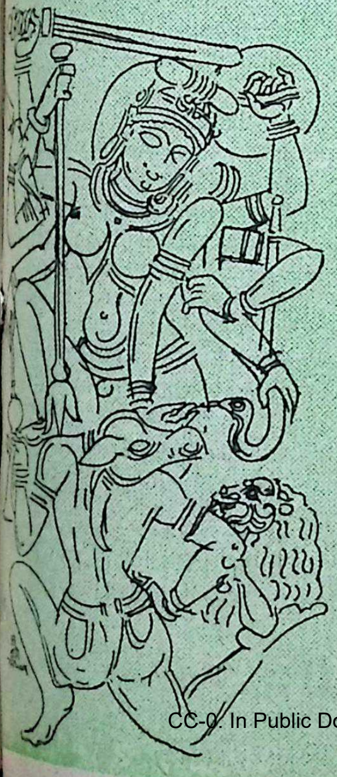
DEVI

या श्रीः स्वयं सुकृतिनां भवनेष्वलक्ष्मी :
पापात्मनां कृतधियां हृदयषु बुद्धि : ।
श्रद्धा सतां कुलजनप्रभवस्य लज्जा
तां त्वां नतास्म परिपालय देवि विश्वम् ।।



Adorations unto Thee, O Devi, who dost become, of her own, Lakshmi (prosperity) in the homes of those with a record of good deeds; Her Opposite (adversity) in the homes of sinners; Intellect in the hearts of the wise; Faith in the hearts of the saintly and Humility in the hearts of the well-bred, Mother! Protect the Universe.

—*Devi Mahatmya*

Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 268

★ COMMUNALISM ★ NATIONALISING ROLE OF EDUCATION ★ SECESSIONIST MOVEMENTS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
OCTOBER 14, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I HAVE been drawing attention to the growing disintegration in the country for about three years. The ruling party is awakened to its dangers, but buries its head like an ostrich in the sands of self-complacency. Even the Integration Council has been burying its head in Committees—one to define communalism, another to investigate subversion. If Committees can check evils, India would have been a heaven by now.

I have never known a country like ours where the ruling party bosses talk of integration and its hierarchs step up dis-integration.

Winning elections at any cost—a prolific source of dis-integrating tendencies—has been for the political parties in India an entirely amoral affair, but no party is a greater sinner in this respect than the ruling party.

Other parties, too, national in their outlook, have followed in its footsteps and made alliances with parties and groups whose programmes are anti-national.

For a time, the tigers will let their marked-out victims ride on their back. But soon the victims will not be *on* the tigers, but *in* them.

* * *

National unity rests on the unity of the academic world. But for the university-educated Indians, nationalism would not have been built up during the last hundred years. But for English, there would have been no common consciousness.

Yet some of the hierarchs of the ruling party oppose the constitution of an all-India educational service. It is again they who smother the study of English and promote hasty regionalism in the university media—both calculated to destroy the unity of the academic world; this, in spite of the resolution of the Integration Council to the contrary. Clearly, disintegration is fostered by the ruling party itself.

* * *

Some people talk of Hindu-Muslim communalism as if it was a figment of some diseased imagination. Historical-ly, the roots of this communalism are n the psychological heritage of mu- al conflicts between the two com- munities for well-nigh 700 years.

Communalism is difficult to define. It has, however, three aspects, two of which only require special attention. In its social and religious aspect, it is a group sentiment which concerns tself with the social, economic, edu- ational and religious welfare of one ommunity. In a large country like urs, such a group loyalty can give itality to national life if only it is ubordinated to National loyalty. Anyway, this kind of group sentiment annot be eradicated in the foresee- ble future, nor would it seem neces- ary to do so.

In the second and what may be alled its "subversive"aspect, commu- alism develops into a mass hysteria ading to breach of peace under a ense of real or imaginary danger or rong. This aspect is principally a aw and order problem. In the nature f things, it would amount to illegal ctivities and banning it would have o meaning.

As I have learnt from personal ex- rience, if at the slightest threat of n outburst of communal passions, the lice, as a neutral and impartial ma- hinery, come down promptly upon e miscreants, the outburst loses its dge. This recurrent phenomenon, erefore, would disappear only un- er a continuous and long-term pres- ure on the part of the law and order achinery, without interference from ell-intentioned "peace-makers" who, ore often than not, fan the flame by estricting police action.

What I said before the Committee on Communalism may be found relevant here:

"I will give you my own experience. I was new to the law and order problem in 1937, when I became the Home Minister of Bombay, though from 1922, in one capacity or the other, I was familiar with the riots which took place in the Bombay City, Sholapur and Poona.

"Immediately the riot broke out, I went to the spot and saw the developing battle between the two communities. It was about midnight. I returned to the Police Commissioner's office and gave instructions to bring out all the police vans and to round up every suspicious person moving about in the locality. The Government Press was opened at that hour, and before morning, the necessary orders under Section 144 were pasted on the walls.

"Within a few hours, over 2000 people were rounded up. The next morning except for a number of casualties which had occurred before the round-up, the situation had become quiet. Sudden and prompt action taken on an outbreak of riot will stop feelings from becoming tense and *goondas* joining the fray.

"Today, there is a very elaborate machinery for taking orders. The Superintendent does not like to take the risk of prompt action. The Collector will not. The Ministers are either on tour or do not want to risk a vote of censure. If riots are to be a thing of the past, there should be a press-button machinery for quelling the riots immediately they break out.

"We evolved such a scheme in Bombay and the riots became a thing of the past. A riot is a riot —a purely law and order situation, fraught with potential danger to the communities. Immediate steps should, therefore, be taken, including voluntary detention of suspects irrespective of their having taken a hand in the riot or not. Rounding up of people suspiciously moving about in the locality of the riot may look a little severe. But one has to treat a riot as an eruption to be controlled immediately."

The only way to make them a matter of the past is:

First, to stiffen the criminal law as regards attempts to inflame communal passions or to participate in or support communal riots; and

Secondly, to set up a central riot constabulary of composite character and high calibre available to every State.

Communalism as a political factor assumes a reprehensible aspect only when a communal organization exploits the loyalty of the members of the community for securing political domination of the country's national life. This dangerous aspect has to be controlled.

○○○

Communalism may therefore be defined as a group sentiment of a minority community which flourishes on exploiting its loyalty to securing preferential political advantages which are harmful to the general interest of a nation as a whole.

In this connection it is noteworthy that one communal organisation gains support only when another communal organisation adopts aggressive activities.

Banning of communal political parties, however, apart from constitutional difficulties, will only exasperate communal feelings which are real and drive them underground.

Such parties may best be isolated first by a steady pressure of national opinion.

Secondly, by refusal on the part of national parties to have any truck with them for winning elections; and

Lastly, by amending the Representatives of the Peoples Act by providing that candidates put up by communal organisations would be disqualified from standing as candidates in the elections.

Communal leadership wins support because political importance outside the ruling party could only be secured by an appeal to the more basic emotions than those roused by normal political or economic programmes. Unless political ambitions are canalised along secular political parties, the influence of communal parties cannot be totally eradicated.

○○○

Specific attention needs to be paid to the national role of higher education. This involves the re-organisation of higher educational centres which, for employment and admission, should be placed on a uniform basis throughout the country. I said before the Committee:

"Mutual distrust will not disappear till a stage is reached when, through common university education, the exclusive attitude will have toned down and a common pattern of life evolved. Then, even intermarriages might take place without social disapproval. But that will take a long time, may be 50 years.

"We have not yet given attention to the nationalising role of the universities as in U.S.A., Russia or Israel. In the atmosphere which prevails in the American universities, sons and daughters of recent immigrants from Russia, Italy or Sicily, develop common American attitudes on life in the course of taking higher education."

There should be a steady refusal on the part of the Government to submit to communal claims in regard to matters which affect the political life of the country.

○○○

The most serious menace to the country, however, is the secessionist movement, which somehow even important people underplay or look upon with self-complacency. Under the Constitution, the Union of India is a national, sovereign State, with the character of nationality and possessing plenary powers. It is 'indestructible,' 'perpetual' and 'indissoluble,' to use the language of some of the leading members of the Constituent Assembly in the debates.

A citizen cannot constitutionally claim the right of free expression, free assembly and free association in order to destroy the Union and thereby repudiate the very citizenship through which he enjoys these rights.

Very often an advocacy of dissolving the Union is light-heartedly treated as advocating a normal amendment to the Constitution. The same question arose in America when the Southern States wanted to secede from the Northern States; it was, however, held by the Supreme Court of U.S.A. that U.S.A. was indestructible; the same applies with greater force to India where the States have no intrinsic sovereignty of their own.

The reason that we Indians are still living, in spite of so much misery, distress, poverty and oppression from within and without, is that we have a national idea, which is yet necessary for the preservation of the world.

The Europeans too have a national idea of their own, without which the world will not go on; therefore, they are so strong.

Does a man live a moment, if he loses all his strength? A nation is the sum total of so many individual men; will a nation live, if it has utterly lost all its strength and activity?

First understand that India has strength as well, has a substantial reality of her own. Furthermore, understand that India is still living, because she has her own quota yet to give to the general store of the world's civilisation.

—Swami Vivekananda

Anyone who seeks to subvert the Constitution by dissolving the Union is not seeking an amendment of the Constitution; he is subverting it. He is a potential rebel and is not entitled to the protection of the Constitution.

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O, DIVINE MOTHER !

Mother! I do not know any Mantra or Yantra; alas, not even how to pray well or contemplate; nor indeed do I know Thy great stories. I do not know the mudras of Thy worship, or even to weep lustily. What, however, I do know is that dependence on Thee will remove all my distress.

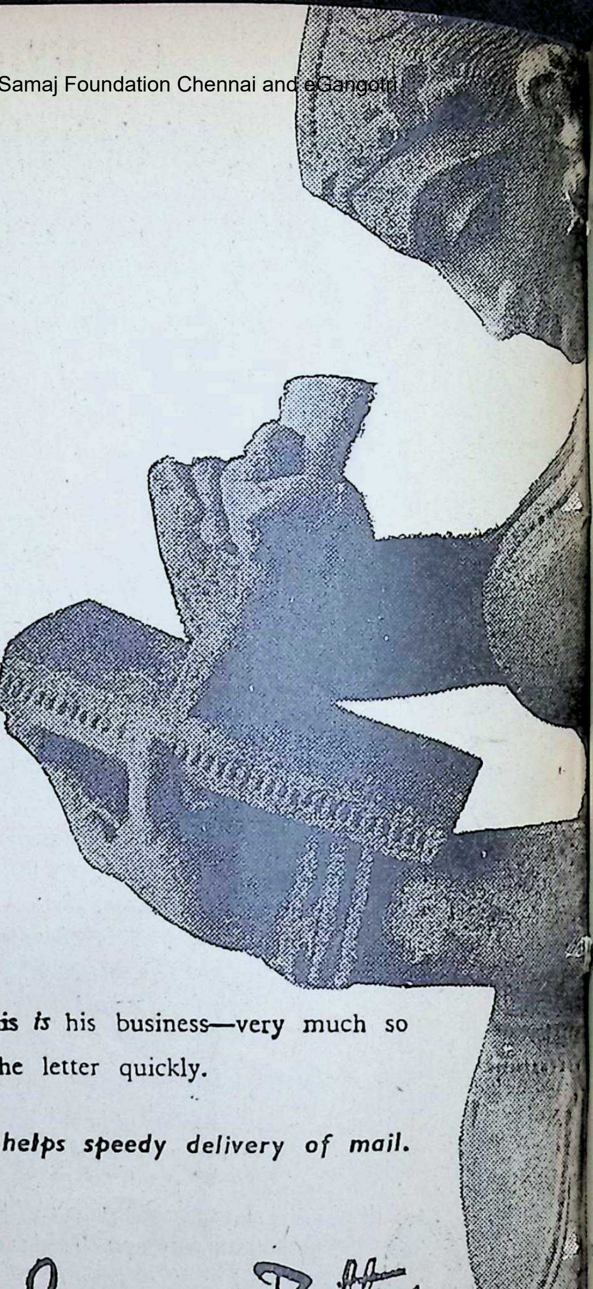
Either for lack of proper knowledge, or loath to spend money; out of laziness or sheer physical disability have I failed to worship Thy feet. Pardon me of that offence, O Blessed Mother, Thou Deliverer of all. Naughty children may exist but can there ever be a naughty mother?

O Mother of the world! I have neither taken to the worship of Thy feet, nor have I spent even a tithe of the money Thou hast given me in Thy worship. Inasmuch as you enormously love me even in my imperfection, there is little doubt that while naughty sons are born, there never is an unloving mother.

Bhavani! That person who but smears the sacred ash all over his body, who takes poison for his food, is scantily clothed, adorns his neck with snakes, holds the skull for his begging bowl, and is chief of the Bhutas—if he should enjoy the supreme status of being the Universal Lord—it is all due to the blessed fact that Thou didst clasp his hand in holy matrimony.

I do not long for Moksha; nor do I want enormous prosperity in this life. Nor, again, do I want Supreme Knowledge, O Moon-faced Mother! or even undisturbed health. Mother, what I repeatedly beg of you is to spare me,—me who can but say Mridani, Rudrani, Siva or Bhavani of you,—from further births altogether!

—Sankara Bhagavatpada



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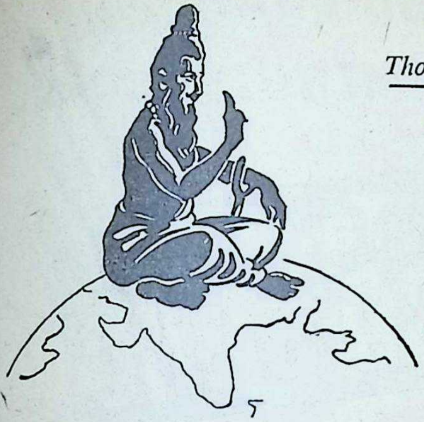

Thoughts from Tiruvalluvar—9

CHARITY

CHARITY consists in readily meeting in full the needs of the really poor and distressed, all other modes of gift having the power to re-appear in one form or another.

Even if it carries with it the guarantee of a place in heaven, receiving a gift, of its nature, is less honourable. Likewise even if it carries a threat of consignment to hell, charity is a praiseworthy act.

Indeed, not till the needs of the poor and needy are fully met, will the anxiety on the faces of the noble-minded lift.

Conquest over hunger is said to be the hallmark of the yogi; but even that attainment comes only next in merit to the charity which removes the hunger of the poor.

The hunger of the poor is the danger spot in excelsis of the world and for that very good reason it becomes the most appropriate place where the surplus wealth of the well-to-do can usefully be stored, so that they may serve their earners truly and well.

There are, again, some who, on the score of being less wealthy, would scorn to share their food with the poor and needy. Would that they knew that begging was a relatively more honourable job.

Death is about the most dreaded eventuality in life; but even that should appear to be a welcome relief for a well-to-do person who finds himself unable to relieve the hunger of the poor.

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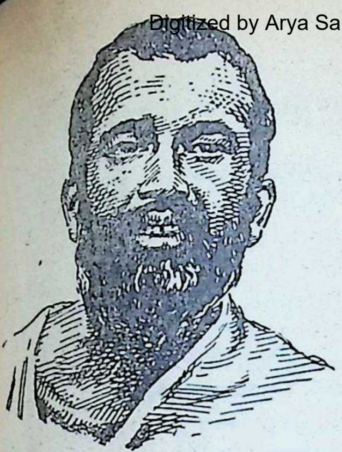

DIVINE MOTHER

Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

ONE must propitiate the Divine Mother, the Primal Energy in order to obtain God's grace.

God himself is Mahamaya. It is His will that we should run about a little. Then it is great fun.

God has created the world in play, as it were. This is called Mahamaya, the Great Illusion.

Therefore, one must take refuge in the Divine Mother, the Cosmic Power Itself.

It is She who has bound us with the shackles of illusion. The realization of God is possible only when those shackles are severed.

'Yogamaya' signifies the *yoga,* or union, of Purusha and Prakriti.

Whatever you perceive in the universe is the outcome of this union. Take the image of Siva and Kali. Kali stands on the bosom of Siva; Siva lies under Her feet like a corpse; Kali looks at Siva. All this denotes the union of Purusha and Prakriti. Purusha is inactive, therefore Siva lies on the ground like a corpse. Prakriti performs all Her activities in conjunction with Purusha. Thus She creates, preserves and destroys.

Brahman and Sakti are identical. It is the Primordial Power that has become the world and all living beings.

That which sports with *Kala* is called *Kali.* She is the Primal Energy. Kala and Kali, Brahman and Sakti, are indivisible.

Brahman and Kali are not different. They are like fire and its power to burn; if one thinks of fire one must think of its power to burn. If one recognizes Kali one must also recognize Brahman. Again, if one recognizes Brahman one must recognize Kali. Brahman and Its Power are identical. It is Brahman whom I address as Sakti or Kali.

Bondage and liberation are both of Her making. By Her *maya* worldly people become entangled in 'woman and gold', and again, through Her grace they attain their liberation. She

From: *Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

Kali of Dakshineshwar.

is called the Saviour, the Remover of the bondage that binds one to the world.

One should pray to God, establishing with Him an appropriate relationship. Brahman and Sakti are identical. One acquires love and devotion quickly by calling God as Mother.

My Divine Mother is not only formless, She has forms as well. One can see Her forms. One can behold Her incomparable beauty through feeling and love.

The Mother reveals Herself to Her devotees in different forms. I saw Her yesterday. She was clad in a seamless ochre-coloured garment, and She talked with me.

Another day She walked with me, joking and frisking like a child.

You see I chant the name of the Divine Mother; so I get all these good things (*jilebi*) to eat. But she doesn't give such fruits as gourd or pumpkin. She bestows the fruit of Amrita. Immortality-Knowledge, love-discrimination, renunciation, and so forth.

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THE MEANING OF DESTINY

वसिष्ठ उवाच
यथा संयतते येन तथा तेनानुभूयते।
स्वकर्मैवेति चास्तेऽन्या व्यतिरिक्ता न दैवदृक्॥
उच्छास्त्रं शास्त्रितं चेति द्विविधं पौरुषं स्मृतम्।
तत्रोच्छास्त्रमनर्थाय परमार्थाय शास्त्रितम्॥
अनर्थः प्राप्यते यत्र शास्त्रितादपि पौरुषात्।
अनर्थकर्तृ बलवत्तत्र ज्ञेयं स्वपौरुषम्॥
प्राक्तनः पुरुषार्थोऽसौ मां नियोजयतीति धीः।
बलादधस्पदीकार्या प्रत्यक्षादधिका न सा॥

Vasishtha continued:

How does a man strive, so does he enjoy fruit. It is all due to one's own action other than which there is nothing called fate. Human exertions are either sanctioned or forbidden by Sastras. What is ordained by Sastras leads to success while what is forbidden brings misery. When exertion though lawful brings misfortune, one should know that such exertion is grievously misapplied. The notion that the result of my former actions causes me to do this must be put down, because such a notion is not greater than the perceived things.

शुभेन पौरुषेणाशु शुभमासाद्यते फलम्।
अशुभेनाशुभं नित्यं दैवं नाम न किंचन॥
प्रत्यक्षमानमुत्सृज्य योऽनुमानमुपैत्यसौ।
स्वभुजाभ्यामिमौ सर्पाविति प्रेक्ष्य पलायते॥
पौरुषं च नवानन्तं न यत्नमभिवाञ्छ्यते।
न यत्नेनापि महता प्राप्यते रत्नमश्मतः॥
स च सच्छास्त्रसत्सङ्गसदाचारैर्निजं फलम्।
ददातीति स्वभावोऽयमन्यथा नार्थसिद्धये॥

By good actions good results are obtained immediately. Bad actions lead to bad results and there is nothing called fate. One who abandons what is evident and relies on suppositions is like one who flies away from one's own hands deeming them to be serpents. Human endeavour is necessary; but it does not mean that it should be endless. Even with the greatest efforts the gem might not be got out of stones. One naturally succeeds to his object with good precept, good association and good conduct. If otherwise he brings himself to ruin.

आलस्यं यदि न भवेज्जगत्यनर्थः
को न स्यात् बहुधनको बहुश्रुतो वा।
आलस्यादियमवनिः ससागरान्ता
संपूर्णा नरपशुभिश्च निर्धनैश्च॥

Had there been no folly of idleness in this world who would fail to be a very rich or a highly learned person? It is on account of idleness that this earth is filled to its utmost limit of the sea with indigent and beastly men.

शक्तस्य पौरुषं दृश्यमदृश्यं वापि यद् भवेत्।
तद्दैवमित्यशक्तेन बुद्धमात्मन्यबुद्धिना॥
मेघेन नीयते यद्वद्वत्सरोपार्जिता कृषिः।
मेघस्य पुरुषार्थोऽसौ जयत्यधिकयत्नवान्॥
क्रमेणोपार्जितेऽप्यर्थे नष्टे कार्या न खेदिता।
न बलं यत्र मे शक्तं तत्र का परिदेवना॥
यन्न शक्नोमि तस्यार्थे यदि दुःखं करोम्यहम्।
तदमारितमृत्यामि युक्तं प्रत्यहरोदनम्॥

When the diligent thrive by exertion, seen or unseen, the idle and dull attribute it to their good fortune. The hail-storm lays waste the cultivation of a whole year; the action of the hail-storm is successful because of its great effort. It is improper to feel aggrieved at the loss of wealth acquired over a long period. What is the use of crying over what is beyond our power to control? If I should sorrow for what I have not the power to control, I should cry every day for not being able to prevent my death.

देशकालक्रियाद्रव्यवशतो विस्फुरन्त्यमी ।
सर्व एव जगद्भावा जयत्यधिकयत्नवान् ॥
तस्मात्पौरुषमाश्रित्य सच्छास्त्रैः सत्समागमैः ।
प्रज्ञाममलतां नीत्वा सांसारजलधिं तरेत् ॥
यस्तूदारचमत्कारः सदाचारविहारवान् ।
स निर्याति जगन्मोहान् मृगेन्द्रः पञ्जरादिव ॥

All acts are subject to their proper time and place and the modes and instruments of their operation. These are all combinations of nature; hence the more diligent are the most successful. Therefore rely on exertion. Cleanse your understanding by wise precepts and good association and cross over the ocean of *samsara*. A man who is embellished with generosity and engaged in practising good conduct breaks loose from worldly delusions as does the lion from his cage.

कश्चिन्मां प्रेरयत्येवमित्यनर्थकुकल्पने ।
यः स्थितो दृष्टमुत्सृज्य त्याज्योऽसौ दूरतोऽधमः ॥
व्यवहारसहस्राणि यान्युपायान्ति यान्ति च ।
यथाशास्त्रं विहर्तव्यं तेषु त्यक्त्वा सुखासुखे ॥
यथाशास्त्रमनुच्छिन्नां मर्यादां स्वामनुज्झतः ।
उपतिष्ठन्ति सर्वाणि रत्नान्यम्बुनिधाविव ॥

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अनन्तं समतानन्तं परमार्थं विदुर्बुधाः ।
स येभ्यः प्राप्यते नित्यं ते सेव्याः शास्त्रसाधवः ॥

One who falsely imagines that he is being led about (by some unknown power) and so abandons duties, is to be shunned and kept away as base and mean. There are thousands of acts that are attended with gain or loss. It is the duty of man to do what is right whether it is pleasant or painful. He who does not transgress law nor forsake his duties is attended by every blessing, as the ocean by pearls. The wise have known equanimity as the real thing. They, by whom this knowledge is obtained, are learned in Shastras. They are to be worshipped.

THE HIGHEST SACRIFICE

KRISHNA had a bow to which were strung a number of little bells.

They had the power of ringing by themselves whenever any offering was made to Krishna ; and the number of the bells ringing, the loudness of their sound and its duration were in proportion to the piety, wisdom and pure-mindedness with which the offering was made.

When Yudhishthira, the eldest of the Pandavas, otherwise called Dharmaputra, performed his celebrated Rajasuya Yaga, feeding numberless Brahmins and distributing a fabulous amount of money in charities, only one of the bells rang and that not very loudly.

Dharmaputra was, however, gratified at even that recognition, for he had never before heard any of them make more than a slight tinkle, and felt proud within himself at the sacrifice he had celebrated.

Pride is one of the most dangerous weaknesses to which man is liable and however justifiable it may seem, should never be suffered to enter into our hearts ; for in proportion as we think highly of ourselves we hinder our further growth.

Pride, moreover, argues an inability to look into the infinity which surrounds us everywhere, in the midst of which we are nothing.

Yudhishthira was generally a cautious man ; but the mind of man being always on the alert to deceive him, once in his life even he felt a little proud.

Not long after, however, when Krishna and Dharmaputra were together, all the bells on the former's bow began to ring at the same time and kept up their loud and continued music for more than half an hour.

Poor Yudhishthira was struck dumb with surprise, and on recovering from the shock, humbly asked his divine companion the cause of the strange phenomenon.

"Nothing very particular, my royal friend," said Krishna, "a Brahmajnani (one that has realised God) who lives close by the cremation-ground at Muttra, cooked dog's flesh which was all he could get for his dinner today, and is now eating it having first offered it to me. Nothing extraordinary, O Samrat."

Dharmaputra at once rose and falling down at the feet of the all-knowing Krishna confessed to him the sin of pride he had carelessly committed and said, "Better far than a thousand sacrifices is the true knowledge of Thee, O Lord."

Brahmajnana is the highest kind of sacrifice, for it means the total annihilation, the complete sacrifice of the

(*Continued on page 22*)

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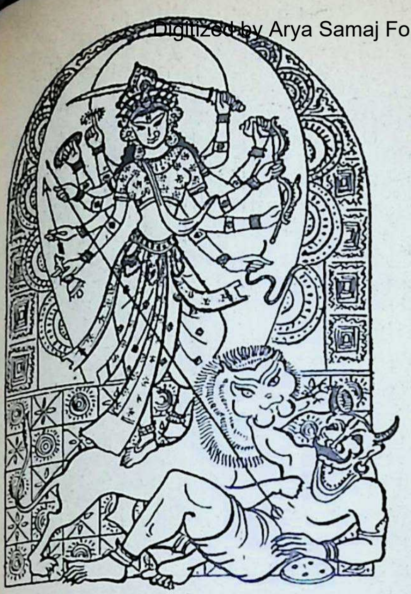

NAVARATRA - UTSAV

Nishkinchan

THE nine-day propitiation of Durga or Mother Goddess commencing from the *Aswina-shukla-pratipad* till *navami* (from the first till the 9th day of the white half of the Aswina month) is traditionally called Navaratra-Utsav.

Explaining why Durga has to be propitiated at this particular time of the year, the *Devi Bhagavata* says:

शरत्काले विशेषेण कर्तव्यं विधिपूर्वकम् ।
वसन्ते च प्रकर्तव्यं तथैव प्रेमपूर्वकम् ॥
द्वावृतू यमदंष्ट्राख्यौ नूनं सर्वजनेषु वै ।
तस्मात्तत्र प्रकर्तव्यं चण्डिकापूजनं बुधैः ॥

It means that the months Vasanta (Spring) and Sharad (Autumn) are like the two poisonous teeth of Yama in respect of humanity and therefore goddess Chandika or Durga should be propitiated to ward off those evils.

Puranas enjoin the observance of this festival by all four *varnas* in every city and village of the country with appropriate fasts i.e. with one meal at night or day after worship. The worshipper should sleep on bare floor. He must feed girl-children each day as explained hereinafter and make them happy by the gift of clothes and jewels. The goddess should be worshipped at all three times.

Goddess Durga may be propitiated either by Vedic *mantras*—or the *tantrik* Navakshari after being duly initiated in it. The mode of worship is generally as follows: after *sankalpa*, the Kalasa or pot of holy water should be installed in which Devi should be invoked with due *mantras* and worshipped in the sixteen-fold manner with appropriate *neivedyas* and *balis*. Then girl-children should be worshipped, the child of each day being a year older than the previous day. A child of one year, however, should be avoided. Thus girls from 2 years to 10 years would be ideal. They are respectively called (1) Kumarika, (2) Trimurti, (3) Kalyani, (4) Rohini, (5) Kali, (6) Chandika, (7) Sambhavi, (8) Durga and (9) Subhadra. The prayer should begin thus:

मन्त्राक्षरमयी लक्ष्मीं मातृणां रूपधारिणीम् ।
नवदुर्गात्मिकां साक्षात् कन्यामावाहयाम्यहम् ॥

The girls should be worshipped with flowers, *akshata*, etc., and be presented, as mentioned earlier, with new clothes, ornaments, mirror, comb, etc. It may be said that girls select-

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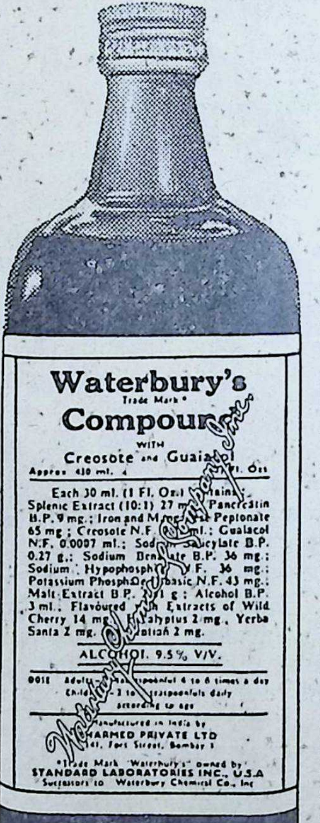

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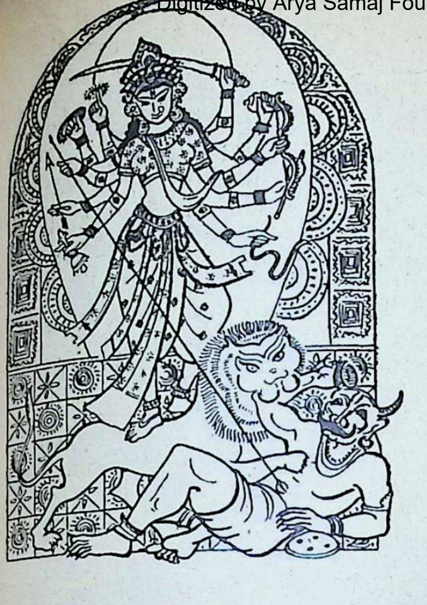

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दैत्यनाशार्थवचनो दकारः परिकीर्तितः।
उकारो विघ्ननाशस्य वाचको
वेदसम्मतः ॥
रेफो रोगघ्नवचनो गश्च पापघ्न-
वाचकः ।
भयशत्रुघ्नवचनश्चाकारः परिकीर्तितः ॥

In the word दुर्गा, द stands for the destruction of दैत्य s or demons; उ in दु stands for the overcoming of obstacles; ऋ in र्गा stands for killing of illness; ग for destruction of sins and आ in गा for overcoming fear and foes.

ed for this *puja* should be free from defects. The recital of *Chandi* is also prescribed as also performance of *havan*.

The worship of the horse and elephant too is recommended, particularly in royal households.

Devi as Saraswati should be invoked on the day, when Mula asterism rules; She should be worshipped as such, on the day of Purvashada, i.e. on the next day, and *bali* or final worship should be performed on the day following. As a matter of interest to youngsters, the *Rudra-Yamala* has it:

नाध्यापयेन्न च लिखेन्नाधीयीत कदाचन।
पुस्तके स्थापिते देवि विद्याकामो द्विजोत्तमः।

Once Devi is invoked on a heap of books, one wishing to become learned, should avoid writing and reading for the day.

Again, should however one be unable to worship Devi on all the nine days, it is essential to worship Her on the 8th day at least. Says *Devi Bhagavata*:

अशक्तो नियतं पूजां कर्तुं चेन्नवरात्रके।
अष्टम्यां च विशेषेण कर्तव्यं पूजनं सदा॥
पुराष्टम्यां भद्रकाली दक्षयज्ञविनाशिनी।
प्रादुर्भूता महाघोरा योगिनीकोटिभिःसह॥

Devi was born as Bhadrakali along with her *ganas* on Ashtami or the 8th day, and destroyed Daksha's Yagna; hence its sanctity. In fact by worshipping Her on the three days 7th, 8th and 9th, one gets the full benefit of observing Navaratri in full.

May Goddess Durga protect us all!

THE HIGHEST SACRIFICE—*Contd.*

lower self in man—which is a necessary condition for the realisation of the Supreme Self, *Atman* or God.

Wealth, friendship, love may all be sacrificed but the sacrifice of these things is not enough, for it leaves behind, as in the case of Dharmaputra, a residue, *i.e.*, the self which is the most difficult thing to surrender.

Therefore it is that Lord Krishna says: "Better than the sacrifice with objects is Wisdom, the highest sacrifice, O Parantapa. All actions in their entirety, O Partha, are fulfilled in Wisdom." (*Gita*, IV, 33).

[Retold from *Mahabharata* by late Sri B. R. Rajam Iyer]

KRISHNAVATARA

K. M. MUNSHI

THE FIVE BROTHERS

CHAPTER V

UNCLE'S COMMANDS

THE mansion of the Five Brothers in Hastinapur stood near the palace of King Dhritaraashtra. Persons wanting to meet one or the other of them on the affairs of the State, waited in the verandah in front. Archers with bows and arrows stood guard at its gates.

In one of the long corridors of the mansion which overlooked the wide expanse of the river Ganga, Uddhava sat talking to Arjuna, the third of the Five Brothers, who was sharpening the blades of the arrows of his gaint bow which lay by his side. The corridor was full of all sorts of arms—maces, swords, battle-axes, tridents, spears and bows of various sizes and strength with a variety of arrows. This was the arsenal of Bheema and Arjuna.

In that age when battles were fought and won by the prowess and skill of individual warriors, every warrior worth the name had to fabricate his arms made to suit his strength and skill.

Arjuna was not merely a master bowman, but could make his own weapons and give them edge and potency peculiarly his own. The gods had given him the skill to make his arrows more deadly than any on earth and he had the eye and the skill to speed them as he liked.

Uddhava and Arjuna were both of medium height. Their bodies showed long and continuous training in wrestling and in arms.

Uddhava had regular and attractive features, which, however, bore the stamp of an austere mind. His general behaviour too showed a habit of conscious self-restraint. His eyes

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

Balaraama, His elder brother.

Vasudeva, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.

Devaki, His mother.

Devabhaaga, His uncle.

Uddhava, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.

Yuyudhana Saatyaki, His friend and a Yadava Chief.

Guru Sandipani, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.

Acharya Shvetaketu, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.

Rukmini, Shaibya: His wives.

BHEESHMA (also GAANGEYA)

King Shantanu, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.

Satyavati, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.

Chitrangada, Vichitraveerya: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.

Ambikaa, Ambalikaa: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.

Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.

Jaimini, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

Pandu, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.

Kunti, Pandu's wife.

Yudhishthira (also Dharmaraaja),

Bheema, Arjuna: Pandu's sons by Kunti.

Maadri, Pandu's second wife.

Nakula, Sahadeva: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

Dhritaraashtra, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.

Gaandhari, Dhritaraashtra's wife.

Shakuni, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.

Duryodhan, Dushaasan: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.

PANCHALAS

Yajnasena Drupad, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).

Krishnaa Draupadi, Drupad's daughter.

Dhristadyumna, Satyaajit: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

Jaraasandha, Emperor of Magadha.

Dronaacharya, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.

Aswatthaama, Dronaacharya's son.

Kripacharya, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.

Vidura, son of Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa by a palace maid of Hastinapur.

* * *

also bespoke a seriousness not commonly found in a man of his years.

His cousin, Arjuna—for, Mother Kunti was the sister of his father, Devabhaaga—was different. He was well shaped and graceful in every limb. His face, fairer than Uddhava's, was strikingly handsome. His eyes were intelligent, his brow noble. His voice was well modulated and his smile sensuous. There was also an air of temperamental fastidiousness about the dress and ornaments he wore.

When Uddhava had arrived in the morning, Bheema and Arjuna had received him at the city gates. When he was brought home, all the Five Brothers and Mother Kunti had given him an affectionate welcome and made enquiries about his family. Uddhava had also informed them of the purpose of his visit to Hastinapur. He had come to announce that Krishna was coming within a few weeks in response to Yudhishthira's invitation.

Yudhishthira then had left for the royal palace to join the *parishad*, the assembly of experts, with whose assistance he transacted the affairs of the State and dispensed justice to the citizens. Sahadeva, the youngest of the Five Brothers, had gone with him; he had already come to be recognised as an authority on the ancient laws of the Aryas and worked as a member of the *parishad* in advising Yudhishthira.

Bheema and Nakula had also left to attend to their work and Mother Kunti had gone to the kitchen to get the meals prepared for them.

When Uddhava enquired about the affairs of Hastinapur, Arjuna told him all that was happening to them.

'Uddhava, now you see how unhappy we are though the Eldest (Yudhishthira)[1] is the Yuvaraj,' said Arjuna with a genial smile which made light of the import of his words.

'But, on all accounts, the Eldest is loved by Grandfather Bheeshma as also by the chiefs and the people,' said Uddhava.

'Yes,' replied Arjuna with a bit of sarcasm, taking up a fresh blade to sharpen. 'Eldest rules over the Kurus, but his commands are defied by our cousins and their friends. People love us and shower blessings on us; and every day our cousins plan to destroy us.'

Uddhava could not help comparing Arjuna's smile with that of his friend Krishna and discovering a difference. This smile was fascinating and evoked friendliness; the other was enchanting and won hearts.

'It is very strange of Duryodhana to behave so egregiously,' said Uddhava. 'You have brought fresh renown to the royal house of the Kurus—the Eldest by his righteous ways, Madhyama[2] and you, by your valour. Anyone else would have been proud of you.'

'——and Nakula by the wonderful horses he has trained and Sahadeva by his uncanny wisdom,' interrupted Arjuna with an affectionate twinkle in his eyes as if Uddhava had done injustice to his younger brothers whom he loved so well. Then he laughed. 'But that is our misfortune.'

Arjuna paused for a while. Then weighing his words, he proceeded: 'Our cousins hate us for what we are. Duryodhana thinks that brother Yudhishthira has usurped his place as the Crown Prince; he could never forgive his father for being born blind,' added Arjuna with a wink and smile. 'That has cost him a throne.'

'But your father was the last king of the Kurus—and a good one too,' said Uddhava. 'And according to our ancient canons, the Eldest has the right to succeed to kingship.'

'That is true,' said Arjuna, flashing a proud smile at the mention of his father. 'That is why Grandfather Bheeshma decided that the Eldest should be the Crown Prince. But our cousins will not accept that decision.'

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[1] Yudhishthira, the eldest, was respectfully referred to as the 'Eldest.'

[2] Bheema was referred in the family as 'the middle,' being the second of three sons of Kunti, Nakula and Sahadeva being referred to as the twins.

'But obviously you are qualified to rule,' said Uddhava.

'That is the trouble,' said Arjuna with a smile. 'Our cousins hate us because we excel them in the skill of arms, win victories and bring wealth to Hastinapur, and the Eldest commands the love of the people. They would like particularly to murder Bheema, for he makes them look foolish every time they try to humiliate us.'

'I can't blame them either,' said Uddhava with his usual sense of fairness. 'You are all so good, so brave and so lovable. I am myself jealous of you.'

'Brother Uddhava, I wish we were not born in a royal family,' said Arjuna. 'Then we would have come with you to Dwarka and lived happily with Krishna and Balaraama.'

'Oh, we would welcome you heartily if you ever came to us,' said Uddhava, for a moment allowing a little warmth to creep into his even voice. 'Krishna loves you so. He has never forgotten the happy days he spent with you.'

Arjuna smiled a little apologetically. 'Nor has Bheema ever forgotten the attention which Krishna and Balaraama showered on him when he was in Mathura. And I often dream of the days when Krishna and myself as boys lay side by side talking sometimes till the morning star rose.'

'Oh, Bheema was so good. We all loved him so,' said Uddhava, carried away for a moment by the memory of Bheema's visit in the happy days of Mathura. 'And he was so fond of all of us.'

Arjuna was thoughtful for a minute. 'We would have left Hastinapur in disgust long ago. But if we did so, it would break the heart of Grandfather.'

'Why? If he can't get your cousins to behave, he should give you a separate principality to rule. That would be the best way to end this torture,' said Uddhava.

'Uddhava, Grandfather has borne a heavy burden throughout life,' replied Arjuna with fairness. 'When young, he gave a pledge to his father, Emperor Shantanu of glorious memory, to see that the royal house of the Kurus was maintained in greatness, upholding the rule of *Dharma*. To fulfil that mission, he has sacrificed everything. Now that our cousins are so irrepressible, he thinks we alone could help him to carry out his mission.' Then Arjuna's face became solemn as he added: 'And so thinks Bhagawan Veda Vyaasa. When he came last, he told us: "My boys, you should not swerve from your appointed task. The future of *dharma* is bound up with you".'

'Then why don't they do something about Duryodhana and his brothers?' Uddhava asked.

Arjuna looked up, and with a laugh that rang pleasant, asked: 'What can the righteous do to the unrighteous? They would meet their own doom in their own time. At present they have rallied a few chiefs on their side.' And Arjuna looked cautiously at the door to see that no one was within earshot and added in a voice which showed how hurt he was: 'And our

Guru, Dronaacharya has—we hear—withdrawn his support from us.'

Both of them looked up as the echoes of a heavy tread were heard coming towards them.

'Arjuna, I have arranged everything,' came the loud cheery voice of Bheema, the second of the Five Brothers, as he came in. Taller than Arjuna by a cubit, sturdy beyond the measure of men, with his muscular neck standing out like a pillar from his massive shoulders, he was the very image of irresistible strength. His face bore a broad smile and his deep resonant voice had a rare heartiness as he accosted Uddhava.

Arjuna left aside the blade that he was sharpening and asked: 'What have you arranged, Madhyama?'

Bheema sat down on a seat which lay in front of the others. 'Duryodhana and Shakuni, that maternal uncle of his, have planned sinister action. Aswatthaama has thrown himself into the fray with vehement energy. One of these nights they want to kill us,' Bheema said gaily, as if he was talking about some sport.

'How did you come to know of it?' asked Uddhava.

'Sahadeva came to know of the plot and told me. Perhaps Uncle Vidura told him about it. So I decided to beat them at their game,' he said with a boyish laugh and added: 'We are now ready. Arjuna, get ready, with your arrows on which you waste so much of your time. I have already put guards around the house. When they attack us, we will finish them. Isn't it, Arjuna?'

Bheema rubbed his hands in glee and added: 'I would like to smash the head of Duryodhana and break the neck of that charioteer's son, Karna.' He breathed a stentorian sigh of satisfaction as if he had already disposed of the enemies.

'Now, Madhyama, don't be so wicked. Nothing is going to happen to us,' said Arjuna, winking at Uddhava to impress upon him that such outbursts were not uncommon with Bheema.

Bheema looked up proudly. 'I am born to destroy the wicked,' he said with complete self-confidence. Then he flung an indulgent smile at Arjuna. 'I am not a weakling like you, nor a saint like Yudhishthira. If they fight, I fight, and if I fight, I win.'

'But is there no way to stop this family feud? If you try to kill each other, you will shake the foundations of the power of the Kurus,' said Uddhava. 'It might destroy the whole Aryavarta.'

'Aryavarta requires to be shaken from its foundations,' replied Bheema indifferently. Then he added with an air of finality: 'You cannot stand for ever in fear of wiles and violence, and you cannot compromise with untruth. So, Arjuna, you had better sharpen your arrows this time in right earnest; it is going to be a fight to the finish.'

They did not notice that Mother Kunti who had come in to call them to their meals, had heard the last words of Bheema.

'Bheema, don't always talk of fighting; that frightens me,' said Prithaa, generally called Kunti, being the adopted daughter of King Kuntibhoj. She was a small, well-preserved woman, now nearing fifty, and bore herself with great dignity. Her face was pale and her eyes, sad. Her smile, however, had the supreme quality of attracting affection, and to her sons, grown into splendid manhood, she always spoke with the accent of an indulgent mother talking to small children—the way she talked to them when they were toddlers.

Bheema laughed aloud. 'We are *kshatriyas,*' he said, slapping his chest. 'Fighting is our primary duty.'

'In defence of *dharma* only, Bheema, and not for the love of it,' Kunti quietly corrected him.

'It is my *dharma* to protect all of us at all cost, and if Duryodhana is unrighteous, it is my duty to fight him,' said Bheema.

'Uddhava, have you such men among you who always want to fight with one another?' asked Kunti with an indulgent smile, as she turned towards Uddhava.

'Aunt, we had also some men who fight with each other. But now, thanks to Krishna, we are learning to fight against our enemies,' said Uddhava.

'How I wish Krishna were here!' burst out Bheema with enthusiasm. 'He would help us fight our enemies.'

'I have heard so much about Govind that I want to meet him,' said Kunti, with a reminiscent look upon her face. 'He must have grown so since I saw him last. Do they still call him Govind?'

'Oh, he is Govind to us Yadavas, though I find it hard to call him by any name but Krishna. I called him so when I learnt to speak long before they called him Govind,' said Uddhava.

'We have been waiting for him all these days,' said Arjuna with his smile lighting up his face. 'Uddhava tells us that he would still take about three weeks before he arrives.'

'I wish he had brought Rukmini with him. I have never seen her,' said Kunti. 'I hope she makes him a fitting wife.'

'Krishna often says that a Gopala is not a fit husband for the Princess of Vidarbha, and that makes her very angry.'

'I also sent word that Krishna should bring her with him,' interrupted Bheema laughing. 'She must come and fall at my feet. I am Krishna's elder brother. I would also like to see whether she is worth all the trouble which Krishna took to carry her away. If I had been in his place, I would have carried her away on my shoulders.'

'And what is Shaibya like?' asked Kunti with a smile. 'Does Rukmini quarrel with Shaibya?'

'Shaibya is a wonderful woman,' said Uddhava, suddenly becoming serious. 'It was she who helped Rukmini to secure Krishna in marriage.'

'Oh! Here is Nakula,' said Bheema.

Nakula, the fourth brother, a slim, sprightly and well-mannered youth with a vivacious look, came. In sharp contrast to Bheema and Arjuna, be looked every inch a fop. He folded his hands before Mother Kunti, his brothers and Uddhava. 'Madhyama, I have made all arrangements as you suggested,' he told his elder brother.

'For what?' Kunti inquired anxiously.

'I already told you, Mother, that if Duryodhana fights us, we are going to finish him this time,' said Bheema in his cheerful voice and assumed a mock, ferocious look to frighten his mother.

'Oh, Bheema, please don't talk like this. He is your cousin,' pleaded Kunti.

'And my greatest enemy—thirsting for my blood,' remarked Bheema.

'No, no, you are exaggerating, Bheema,' said Kunti. 'And if he is your enemy, you must win him by your love.'

'The wicked can't be won by love,' retorted Bheema.

They lapsed into silence as they heard footsteps coming to them and turned to receive Yudhishthira, who looked an enlarged edition of Arjuna, though a little taller and of heavier build and limbs of lesser grace. His eyes and the beard that he grew, gave him a very elderly appearance. Gentleness was writ large upon him.

Vidura also came in with him. Darkish skin, a stocky build, a pleasant face, a short nose, large eyes beaming benevolence and a smile of humility and a flowing beard went to make up the externals of the personality of the most respected and trusted minister of Hastinapur.

He was the illegitimate son of a palace maid, but no one thought of him as such. Every one knew that the Best of Munis, Veda Vyaasa, according to ancient custom, begot Dhritaraashtra, the blind, and Pandu, on the two childless queens of King Vichitraveerya, Ambika and Ambalika.

Ambika, when asked to get another so the same way, but hating to approach the Sage, sent her maid instead. Vidura was born to the maid as a result of this union.

In his boyhood, Vidura had dedicated himself to the pursuit of learning and mastered all the ancient laws of polity and royal conduct, and in view of his innate wisdom and saintly outlook, his views on men and things were sought even by so august a person as Grandfather Bheeshma.

Vidura was gentle, just and generous. His charity knew no limits. He lived like a hermit, spending all his ministerial emoluments to help the poor and the needy. He was always anxious to offer solace to the unhappy, and every orphan found in him a father.

To the Five Brothers, he was not a minister, but a well beloved uncle, and they gave him all the respects due to one. For a moment, Vidura's face was clouded with sorrow.

'Bheema, why have you posted archers around our mansion?' asked Yudhishthira.

'To protect us,' said Bheema. 'Duryodhana is plotting to kill us.'

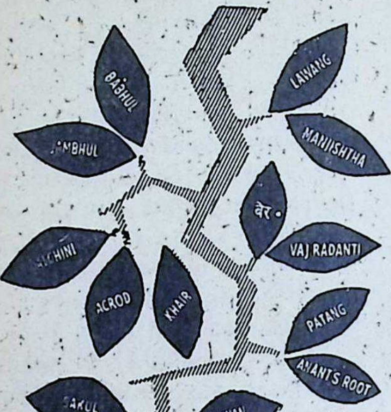
Yudhishthira quietly commanded: 'Bheema, withdraw the archers. We do not need them.'

'Why?' asked Arjuna. He sensed a note of unusual earnestness in Yudhishthira's voice.

'We leave Hastinapur the day after tomorrow,' said Yudhishthira.

(Continued on page 34)

18 VALUABLE HERBS GO IN THE MAKING OF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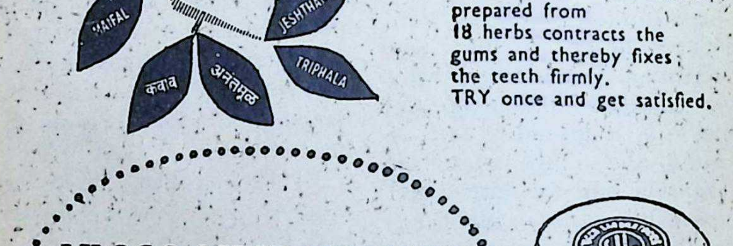
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There is an astounding lack of organized effort for an abundant production of love energy in the human world. At present this neglect threatens future of humanity....

Production of Love Energy

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

IF love can be viewed as one of the highest energies known, then theoretically, at least, we can talk about the production or generation, the accumulation (or loss), the channelling, transmission, and distribution of this particular energy. If at the present stage of our knowledge this talk has to remain largely theoretical and speculative, even now it has some practical possibilities.

In order to see this, let us take first the problem of generation or production of love energy.

This expression is not a mere figure of speech, but a formula that describes actual social process going on perennially in all groups and societies that maintain the necessary minimum of solidarity, co-operation, goodwill, and peaceful relations among their members: in the family, community, state, nation, labour union, political party, or religious group.

Love, solidarity, and peaceful relationships in any group do not fall by themselves from heaven; like food and other material necessities, they have to be produced. And this production must go on as incessantly as that of material commodities—heat and light, mechanical, electrical and other energies.

If for a moment the production of love energy is totally stopped in any group, and there is not stored or accumulated love energy, that group at once begins to suffer from inner tension, conflicts, antagonisms, and "civil wars", fuelled by hate, discord and similar negative energies unchecked by the positive energy of love.

The time has come for humanity not only to begin to understand the nature, forms, and how and why of love, but also to endeavour to design more efficient techniques of its production.

We already understand that the "love commodity" is the most necessary commodity for any society; that without its minimum no other commodities can be obtained in abundance; and that at the present time it is a commodity on which depends the very life and death of humanity.

Here, then, is the briefest summary of the essentials of where, how, and by what means the production of love energy goes on at present.

Love, in all its forms, is produced by the interaction of human beings. Any action of love, rendered by A to B, or mutually, or any love reaction of A to B's aggressive, offensive, hateful action would be a generation of love energy in human interaction.

The more intense, extensive, durable, pure, and adequate the love that pulsates in such actions is, and the more numerous the actions are, the greater the love production in these interactive processes.

Love is produced in these interactions for the most part haphazardly, side by side with hate and its varieties. There are hardly any safeguards or precautionary measures to prevent in these interactions the production of hate instead of love.

The purest and most intense forms of love have been spontaneously produced mainly in the interactions of members of the *same family, of the closest friends, of small, face-to-face in-groups*—scholastic, religious, political, occupational, ethnic, cultural, or other.

With the expansion of such groups into larger and still larger units, the production of the intensest and purest forms of love progressively declines (per capita), and the production of hate and antagonisms tends to increase.

In the interactions of members of the same solitary in-group, the production of love goes on more successfully than in the interactions of members of different, unrelated out-groups.

In all these interactions the production of love goes on mainly "spontaneously" and "naturally", without special aims, devices, tools, or techniques to organize production on a more efficient level, in order to produce a greater quantity and a better quality of love energy for the group and for humanity.

Only a few persons and agencies have purposefully endeavoured to improve in their own interactions this process of love production, or have devoted themselves to this task to a considerable degree.

Such "inventors and engineers of love production" have been exceptional individuals who themselves have been filled with love, who generously granted it to anyone, and who deliberately endeavoured to improve the production of love in groups and in humanity at large, or who contributed to it indirectly. The following are examples of these:

(a) All great apostles of love and moral educators of humanity: Christ, Buddha, St. Francis of Assisi, Gandhi, and the many smaller "producers of love"—kind and good neighbours, and all who habitually perform unselfish acts of love.

(b) Many great religious educators: one of the central values of their religion has been the ethical or moral code of love, whether in the form of "love your enemy" and other moral precepts of Taoism; or the "reverence, benevolence, and reciprocity" of Confucianism; or the "compassion and love" of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Jainism; or the Ten Commandments of Judaism; or the commandments of "Mercy, Compassion, and Love" of Mohammedanism; or the sublimest norms of the Sermon on the Mount in Christianity. All great religions, through their founders and leaders, have tried—and now and then have succeeded to a notable degree—in increasing the production of love among their members in their interrelationship with God or the Highest Value, with one another, and with all human beings and all living creatures.

(c) *All great and small creators in the field of constructive truth* (science, philosophy, scientific technology) *and of real beauty* (all the fine arts). As I have indicated, these values are transformable to a degree into the values of goodness and love; in so far, all those who enriched humanity with truth and beauty have also contributed to a more efficient production of love.

Besides these kinds of individuals, a few social groups or institutions have contributed a great deal to the production of love and to its improvement. Such groups or institutions are similar to small workshops and farms in the production of the material necessities in agricultural and manufacturing (not machinofacturing) societies.

Among such agencies the family has been the most important. Spontaneously—rather than deliberately—the family, compared with other groups, has been the most efficient agency in human altruization and socialization. In this sense it has been the most important "workshop in love production." Like a workshop producing mainly for a local market, the family production of love has also been limited mainly to the members of the family. Only indirectly and occasionally has the family produced love that extended beyond it for the human "world market."

Of course this is only an outline of the general or typical role of the family in this business. It does not exclude the great variation in individual families, some producing an enormous quantity of the "best love," while other families—luckily a minority—produce either little love of low grade or even manufacture hate and its varieties.

Other love-producing groups are groups of close friends, religious groups that earnestly inculcate altruistic relationships among their members and partly toward outsiders, small local communities, schools and educational institutions, occupational unions, castes and orders, and other manibonded groups.

To a degree each group that has some solidarity among its members generates a certain amount of love.

Most groups, however, tend to generate a relatively weak, impure, short-lived, unextensive and inadequate current of love.

And besides, such love tends to circulate mainly or exclusively among the members of the group, often followed by the generation of hate and animosity toward some common enemy or by their common exploitation of outsiders for the benefit of the group.

As a result, some groups produce more hate than love and solidarity in the human universe.

All this shows the astounding lack of organized effort for an abundant production of love energy in the human world.

At present this neglect threatens the very future of humanity.

Hence the imperative need for a decisive improvement in the production of love.

KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

'Why?' shouted Bheema, as the others looked at Yudhishthira literally stunned.

'Yes, those are the commands of our uncle, King Dhritaraashtra,' said Yudhishthira.

'And go where, into a forest?'

'No, to Varnavat.'

'I won't obey them,' shouted Bheema impetuously. 'I am not going to be banished.'

Yudhishthira looked with gentle sorrow at his tempestuous brother. 'Bheema, I have accepted the commands.'

[*To be continued*]

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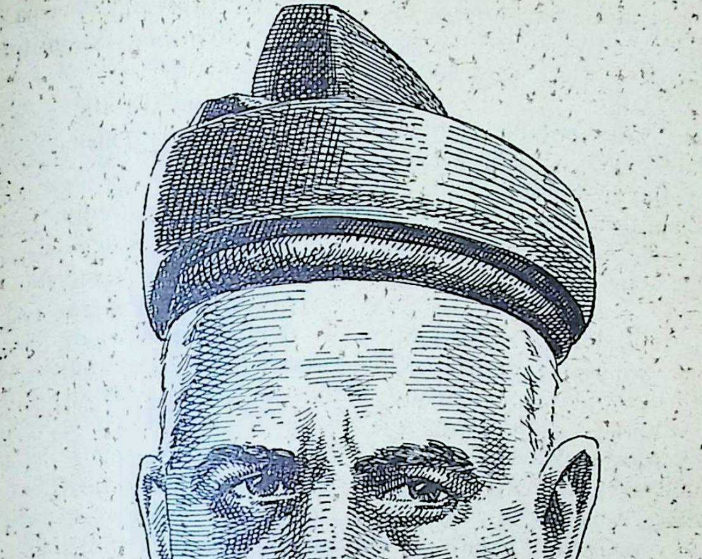

NARSOPANT CHINTAMAN KELKAR

[*b.* August 24, 1872; *d.* October 14, 1947]

"Tatyasaheb (N. C. Kelkar), though a political opponent, I had always counted as a friend whose criticism was profitable. I knew and honoured him as the late Lokamanya's valued follower."

—Mahatma Gandhi

N. C. KELKAR

A GREAT lawyer, patriot and a prominent figure in Marathi literature, Sri N. C. Kelkar was an intimate friend and close associate of Lokamanya Tilak.

Sri Kelkar was born in Maudlimb near Pandarpur. After qualifying himself for the Bar in 1894, he settled in Satara for practising, but had done so hardly for eight months when Lokamanya Tilak sought his assistance and called him to Poona where he was destined to fulfil his life's mission.

At Poona Sri Kelkar took up a lectureship in Law and simultaneously assumed editorial duties of the *Maratha*. Subsequently, he came to be associated with the *Kesari* when the Lokamanya was cast in prison for his political activities. Even after Sri Tilak's release from jail, Kelkar continued to edit both the papers from 1910 to 1918, showing a rare capacity for carrying the heavy burden of work entrusted to him.

Sri Kelkar has a splendid record of achievements as a public figure. His zeal for dedicated service soon brought him to limelight. He fought for the reduction of land revenue and for the distribution of Takkavi loans to the peasants and even served as a volunteer when plague broke out in Poona. In recognition of his meritorious service the citizens of Poona elected him to the Poona Municipal Council for an unbroken period of 26 years from 1898 to 1924. In 1912, he became the Vice-President of the Council and in 1918 and from 1922 to 1924 he served as its President.

Sri Kelkar had his own share of suffering and harassment. When in 1908 the Lokamanya went to jail, Kelkar published complete details of his case in the form of a book which was immediately banned by the British Government. He was prosecuted for having written an editorial in the *Maratha* about Sri Tilak's sentence and a fine of Rs. 1,200|- was imposed on him together with a term of imprisonment for 14 days.

His trustworthiness and devotion to duty soon brought him a heavy burden of responsibility. He worked as the Secretary of the Congress Deputation that went to England and later as the Secretary to the 'Home Rule' Deputation. The idea of Gandhiji's Non-co-operation Movement was not immediately welcomed by the old guard in the Congress which included Sri Kelkar. Later when differences of opinion developed within the Congress organisation, Kelkar associated himself with the Swaraj wing and did active work as the President of its Maharashtra branch and later as a leading member of the central council.

Sri Kelkar was a versatile man—a poet, essayist, story-writer, dramatist and an eminent journalist. His contribution to Marathi literature is precious. *Subhashit va Vinod, Marathe va Angrez, Tilak Charita* (Part 1, 2 & 3), and *Chandragupta* are only some among his voluminous literary production. Every patriotic Indian will cherish the memory of this eminent man of letters and great freedom-fighter with pious regard.

—*P.V.*

Supplement to B. J. dated October 14, 1962.

BHAVAN'S SILVER JUBILEE

This year the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is completing 25 years of devoted service to the cause of education, art and culture, and, in particular, to the re-integration of Indian Culture to suit modern needs. The Executive Committee of the Bhavan has, therefore, decided to organise the Silver Jubilee Celebrations in a befitting manner.

A Committee under the Presidentship of Dr. Rajendra Prasad, has been set up for the purpose.

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N.B. :— This list contains the names of only those whose acceptances were received till the

PROGRAMME

Thursday, 20th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	**Satachandi Yaga.**
6.15 P.M.	**Inauguration** of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India.

Friday, 21st December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Pravachan on **Upanishads** by Swami Akhandanand Saraswa
6.15 P.M.	Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture: Lecture I: **Our Culture—General** by Sri C. Rajagopalacha Former Governor-General of India. President: Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Former Indian Hi Commissioner in U.K.
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Saturday, 22nd December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Pravachan on **Upanishads** by Swami Akhandanand Saraswa
3.30 P.M.	Kendra Representatives' and Workers' Meeting to discu future development of the Bhavan.
6.15 P.M.	Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture: Lecture II: **Our Culture—(a) Family, (b) Community** Sri C. Rajagopalachari. President: Prof. Humayun Kabir, Union Minister for Scienti Research & Cultural Affairs.
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Sunday, 23rd December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Pravachan on **Upanishads** by Swami Akhandanand Sarasw
10.00 A.M.	Bhavan's **Convocation.**
6.15 P.M.	Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture: Lecture III: **Our Culture—The Influence of Theology** a **Philosophy** by Sri C. Rajagopalachari. President: Shri Sri Prakasa, Former Governor of Maharasht
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Monday, 24th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Pravachan on **Upanishads** by Swami Akhandanand Sarasw
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Tuesday, 25th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Pravachan on **Upanishads** by Swami Akhandanand Sarasw
9.30 A.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.
6.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Vednesday, 26th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	**Pravachan on Upanishads** by Swami Akhandanand Saraswati.
10.00 A.M.	**Vishnu Yaga**—(Ayuta Purushasuktatmak)
6.15 P.M.	Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History: Lecture I: **Hindu Gods and Goddesses in the Vedic Period** by Dr. Sampurnanand, Governor of Rajasthan. President: Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Union Minister for Education.
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Thursday, 27th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Discourse on **Bhagavad Gita** by Swami Ranganathananda of Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta.
6.15 P.M.	Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History: Lecture II: **Hindu Gods and Goddesses in the Puranic Period** by Dr. Sampurnanand. President: Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Friday, 28th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Discourse on **Bhagavad Gita** by Swami Ranganathananda.
6.15 P.M.	Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History: Lecture III: **Hindu Gods and Goddesses at the Present Time** by Dr. Sampurnanand. President: Dr. K. M. Munshi.
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Saturday, 29th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	Discourse on **Bhagavad Gita** by Swami Ranganathananda.
5.00 P.M.	Symposium on: **Technological Advance and Fundamental Values**
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Sunday, 30th December 1962

8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
8.30 A.M.	**Maha Rudra Yaga.**
6.00 P.M.	**Citizen's Reception** to felicitate Kulapati Munshiji on his 75th birthday.
8.30 P.M.	Programme by Kala Kendra.

Monday, 31st December 1962

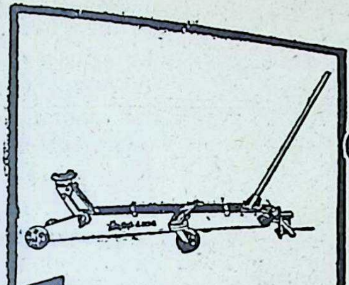
8.00 A.M.	**Vedagaan** and **Bhajans.**
5.00 P.M.	**Garden Show** by Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society at Bhavan's Campus, Andheri.
7.00 P.M.	**Founder's Day Dinner** by Bhavan's Members, Staff and Students at Bhavan's Campus, Andheri.
9.00 P.M.	**Tattoo** by Hansraj Morarji Public School at Bhavan's Campus, Andheri.

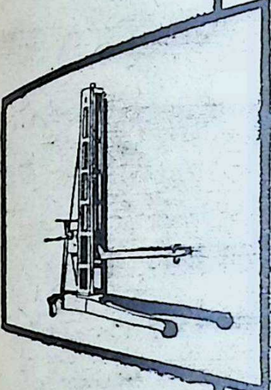
(a) Those donating Rs. 1,000/- and above would be enrolled as Life Members of the Bhavan.

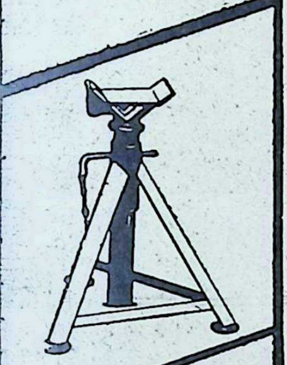
(b) Those donating Rs. 500/- and above would be enrolled as Life Members of the Bhavan's Library.

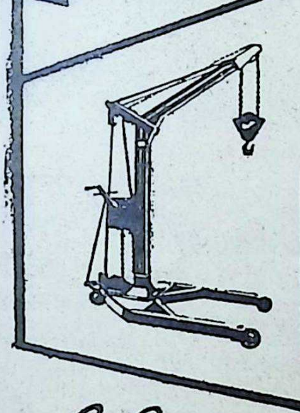
Those who become Life Members of the Bhavan and the Bhavan's Library on this occasion will also be invited to be the Members of the Jubilee Committee.

(c) Those donating Rs. 25/- or multiples thereof would be Associates of the Jubilee Committee. Jubilee Members and Associates will be invited to all the main functions. They will also be given a concession of 25% for the entertainment programme.









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L 30-X29

Parmananda the Mystic Poet of Kashmir

S. N. KAK

IN KASHMIR, Bhavan (Mattan) is a village famous for its ancient Martand (Sun-god) temple, now in ruins. Every year, on their way to the holy cave of Amarnath, saints and sadhus visit this place.

A century and seven decades ago, it was in this village that a babe was born in a Brahmin family. He grew up in sylvan surroundings and was eventually christened as Nand Ram.

Nand Ram had obviously to face difficulties in the matter of his education. The only formal education he could receive in those days was in a Maktab. At the feet of a Mulla there, he learnt a little of Persian which was the then court-language of Kashmir. He also had the opportunity to hear the recitations of *Granth Sahib* from some Sikh sadhus and as a result picked up a smattering of Punjabi.

At the feet of Sanskrit scholars, similarly, he listened to the readings of other scriptures like *Gita*, Puranas, *Bhagavata;* and Shaiva Philosophy. Thus, in the limited circumstances he was placed in, he tried to learn as much as he could.

At the age of 25 Nand Ram succeeded his father as a *patwari.* It was all his parents could aspire for, in terms of worldly success, for their beloved son. Nobody could, however, foresee at that stage the genius in this young *patwari.*

There was little of a *patwari* in Nand Ram. He was out and out a man given to other pursuits, much higher and nobler than the one the world had to offer him at that time.

No doubt, to eke out his livelihood, he had to accept the job of a *patwari* and credit goes to him that he did full justice to it, though in the beginning he did not prove quite smart at it.

Nand Ram was not an ordinary soul. He was a poet potential, a Bhakta, a mystic in the line of the great Lalleshwari and Nund Rishi (Sheikh Nur-uddin) who preceded him in the 15th Century. As time went on, the poetic genius in Nand Ram unfolded itself and by and by he began to startle his people with his poetic outpourings marked by originality and deep devotional fervour. He generally wrote in Kashmiri, sometimes in mixed Hindusthani and Punjabi and at other times, in Persianised Kashmiri. He became very popular and assumed the pen-name of Parmananda by which name he is now known.

Parmananda wrote didactic poems, psalms, litanies and philosophical verses. *Radha-Svayamvara*, *Sudama Charitra* and *Shiv Lagna* deal with the mutual love of Radha and Sri Krishna, that of Sudama and Krishna and the re-union of Shiva and Uma respectively. Behind these lies the infinite love of God for the human soul and the yearning of the latter for the Source Eternal. This, Parmananda brings out very beautifully in these Lilas (Play of the Lord). The spiritual content of Parmananda's writings is strikingly original and after Lalleshwari, he occupies a very prominent place in Kashmiri literature.

Modern Kashmiri poetry can be said to have begun with the sayings of Lalleshwari and Nund Rishi. Parmananda's skill lay, however, in the technique of metre and rhyme. While with Lalla and Nund Rishi Kashmiri poetry sprouted, it blossomed under the skilful vigilance of stalwarts like Parmananda. Parmananda pruned the plant, divested it of all the wild growth and gave it proper nourishment. In more recent times, Mahjur stands out unrivalled in the field of Kashmiri poesy. He worshipped the Muse with very encouraging results. He was perhaps the first to introduce the ideas of patriotism, human freedom and dignity of manual labour into Kashmiri poetry.

In his *Radha-Svayamvara*, Parmananda writes:—

"Gokul is my heart (the human soul, where thou keepest thy cows—Glorious Lord shining with the light of pure consciousness and mind."

"The movements of my mind (thoughts, desires, etc.) are the Gopis, who follow and seek thee alone, maddened by the provoking call of thy flute, bereft of senses, oblivious of self and non-self."

Here how beautifully Parmananda takes us from the concrete to the abstract underlying it! Attracted by the All-attractive SAT-CHIT-ANANDA, the human soul aspires for the highest ideal. When all the modifications of the mind (thoughts, desires, etc.) are directed to the pursuit of that Ultimate Goal, the aspiration is intense and sincere. Only with such an aspiration the goal can be reached.

Again, he says:—

"Kamsa is the mind. His kingdom, Mathura, is the body. Krishna is the Self living in the Gokul of the heart. Narada is discrimination that gives right counsel. The movements of the mind, its thoughts etc. are the Gopas and the Gopis. The cows and calves are impressions in the sub-conscious. The protector of all these, who has spread himself all over this play, is Krishna, the joy of Nanda."

"This (*rasa*) is devotion, faith, yoga and jnana. Believe this, my soul, as certain that this is what is meant by absorption (*samadhi*) in waking activity."

"Rasa is the collection of an ocean of love (in the heart); it is the state in which sour and sweet are equally welcome; it means that no trace of any sin remains (in the heart)".

The esoteric meaning of the *Ras-Lila* is here superbly hinted at.

At another place, while describing the way *Gopis* searched for their Lord, he comments thus:

"Though God, who is beyond space, is no particular place, the straight-minded (simple) devotee goes straight to Him, and renouncing the egoistic 'I am', attains to 'I am He'.

"When out of thy grace thou callest anyone to thee and revealest thyself to him, he simply steps aside from his lower-self and automatically finds his real self. He attains all bliss even the distinction between bondage and liberation ceases for him."

"They who scour woods and wildernesses cannot grasp the all-pervading. The sages who know no hate can reach him."

Here we are told that complete self-surrender is what is required of a true devotee and of course, this is not possible without a clean heart which knows no malice or hatred. Jesus said:—"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." In 'Sudama Charitra', he hints at the same thing:—

"Sudama, the jiva, was the friend of the Lord...The Lord came forward to receive Him, and Sudama, the jiva, gave his limited self upto Him."

The conventional 'I' has to surrender if at all the real 'I' is to manifest itself.

In his poem on the pilgrimage to the famous cave of Amarnath, he reminds the pilgrim of the inner significance of the pilgrimage. The various stages of the pilgrimage represent, in his view, the ascent of the Yogi from *chakra* to *chakra* and his final absorption in the 'thousand-petalled lotus.' The Lingam there becomes the symbol of the Being-Consciousness-Bliss. 'While in the cave (of Amarnath) do thou enter the cave of thy own heart....', says Parmananda.

Somewhere else he says:—

"Strengthen the field of action with the loam of righteousness, then sow the seed of contentment which will yield the harvest of bliss."

How briefly and nicely he gives us the know-how of attaining peace of mind, the blissful state for which we all consciously or unconsciously strive! Also, mark his expression of spiritual ideas in agricultural language.

In his philosophical poems, he mirrors his own experiences and matured wisdom. He writes:—

"There is no victory for the mind except in retreat. Desirelessness alone can make one fully happy and blissful. God's grace to the soul means nothing but that the soul holds nothing dear but God."

The following lines from *Radha-Svayamvara* are also relevant in this connection:—

"Be the calm witness (of mind's movements) and enjoy all bliss. Bathe in the *tirtha* of non-return (to births). This is what Sanaka and other Rishis taught Janaka."

"One freed from doubts and fears is like gold that has passed the ordeal of fire, rid of the imperfection of being partially heated. A cooking pot ceases to seethe and boil when the food within is well cooked."

Desires, nay, all mental fluctuations arise in the untamed mind and with *manolaya* or *manonasha* alone, true and lasting happiness can step in. This is what Yogic psychology says and experience confirms—"the way is silence, the end is peace, *chitta-shanti*". "Doubting Thomas," have to still their minds before they can see the depths.

Thus we see Parmananda's vision was not skin-deep; it X-rayed the far beyond. He was essentially a mystic who 'by travelling strange seas of thoughts alone arrives at last at the beatific vision.' He could not think of any other thing in this world of changing faces. His piercing vision went beyond the phenomenal to get at the noumenon. Reality lies deep down in the recesses of the camouflaging *samsara*.

It is said that towards the middle of his life Parmananda gave up his job and devoted himself wholeheartedly to spiritual practices. He came in contact with many a saint during his life-time. He was in close contact with even the Muslim *fakirs* of the time. Wahab Sahib was one of the contemporary Muslim *fakirs* to whom the mystic-poet Parmananda paid a visit. As usual with such mystics of "the purest ray serene," Parmananda belonged to the vast humanity and the artificial distinctions of caste, colour, creed, or even religious affiliations did not becloud his vision which was ever fixed on the Reality behind the apparent.

We know that great art consists in artlessness, spontaneity, naturalness. To be humble is to be artless, unaffected and unassuming. Innate humility is the hallmark of true saintliness. Parmananda's life was an exercise in this art of artlessness; he was humble to both high and low. His life was a long and continuous struggle to reach the Shore Divine, to merge into the 'Divine Nothingness', and tradition has it that he passed away while sitting in his meditative pose. This was in 1879 A.D.

Physically, he is no more with us, yet his voice is still heard and with the passage of time, it becomes more and more meaningful. He wants us to see unity in diversity and to rise above narrow considerations of *'nam'* and *'rupa'*—name and form represent only the exterior. The way to the Source Eternal is through self-surrender, ungrudging and absolute. The little self has to be completely wiped out if the Universal Self is to be sought. This constitutes his message.

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The Department of Economics of the Bhavan's College, Bombay, conducted a Survey of Behaviour Patterns and Attitudes of the students of the College. It was on the basis of random sampling, and 10% of the total number of students were given a questionnaire to fill. The questions were explained in the class-room. The response was encouraging.

BEHAVIOUR PATTERNS AND ATTITUDES OF ... ...STUDENTS......

Have you taken any special educational courses training after your school career or during your University education?

1. 37.14% of the students have taken some special educational courses or training.
2. 62.86% of the students have not taken special educational courses or training.

Do you feel that this place gives you opportunities for the full development of your personality?

1. 62% of the students say that this place gives them opportunities for the full development of their personality.
2. 28.6% of the students think that this place does not give them such opportunities.
3. 9.4% of the students have no definite answers.

Do you think that academic standards in this College are satisfactory?

1. 60.4% of the students think that Academic Standards in this College are satisfactory.
2. 36.3% think that academic standards in this College are not satisfactory.
3. 3.3% have no definite answer.

Do you feel that you are more intelligent than many of your friends around you?

1. 49% feel that they are more intelligent than many of their friends.
2. 40.8% do not feel so.
3. 10.2% have no answer.

Do you study for the sake of knowledge or for the sake of examination only?

1. 77% of the students opine that they study for the sake of knowledge.
2. 6.9% study for the sake of examination only.
3. 13.1% study for both knowledge and examination.

The rest of them have no answer.

Do you feel pressed for reading much at the time of examination?

1. 52.2% say that they do feel pressed for reading much at the time of examination.
2. 47.8% do not feel so

Have you any difficulties with regard to the medium of instruction?

1. 27.8% say they do have difficulties with regard to medium of instruction.
2. 71.4% do not have these difficulties.
3. 0.8% have nothing to say.

Do your teachers create interest in the subject taught?

1 65.3% say that teachers create interest in the subject taught.
2. 19.2% say that only some teachers create interest in the subject taught.
3. 15.5% say that teachers *do not* create interest.

Do your parents or elders take interest in your studies?

1. 86.6% say that their parents do take interest in their studies.
2. 13.4% say that their parents do not take interest in their studies.

Do you often feel discouraged and oppressed?

1. 41% of the students say that they often feel discouraged and oppressed.
2. 59% do not feel so.

Do you often have to say that I can't do this or I am no good at this?

1. 30.6% of the students *have to say so.*
2. 69.4% of the students *have not often to say so.*

Does your mind often wander so badly that you forget what you are doing?

1. 30.6% of the students have answered in the affirmative.
2. 69.4% of the students have answered in the negative.

Do you worry over possible misfortunes?

1. 38.8% of the students worry over possible misfortunes.
2. 61.2% of the students do not worry over them.

Do you have difficulty in making up your mind for yourself?

1. 34.7% do have difficulties in making up their mind.
2. 65.3% do not have difficulties.

Are you troubled with feeling of inferiority?

1. 26.9% are troubled with feeling of inferiority.
2. 73.1% are not troubled.

Do useless thoughts recur to you at times against your will?

1. 38.4% say 'Yes' to this question.
2. 61.6% say 'No'.

Do you consider yourself a very nervous person?

1. 16.3% consider themselves as nervous persons.
2. 83.7% do not consider thus.

Are you particularly unhappy and distressed?

1. 18.4% say they are particularly unhappy and distressed.
2. 81.6% say they are happy and not distressed.

Are you particularly unhappy and disturbed by the unfriendly behaviour towards you by any member of your family?

1. 19.9% say 'Yes' to this question.
2. 80.1% say 'No'.

Are you disturbed by quarrels among other members of your family?

1. 23.7% say they are disturbed.
2. 76.3% say they are not disturbed.

Do you feel unhappy that your ambitions in life have not been satisfied?

1. 53.5% of the students do feel unhappy that their ambitions have not been satisfied.
2. 46.5% of the students do not feel so.

Have you ever been particularly unhappy due to the loss of relatives by death or separation?

1. 60% are unhappy because of separation or death of relatives.
2. 40% say 'No' to this.

Did you experience any failure in your studies and extra curricular activities? Does it spoil your mind?

1. 36.9% say 'Yes'.
2. 63.1% say 'No'.

Do you feel unhappy and handicapped due to financial difficulties?

1. 40.8% are unhappy and handicapped because of financial difficulties.

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2. 59.2% of the students have no financial difficulties.

Have you experienced any emotional disturbances during your College life?

1. 31% have experienced such disturbances in College life.
2. 69% have not.

Do you generally go out during your holidays?

1. 72.3% generally go out during holidays.
2. 27.7% do not generally go out during holidays.

Are you satisfied with the way in which you spend your time during the holidays?

1. 75.5% are satisfied with the way they spend their time.
2. 24.5% are not satisfied.

Do you enjoy reading books?

1. 96.3% of the students say that they do enjoy reading books.
2. 1.2% of the students say that sometimes they enjoy it.
3. 2.5% of the students say that they do not enjoy reading books.

Do you feel you are more interested in national and international affairs than most people around you?

1. 62.9% feel they are more interested than others.

37.1% do not feel so.

Do you listen to the radio?

1. 93.5% of the students listen to the radio.
2. 6.5% of the students do not listen to the Radio.

Do you own a radio?

1. 67.3% of the students own a radio.
2. 32.7% of the students do not own.

Do you take part in sports and games?

1. 77.6% take part in sports and games.
2. 22.4% do not take part in sports and games.

Do you wish to go abroad?

1. 94.3% say they wish to go abroad.
2. 3.0% do not wish to go abroad.
3. 2.7% have no definite answer.

Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1037

Sri S.L. Shah, Allahabad.

Q: *Can you kindly suggest some remedy as to how a common man living in this age, can control his senses and curb his desires?*

A: Live in Truth. Try to be pure in body and mind. Try to get rid of fear, greed and desires by making some sacrifice for your fellow beings, beginning with members of your family. Pray regularly and surrender yourself to God.

1038

Smt. Manjula Venkata Kondappa, Bhadravathi.

Q: *Which is the best way to become a great philosopher or a great director or a great poet?*

A: Before you become great, you must be something remarkable. There is no ready recipe for becoming any one of the three.

1039

Sri U.N. Saha, Gooty RS.

Q: *Can you not publish all the Vedas with their translations as a serial in your* Journal (*which will be of great service to society*)?

A: Then the *Journal* would not have more than a dozen subscribers.

1040

Sri P.R. Patil, Gulbarga.

Q: *Even great persons often fail to achieve their ambitions. Is it due to* Karma *or any other cause?*

A: Because man is not a maker of his destiny. He is an instrument in the hands of God.

1041

Sri D.J. Patro, Hirakud.

Q: *How to stop people from vulgarity?*

A: More education, less of vulgar cinemas, closer family ties and higher moral standards.

1042

Sri B. Koneri Rao, Nandyal.

Q: *What are* Punyas *and* Papas? *Do they cancel each other?*

A: *Punya* is an act which is inspired by Truth, Love or Beauty. *Papa* is an act which is inspired by untruth, hate and ugliness which includes all acts which spring from hate, fear or greed.

How can they cancel each other? An act is either *Punya* or *Papa*

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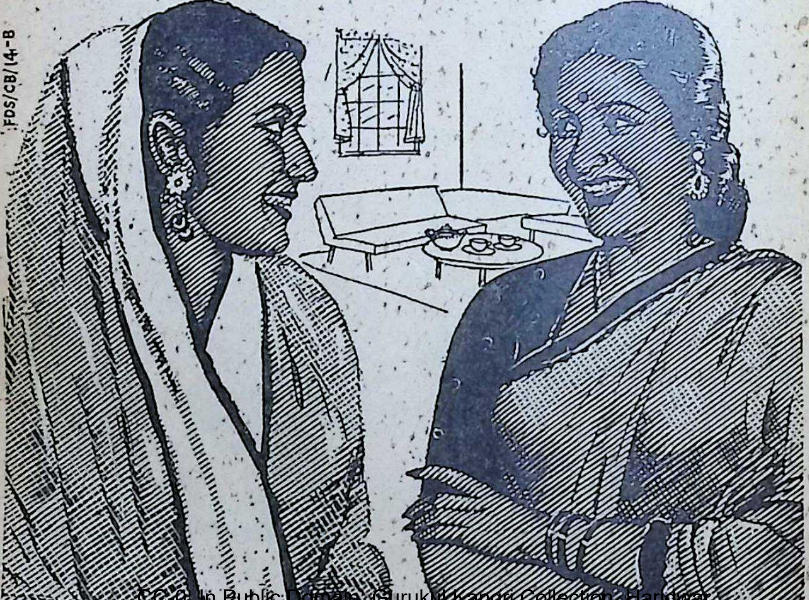

On Growing Beards

Lord Altrincham

A SMALL American girl addressed the question "Why don't you grow a beard?" to Abraham Lincoln, at the time of his first election to the Presidency.

She wrote to him suggesting that he ought to grow a beard, and he wrote back, in his own hand, pleading that it would be regarded as "a piece of silly affection" if he were to sprout whiskers at his age.

But her words may have influenced him more than he knew, because very soon afterwards he grew the famous beard which is part of everybody's mental picture of the great President.

What is the significance of beards? Why do people grow them?

The most obvious motive is to give an appearance of character to an otherwise characterless face. If a man's expression is inane, or if his features are naturally weak, the addition of a beard may give him a spurious air of wisdom or strength. In this sense beards are the last refuge of the underprivileged male. The story of Samson and Delilah could be adapted as the story of any woman shaving off any man's beard. In the war of the sexes surplus hair may be an asset.

But the more sophisticated men become, the more ambivalent is their attitude towards beards. Modern European history reveals, in this respect, a fluctuation which merits the attention of serious students. (For all I know, learned works on the subject may already exist, but they have not come to my notice.) During the Renaissance period beards were *in*. During the 18th century they were *out*. I should be interested if any reader could name a dozen, or even half a dozen, important 18th century figures in Western Europe who were bearded.

The Romantic movement did not immediately sweep away the prejudice against beards: the first Romantics (Keats, Shelley, Byron, Scott, Beethoven, etc.) were clean-shaven. But I agree with the friend who insists that the sensational comeback of the beard during the 19th century was a by-product of Romanticism. The cult of Nature, with its emphasis on wildness and the primitive virtues, more or less demanded that Nature be allowed to luxuriate on the human chin. Tennyson, Hugo, Verdi, Brahms, Garibaldi—the list of bearded 19th-century Romantics could be extended *ad lib*. Karl Marx is one of the prize exhibits; and, sure enough, he was a devotee of Sir Walter Scott.

The first half of the 20th century witnessed a reaction against Romanticism—and against beards. It was all very well to dream of wildness and primitiveness in a sheltered age, but the reversion of civilised humanity to a state of near-savagery set a premium, once again, upon the more urbane graces; while the advent of the safety razor, followed by the electric razor, made shaving easier. Since the turn of the century, and until recently, beards were unfashionable.

Lord Salisbury was the last Prime Minister of England to wear a beard. Of his sons only one (a bishop) was bearded. Another, Lord Quickswood, is said to have remonstrated with his kinsman, Algernon Cecil, for growing a beard. ("Algernon, why have you grown that beard?" "Well, why not? Our Lord is supposed to have been bearded." "That's no answer. Our Lord was not a gentleman)".

The 20th-century gentleman has seldom ventured beyond a a moustache, and even that has been kept within bounds.

But there are signs that yet another Bearded Age may be impending, of which the late Ernest Hemingway may be seen, by future generations, as the pioneer and precursor. The hirsute hero is still with us, and the ascendancy of Science has created a deep psychological need for Romance. In the world of politics one strikingly relevant case is that of Fidel Castro. (Another, perhaps, is Jomo Kenyatta).

The phenomenon of Castro has been discussed from many different points of view, but the significance of his beard has escaped most commentators. It may be that Castro's face would be totally unmemorable without the beard; that he grew it for the most obvious reason—to give artificial edge to his personality. But I suspect that neo-Romanticism was also at work. Castro is in the Garibaldi tradition (though the differences are in Garibaldi's favour); he is a revolutionary of the old school.

There may be a lesson in all this for the more conventional types of mid-20th-century statesman. Might it not be helpful if small American girls in their hundreds were to write to President Kennedy urging him to stop looking boyish and grow a manly beard?

Russians might do the same (though without giving their names and addresses) to Mr. K, reminding him that Marx and Lenin wore beards.

Uneasy Tories might be begging their leader to cultivate the Salisbury visage, or at least to let his moustache grow to the dimensions of Mr. Gerald Nabarro's.

Socialists might be telling Mr. Gaitskell to *look* like Keir Hardie.

In the difficult days ahead the beard is a factor with which, in my judgment, we shall definitely have to reckon. Let it not be said of us that we were caught off guard.

Courtesy: *The Guardian*

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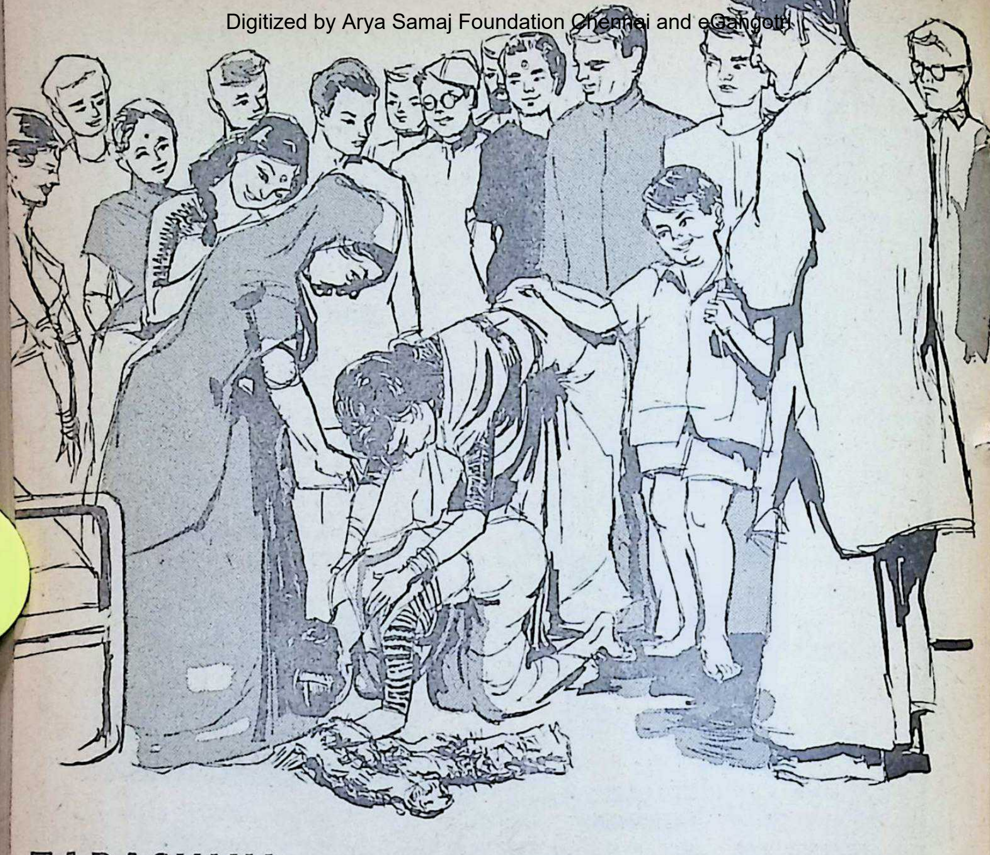

TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART III

CHAPTER 88

Sheela as 'Dictator'

MAJIBA was now able to operate the wheel-chair and move about within the house. She liked to sit in the balcony of her bedroom and watch the bustle of life in the street below. It helped her to forget the monotony of her life as a convalescent.

This little world of hers had suddenly become very active and attractive during these last few days. Karan had recently fixed a pole to her balcony and from it there now fluttered the national flag. The morning prayer processions were a silent delight to her. But what really pleased Majiba

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

RAWA TRIPATHY (RAVI):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

SHEELA :—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

UDAY SOLANKI :—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

RAJBA :—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

MAJIBA:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

HANSKUNVERBA :—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

SAMAR SINH :—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

ROWJI SHETH :—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

BHAGWANDAS :—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

NIRMALABEN:—His wife.

JAGJIVAN :—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

Uday returns home from Europe and is soon followed by Sheela and Radharaman. Gandhiji starts Salt Satyagraha and Uday who joined the Movement in Bombay is arrested by police.

most was the sight of Karan, marching past her balcony every day at the head of his group of 'Vanar Sena'. Every day, Karan gave her an account of the exciting events that were happening in the city.

Raj also helped Majiba to pass the time; she read to her from the newspapers detailed accounts of the campaign of civil disobedience. The day Uday left the house to offer *satyagraha*, Majiba had given him her blessings. His going had made her unhappy, but that unhappiness was not on account of the fact that he had to go to jail, but only for parting from her son. He had gone to jail in order to make his own contribution in the country's struggle, and to carry out Gandhiji's instructions. What more was there to be done?

Today, Majiba had come out in the balcony immediately after her meal. She was a little worried that

Karan had not yet come home. She saw several cars stop in front of her house. The first of these was covered with garlands; volunteers had somehow squeezed themselves on the foot-board on both sides of the car, and they kept shouting "Victory to Bharat Mata."

This car was followed by several others, and each one of them was fully loaded with people. Bheem and Sheela got out from the first car. Bheem then helped some one to come out who was so completely hidden by garlands that it was difficult to say who it was. From the second car, there emerged Bhagwandas, along with some others. Ravi was in the last car and he was accompanied by Karan.

All of them entered the house shouting "Victory to Bharat Mata", and, "Victory to Gandhiji". Without paying attention to anyone, Bheem rushed into Majiba's room almost carrying Gangu along with him. Karan pushed his way through, shouting loudly "Majiba, Majiba, Gangu...", but there he paused.

The whole room had by this time been filled with people. "Here, Majiba, I have brought you your daughter-in-law" said Bheem, as he pushed Gangu towards Majiba. It was Gangu who was covered with garlands. Her hands had been badly scratched and were bandaged. There was a regular pandemonium, for every one was talking at the same time.

"Majiba, I have come to seek your forgiveness," said Gangu, as she threw herself at Majiba's feet. Tears were streaming from her eyes.

Majiba was astonished when she saw Gangu. She realised instinctively, however, that every one was interested in seeing how she would receive Gangu, but perhaps influenced by the prevailing enthusiasm, she greeted Gangu with a smile and Raj immediately bent down to raise Gangu from the floor. Majiba herself stretched out her hand and made as if to embrace her.

The crowd, most of which were uninvited, cheered. The irrepressible Bheem whispered to Raj "Have a good look at my wife!" but his whisper was so loud, and the laughter with which it was accompanied was so much louder, that not only did every one hear what he had said, but delightedly joined in the laughter.

"Majiba, Gangu is my wife, and also yours. Is that not so? She is half mine and half yours."*

Majiba could not help laughing at this sally. This was the first time she had laughed aloud for many a day. She remarked affectionately, "Bheem, you are grown up true, but not yet in wisdom."

Sheela too was delighted at this reconciliation between the daughter-in-law and the mother-in-law. For the last few days, it appeared to her as if her unhappiness had been no more than a bad dream. She had sense enough, however, to realise that Radharaman would not tolerate her new attitude: he did not like her to go out as she had been doing. Whenever he felt that she was not looking at him, his eyes would light up, but only from irritation or anger. Sheela was convinced that her husband, who had got the better of many a brilliant lawyer and judge, helpless though he was physically, was not so helpless where his mind was concerned ; his wits were as keen as ever, and she was sure he was plotting something against her. That was why she felt most miserable when she was in his room. Her outside activities, however, had now altered everything. She was able to spend a good deal of her time in a pleasant and enjoyable manner.

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* *In Gujarat the husband and the mother-in-law both called the wife "Vahu".*

Bombay was in a state of overwhelming enthusiasm. Every morning a flag salutation ceremony took place at the Congress House ; every second or third day thousands of people would collect to watch someone appointed by the Congress Organisation as the 'dictator' to break the Salt Act. In this way, Bhagwandas, Joshi and even Bheem, had assumed the mantle of a 'dictator' and in that capacity each of them had in turn marched at the head of a large procession, and at the end of the march, ceremoniously made salt, and courted arrest.

People moved about the city freely. Burning of foreign clothes was a daily routine. To shout national slogans was likewise no longer something designed to rouse enthusiasm. They also served to tease the police. A number of people tried their hand at the spinning wheel or on the '*takli*', but only a few were successful.

Sheela used to return home each day full of enthusiasm, and gave Radharaman a full account of what she had seen ; she rarely went up to her room until she had done so. Only then would she lock herself in and talk intimately with Uday's portrait! The memory of the way in which Uday had squeezed her hand in the lock-up kept coming back to her. And even while she allowed her mind the pleasure of thinking about that incident, she would sing softly to herself the old appeal to her beloved:

*"Let me go, my beloved Mohan**
Let me go, Mohan, for I am a girl
and alone
People might see us and would talk,
Let me go, darling mine."

Each time at this stage she would blush furiously as if she felt some one was indeed looking on. She would end up by heaving a deep sigh and then put back the portrait in its proper place.

"Sheelabehn, when do you propose to be the 'dictator'"? Ravi had asked her two or three times. And each time she had replied, "How can I afford to go to jail? You know how ill Radharaman is. If he receives a shock, Heavens know what might not happen!"

And Ravi would go on to observe, "The list of well-known persons who could be sent to jail is now getting short. If we cannot find well-known personalities, the enthusiasm of the public is likely to diminish."

"But do you not think that we ought to take on some other activity?" enquired Sheela.

"We are thinking of picketing the Mulji Jetha Market, but even to do that it will be necessary first of all to get a few more persons to court arrest and be sent to jail."

"But suppose, you yourself are arrested?" enquired Sheela.

**Krishna*

"How can they arrest me so long as I do nothing? In a couple of days we want to carry out a raid upon Wadala Salt Works and it is our idea that this should be done by a large number of women volunteers. Would you accept the leadership on that day?"

"Ravibhai, I would like very much indeed to court arrest, and, as you know, I cannot help feeling that in avoiding jail, I am in a real sense of not doing my duty. At the same time, to go to jail would also be to run away from another duty. I really do not know what is the right thing for me to do."

That evening when Sheela went as usual to see Radharaman, her mind was still engaged on the peculiar situation in which she found herself. To her dismay, Radharaman was particularly wicked in the way he talked to her, using words which appeared on the surface to be harmless and pleasant, but which were barbed and meant to hurt. Somehow, she controlled herself, and as soon as he had dropped off to sleep, she left, leaving him in charge of the nurse.

Back in her room, she looked at Uday's portrait. She felt that he was not pleased with her and was rebuking her. Restlessly, she threw herself on her bed, but sleep evaded her. In her misery, her thoughts turned towards her mother. 'Had she been alive there would have been at least one place to which I could have turned for genuine sympathy, understanding, and peace of mind. But unfortunate woman that I am, even that comfort is denied to me.'

She wanted to look at her mother's picture and so she went to her drawer in which she kept all her most precious possessions. As soon as she opened it, she found facing her that letter which she had received by registered post and which had disappeared.

She immediately seized it to see if it was indeed her Poet's letter. She could not understand how it had come to be replaced in this manner. She could think of only one explanation: Radharaman and Ranchhodji must have conspired first to take away the letter and now to replace it.

She took the letter close to her reading lamp and scrutinised it carefully. She found impressions of clips at each corner of the note paper. A faint smell of some chemical also emanated from it. The significance was obvious: the letter had been stolen in order that it should be photographed.

'Oh, he is, indeed a mean devil.'

She pushed the letter down her blouse. Her mind was made up. She called Ravi on the 'phone and asked him when it was his intention to have the raid on Wadala.

"Day after to-morrow in the morning," replied Ravi.

"Have you decided upon a person to lead?"

"No, that is still a problem."

"Well, then, would you renew your offer? Would you consider me? I am prepared to lead the raid on Wadala."

CHAPTER 89

Civil Disobedience in Bombay

SIX months went by. The day before Uday's release, Rajba, Karan and Ravi left for Poona. Sheela, who had been released only a day earlier, went with them.

Ravi, who was proud of his organising ability, said to Rajba rather boastfully that she should observe on the following day what a magnificent reception Uday would receive in Bombay. Rajba smiled indulgently and remarked that he was no doubt pleased at what he had been able to achieve during the past months.

"Yes, I am thoroughly satisfied with what we have organised and accomplished during these months," replied Ravi. "I shouldn't be exaggerating if I said we are happy! We have successfully challenged the might of the British rulers. We have destroyed their trade."

"There is no doubt that Bombay has performed wonders," said Sheela.

"You could call Bombay the capital of free India," remarked Ravi.

"How much of that is due to the impress of Gandhiji's personality, and how much due to your organisation?" enquired Rajba with a gentle smile.

"A great deal is due to our efforts," replied Ravi with pride. "At first Gandhiji's name carried everything before it, but if we had not been there in the last four months, the whole movement would have collapsed."

Raj smiled but offered no remark. It irked Ravi that though there was affectionate admiration in her attitude, she did not seem too pleased. "Wait and see," he said to change the subject.

The next morning all of them went to Yeravda Prison. A few Congress workers from Poona were waiting outside the prison.

They were admitted into the visitors' room for political prisoners. As soon as Uday stepped into the room, Karan rushed to embrace him. Uday then embraced Raj. Raj was happy to see that all traces of anxiety and tension had disappeared from Uday's face. Instead, his whole attitude was eloquent of complete self-confidence. God had indeed responded to her prayers!

Life inside the jail had loosened social inhibitions. Uday hesitated only a moment before putting both his arms round Sheela's shoulders and pressing them warmly. Sheela blushed.

There were more Congress workers at Poona station to meet Uday. As the train reached Kalyan it was met with cries of "Victory to Mahtama Gandhi." Hundreds of people rushed to Uday's compartment to garland him. Bhagwandas Master, who had also been released the same day from the Thana jail, had difficulty in making his way into Uday's compartment. At every station after Kalyan, the same warm and vociferous welcome was repeated.

At Victoria Terminus, thousands of people had assembled to greet him. Many carried the national flag. There were companies of volunteers with instrumental bands.

The reigning "dictator" welcomed Uday and helped him to find his way through the crowd to an open car. Bhagwandas Master too got in. The crowd raised joyous shouts. The procession started. It was led by the bands and the volunteers. Behind them walked women volunteers led by Sheela. Then came the men, and they were followed by the car carrying Uday and Bhagwandas. At the end was a cavalcade of fifty to sixty cars carrying a number of prominent personages.

Along the route of the procession, every window was full of spectators who threw flowers upon Uday. In Sheikh Memon Street welcome arches had been erected at every few yards. Uday's car was frequently stopped by women volunteers, who greeted him by putting the auspicious red mark on his forehead and offering flowers and cocoanuts. The procession stopped at the Congress House. Uday met his political friends and then hastened to meet his mother. He bent and touched Majiba's feet.

Sheela could not contain her pride and pleasure as she went up to Uday to take leave of him, and said. "It was a glorious day, Uday. I shall never forget it."

Uday had never seen Sheela looking so cheerful and happy. He said deprecatingly, "We are like the frogs which jump about in rain water. The 'rain god' is still in Yeravda Jail."

"Daddy, did you meet Gandhiji in jail?" interrupted Karan.

"No, son but he was in the next yard, and I could hear him walking in his wooden sandals."

Sheela felt that Uday did scant justice to himself by attributing the whole success of the movement to Gandhiji.

During the past six months, Bombay was like a magnificent fortress. The Congress House buzzed with activity. Every second or third day bulletins and pavement notices announced the appointment describing a 'dictator'. Decked in garlands, he would lead a procession of several hundred men and women volunteers and ordinary citizens to a flag salutation. In the next day or two he would make salt from the sea water which would result in his arrest, conviction and imprisonment.

By then 60 to 70 such men and women had enjoyed brief periods of leadership of Bombay, and later the hospitality of Nasik Prison.

Girgaum, Kalbadevi, Bhuleshwar, Mandvi and Parel formed the core of the Congress in Bombay, the national flag fluttered from almost every building in those areas; there was inscribed on the walls of almost every house the slogan, 'Every man a Congressman, every house a Congress House'. The streets of Bombay were full of patriotic men wearing khadi clothes and caps. Volunteers dashed about in khaki-coloured shirts and shorts.

They offered hospitality in homes and restaurants; they requisitioned cars at will; they boarded trams and buses and considered it their privilege, as soldiers of independence to travel free.

Young women joined up as volunteers. They feared no one. They moved about wherever and whenever they chose. Even in the troubled areas, the sight of their saffron-coloured saris was enough for people to carry out their behests.

The Gangu episode had enthused other women volunteers and there were many other battles of wits with British sergeants over the national flag.

Shy housewives who until a few months ago would have hesitated to step out of the house unaccompanied, now felt no hesitation in picketing liquor shops at midnight. In their presence street loafers mended their ways. Thus Gandhiji's influence taught these women to shed in six months the restraint imposed by centuries. Working together, many young men and women fell in love.

Every day, cyclostyled Congress bulletins lashed out at the Government. Feelings that had been suppressed for a hundred years were released and found expression in fiery articles. They were sometimes reproduced in foreign papers.

The authority of the Congress was undisputed in those areas where its influence was paramount. If anyone was named in the bulletins as an enemy of the Congress, he was doomed. Any trader or textile mill that was put on the black list was boycotted.

Six hundred volunteers were entrusted with the task of laying a siege to the Mulji Jetha Market, the country's wholesale trade centre for foreign cloth. In fact, the entire area

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enclosed within a circle formed by the Princess Street, Kalbadevi, Mumbadevi and Sheikh Memon Street was so stringently picketed that it became impossible to remove even a single bale of cloth from the Market and warehouses located in this area.

A great many clerks and labourers employed by the wholesale dealers had enrolled themselves as Congress Volunteers, and they kept watch over their employers. No labourer was available to remove a single bale from any warehouse; if somehow some bales were taken out and loaded on a bullock-cart, the driver would refuse to ply his vehicle; and in the rare event of a cloth laden bullock-cart succeeding in emerging from a warehouse, the driver would find his way barred by rows of volunteers lying in front of the cart.

If someone nevertheless succeeded in sending out goods surreptitiously and was discovered, his name would be published in the bulletins. Life then would become miserable for him; even his own wife and children would cry shame on him; his neighbours would have no dealings with him. The only way out for him would be to offer an apology to pay the fine imposed by the Congress Committee.

A list of what was called 'Authorised Indian Mills' was issued by the Congress. Lucky were the mills whose names were included because they flourished. The mills that were not classified as Indian, were boycotted. Their goods did not move; the Shares crashed on the Stock Exchange.

Every Congress 'Dictator' was in office for three days only. Sometimes the 'Dictators' were arrested even before their identity became known. In those tumultuous days, who guided the destinies of the Congress; who took decisions, whence funds came to the Congress, and how they were used—no one knew, for certain. The Congress organisation in Bombay was swept on the waves of torrential public enthusiasm.

As soon as there was any sign of flagging popular enthusiasm, attempts were made to take out processions in restricted areas of the Fort. They would be halted by the police. That was the signal for the processionists to squat on the roads and defy the police. On two or three occasions, the people squatted for two days and nights in succession, faced by strong police forces.

The challenge ended with the passive resisters being attacked with lathis. The injuries were not serious, but the injured volunteers were whisked away in ambulances to Congress hospitals, and the 'heroes' would enjoy a little welcome rest. Glowing descriptions of each lathi-charge were given in the bulletins which roused the feelings of the public and their enthusiasm once again rose.

[*To be continued*]

Where there is only a choice between cowardice and violence, I would advise violence.... But I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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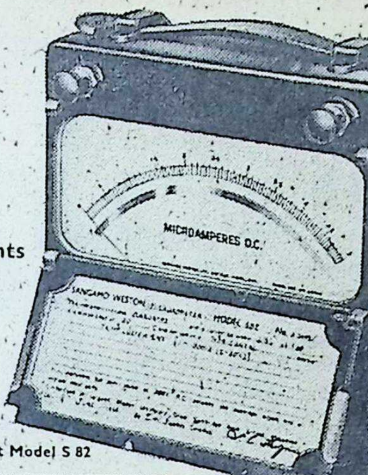

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DRAMA COMPETITION

THE 12th Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted by the Bhavan's Kala Kendra concluded on the 16th September 1962 when trophies and individual prizes were awarded to the winning teams and individuals.

There were 65 entries in 12 languages, viz. Sanskrit, Hindi, English, Marathi, Gujarati, Sindhi, Punjabi, Bengali, Tamil, Malayalam, Kannada and Konkani and trophies were offered in 8 languages while only certificates were given in the other languages as there were not sufficient number of entries as required by the rules of the Competition. Twenty leading Colleges took part in the competition.

The Munshi Shield was won by Khalsa College for their Kannada drama "Hrudaya Degula".

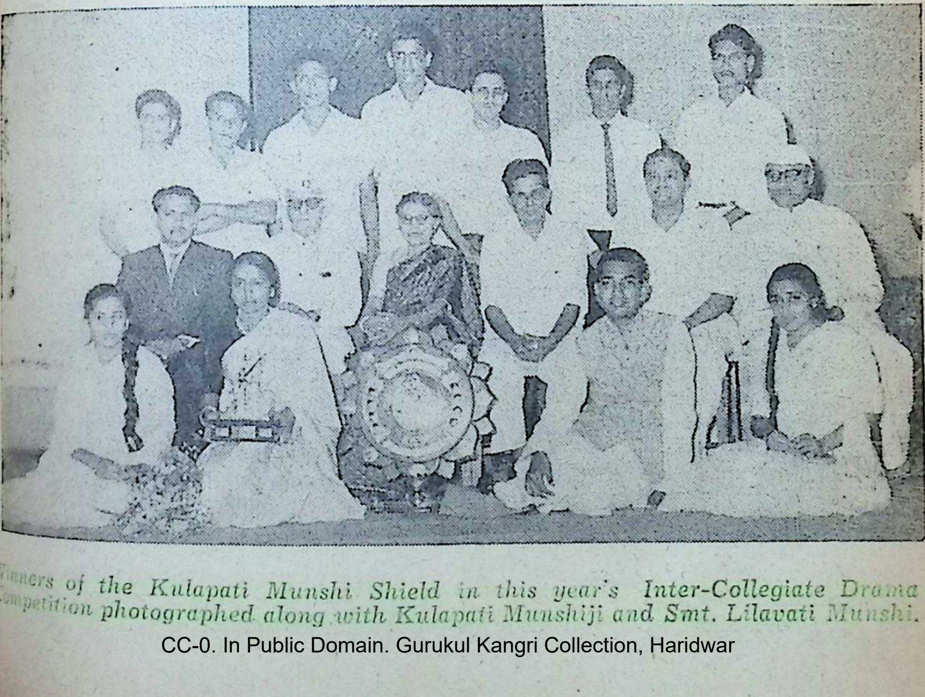
The following are the Colleges who won the trophies:

English: Sir J. J. Institute of Applied Art for their play "Run Around"; *Marathi:* Siddharth College of Law for their play "Pangulgada"'; *Gujarati:* Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute for their play "Bagadio Bagadio"; *Hindi:* Jai Hind College for their play "Aur Diya Bhuj Gaya"; Khalsa College for their play "Mrichhagatikam"; *Kannada:* Khalsa College for their play "Hrudaya Degula"; *Tamil:* Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute for their play "Ninaithapadi Nadandal"; *Sindhi:* Jai Hind College for their play "Shalchor Achan."

The following Colleges gave their best performance in:

(1) *Malayalam:* Siddharth College of Arts and Science (Play: "Marumarunnugal"; *Konkani:* Seth G. S. Medical College (Play: "Aawai"); *Bengali:* Victoria Jubilee Technical Institute (Play: "Atathya"); *Punjabi:* Khalsa College (Play: "Seth Atma Ram & Co.").

The Chief Guests on the different occasions included Sri Shantilal Shah, Minister for Education, Dr. Nagindas N. Shah, Mayor of Bombay, Sri H. H. Ismail, Lt. Gen. Thorat, Sri A. U. Sheikh, Municipal Commissioner. The Chief Guests on the concluding days,



Winners of the Kulapati Munshi Shield in this year's Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition photographed along with Kulapati Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi.

viz. the Trophy days were Sir Chunilal B. Mehta and Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi.

All the chief guests appreciated the work of the Kala Kendra in conducting the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi congratulated the participants for their sporting spirit and styled the competition as the Olympics of Dramas.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi in her concluding remarks said that every year the standard of the dramas presented was getting better and better and many of the artistes who had taken part in the past competitions had become famous professional artistes. She also said here was a practical approach towards national integration, where students speaking several different languages came on, one stage and under one banner. She said that in the years to come the Kala Kendra would be including more and more languages so as to include all the languages recognised by the Constitution and more entries in languages such as Sindhi, English, Konkani, etc.

Sri Navin T. Khandwalla thanked all the participants in the competition for their co-operation. He also thanked the Principals of the various Colleges, the volunteers; the several judges of the Competition for their unbiased judgment; the back stage workers, the Kala Kendra Office and the Press.

GET-TOGETHER

The Competition was rounded off by a get-together Party on the 28th September at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan, in which about 300 student-artistes, judges and the organisers participated. Speaking on the occasion Smt. Lilavati Munshi said:

Our annual festival of the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition is over. In spite of many obstacles the festival generated great enthusiasm. I hope the same enthusiasm will prevail in the years to come.

On this occasion I give you mine as well as Kala Kendra's heartiest congratulations not only to the winners, but also to all the participants. Twelve years back we started with four languages. This year we had dramas in twelve languages. Don't you think we can help a little in moving towards national integration in this way?

The Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition has produced many amateur artistes and we can say with pride that many of those who are in the field of amateur dramatics today are the products of the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition.

I am glad to know that the trend of the drama has also changed and instead of the usual eternal triangle themes, many new problems are taken up. It is a very healthy sign.

I always had an idea of promoting an artistes' theatre. I wish some of you can join together and start it. The Bhavan is willing to give all facilities for such a venture. Every month, if some of you can produce dramas, mainly for the members, it will go a long way to build up an artistes' theatre. I am merely putting this idea to you. I shall be very happy indeed, if some of you can translate this idea into action.

I would like some of you to come forward and speak about your experiences and difficulties if any, you had to encounter and how you fared in your production when you started it. You can also say something about the encouragements received from people. This kind of exchange of views can be very valuable for future guidance. Besides, you may give suggestions about what improvements we can effect next year. By exchange of ideas in this way, probably we, as well as the participating teams, could be helped to a great extent in understanding each other.

One more thing I would like to say. This year, in December, the Bhavan is going to celebrate its Silver Jubilee. I hope all of you will come forward to make it a success. Those who would like to help us could drop in at my place and discuss the matter how best it could be done.

Thank you once again for the spirit of *camaraderie* shown during the competition. Year after year, old and new faces come on the stage. They try to give their best. In this way the youth of different Colleges can come in contact and rub shoulders with each other and learn many things. It is a festival of youth or as it was put by the President on the Trophy Day, the Olympics of the Dramas.

Finally I shall say *au revoir*, because we hope to meet again.

GARBA FESTIVAL

GARBA and Ras Dance Festival was celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan under the auspices of the Stree Seva Sangh and Kala Kendra from 29th September to 2nd October 1962 under the able guidance and the presidentship of Smt. Lilavati Munshi with usual charm, colour and grandeur. Prominent artistes from all over Bombay participated in the festival to make it a success.

NEW SANSKRIT BOARD

The Union Government has reconstituted the Central Sanskrit Board for a period of three years from September 16 this year.

Sri M. Patanjali Sastri, former Chief Justice of India, is the Chairman of the new Board and the following are the members:

Sri J. H. Dave, Managing Editor of *Bhavan's Journal* of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, representing the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad; Dr. R. N. Dandekar, University of Poona; Prof. Vishva Bandhu, Vishveshwaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur; Sri S. N. M. Tripathi, Vice-Chancellor, Varanaseya Sanskrit Vishvavidyalaya; Mm. Dr. Umesh Mishra, Vice-Chancellor, Kameshwara Singh Darbhanga Sanskrit Vishvavidyalaya; Dr. Siddheshwar Bhattacharya, Vishva Bharati, Shanti Niketan, Sri R. P. Naik, Ministry of Education, Dr. V. Raghavan, Madras University; and Sri K. Sachidanandam, Finance Department. Dr. R. K. Sharma, Special Officer (Sanskrit) of the Central Ministry of Education is the Secretary of the Board.

The Board will advise the Government of India (i) on matters of policy pertaining to the propagation and development of Sanskrit in the country; (ii) regarding patterns of Sanskrit Education at different levels, co-ordination of courses, teaching and similar activities, standardisation of syllabuses, examinations and degrees, qualifications of different types of teachers and their training arrangements; (iii) regarding methods to be adopted for the improvement and development of the Pathashala system of education and privately organised research institutes; (iv) when requested, on the question of adding research departments to higher Pathashalas and awarding Research Scholarships and stipends to the students of Pathashalas; (v) on the methods to be adopted for the preparation and publication of improved Sanskrit text-books; (vi) regarding the State Honours and Awards for Pandits and to recommend names of eminent Sanskrit Scholars for such Honours and Awards; and (vii) on matters referred to the Board relating to grants-in-aid for the development and propagation of Sanskrit.

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—Ed.

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RUTTIE JINNAH. By Kanji Dwarkadas. Sole Distributors: Bhatkal Books International, 35C Tardeo Road, Bombay-34. Price: Rs. 3.

THIS book is a biographical and auto-biographical sketch which is simultaneously the story of a remarkable and great friendship. The author has not only elucidated the life story of his friend but has furnished the reader with a rapid sketch of Dr. Annie Besant's political and religious career and her contacts with Jinnah. The story of the Lucknow Congress, the Congress-League Pact and of the Home Rule League as well as the Town Hall meeting of 1918 are vivid reminiscences recalling a formative and tempestuous period. The meetings between Gandhiji on the one hand and Jinnah and Dr. Besant on the other, are also very revealing. As has been rightly pointed out, Ruttie was strongly attracted towards Jinnah by reason of his political work and by reason of his acute, though sharply truncated, intellect, and she fully participated in political discussions with her husband. The story that the author has narrated deals with problems of telepathy and clairvoyance and the profound inter-action of human wills that are attuned to each other. Ruttie was essentially the embodiment of curiosity and Kanji Dwarkadas has, for the first time, brought to light that she was not only interested in psychic phenomena but was endeavouring unsuccessfully to take her husband along with her in her various experiments with life.

The remarks about what is called congressional, as apart from individual worship. are not only interesting but rewarding. As in the case of Dr. Besant and her contact with the Masters, I am sure many people will be greatly interested in perusing what is stated about Kanji's magnetising a jade stone for the benefit of Ruttie.

The two main points that will strike the reader of this little book will be the inner history of certain aspects of Gandhiji's Civil Disobedience movement and secondly, the many-sided interests, social, humanitarian and otherwise, of Ruttie.

As has been observed by the author, the union of Ruttie with Jinnah was bound to be short-lived because of their profound temperamental differences and completely divergent approaches to the problems of life. She was like a rapidly consumed flame, too intense to last.

The one outstanding aspect brought to light by this book is the manner in which the author kept in touch with both Ruttie and Jinnah, notwithstanding fundamental differences in several matters. As Sarojini Naidu has stated in her letter to the author, "you are perhaps one of the few who realised what a rare and noble spirit was hers."

I came across Ruttie Jinnah on more than one occasion during one of which she manifested a most disconcerting defiance of convention. This aspect as well as a complete ignoring of all dif-

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ferences due to rank and wealth are the two main features which impressed me when meeting Ruttie Jinnah.

—*Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar*

FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE: By K. M. Munshi. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1962. Price: Re. 1 or 2s. or 50c.

THESE eight lectures were delivered at the National Academy of Administration, Mussoorie, for I.A.S., etc. probationers. The author digs deep like an archaeologist to lay bare the bed-rock of Indian culture and the fundamental values enshrined in it. His first lecture clarifies the term culture in contradistinction to civilization; the two differ like soul and body. Toynbee attaches no value to a civilization without culture. He describes the Vedic Period as an age of growth. Indubitably, cultural values were created during that seminal epoch, and the central idea emphasized by Sri Munshi is Rita or Dharma, including Kula, Yajna and Tapas. It was not a mere theory but implemented in the *asrama* of the *rishi*. Aryo-Dravidian synthesis was achieved during 1200-700 B.C. "There is a strong Dravidian element even in the Vedic Sanskrit.... There is an equally powerful infusion of Dravidian elements in Aryan religion, ritual and thought, mythology and legendary history" (p. 40). Manu elucidates and amplifies Dharma and his exposition influenced not only India but also Burma, Cambodia and Insulindia; "several eminent modern authorities have found in Manava Dharma a scheme of life possessing permanent value" (p. 61). Writing in 1950 on the modernity of Manu, the reviewer underlined the value of the substance of his political thought even at the present day. The great law-giver contemplated a non-competitive society under the leadership of a class of people leading a disciplined life in austere poverty and pursuing fundamental values uninfluenced by wealth, pleasure or worldly success. The solitary mention is found on page 58. We are deeply indebted to Sri Munshi for his erudite, thoughtful and lucid exposition of the basic concepts of Indian culture in this attractive brochure.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

UPANISHADS in Story and Dialogue. By R. R. Diwakar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. Bhavan's Book University No. 75. 2nd Edition, 1961. Price: Rs. 2.

SRI DIWAKAR, scholar both in Sanskrit and Kannada, philosopher, social worker, journalist, disciple of Gandhiji, Chairman of the Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, politician, Minister of the Central Government, Governor of Bihar, needs no introduction.

In this book, he writes on the Upanishads, "the most ancient philosophic heritage of humanity", in simple stories and dialogues, so that the great truths embodied in them could be within the reach of the common man. The Upanishads are the spoken words of the great seers of the land and deal with *"paravidya"*—spiritual knowledge leading to peace and immortality. The term Upanishads itself lends to two interpretations; the teaching of the sacred lore by the master to the *'sishya'* sitting near, or it may mean spiritual knowledge capable of destroying *avidya'* (ignorance). And by the time the Upanishads took shape, sacrifices and rituals gave place gradually to philosophical speculations leading to eternal bliss and God-realization.

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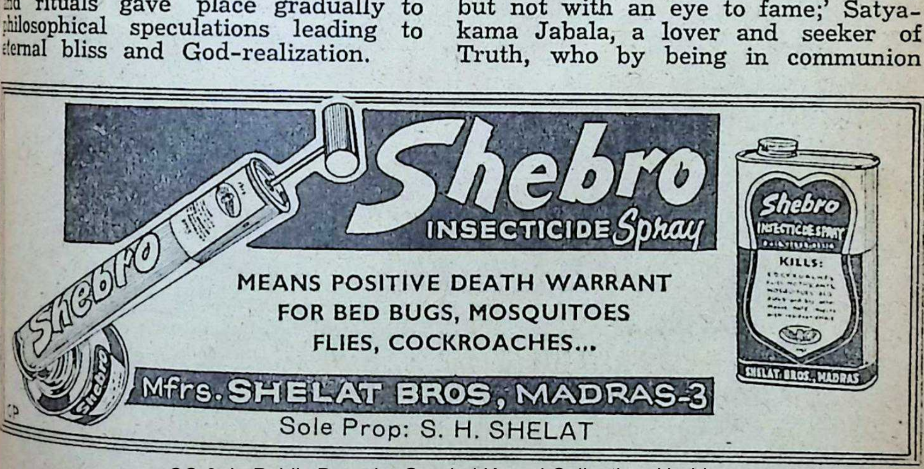

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with Nature and with the blessings of his Guru attained the Supreme knowledge of Brahman; Maitreyi who spurned material wealth and prosperity and sought relief from sorrow and suffering and desired immortality, and similar other stories will interest man at all times and in all climes.

This is the second edition of this work and it is by itself a pointer to its popularity.

—*Sri S. R. Balasubrahmanyam*

SADGURU SREE RAMA DEVI GOLDEN JUBILEE SOUVENIR. Published by Shri Rama Devi Golden Jubilee Celebration Committee, Car Street, Mangalore-1. (S. I.). pp. 353 + photo pages. Price: Rs. 12.50 nP.

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—*P. V.*

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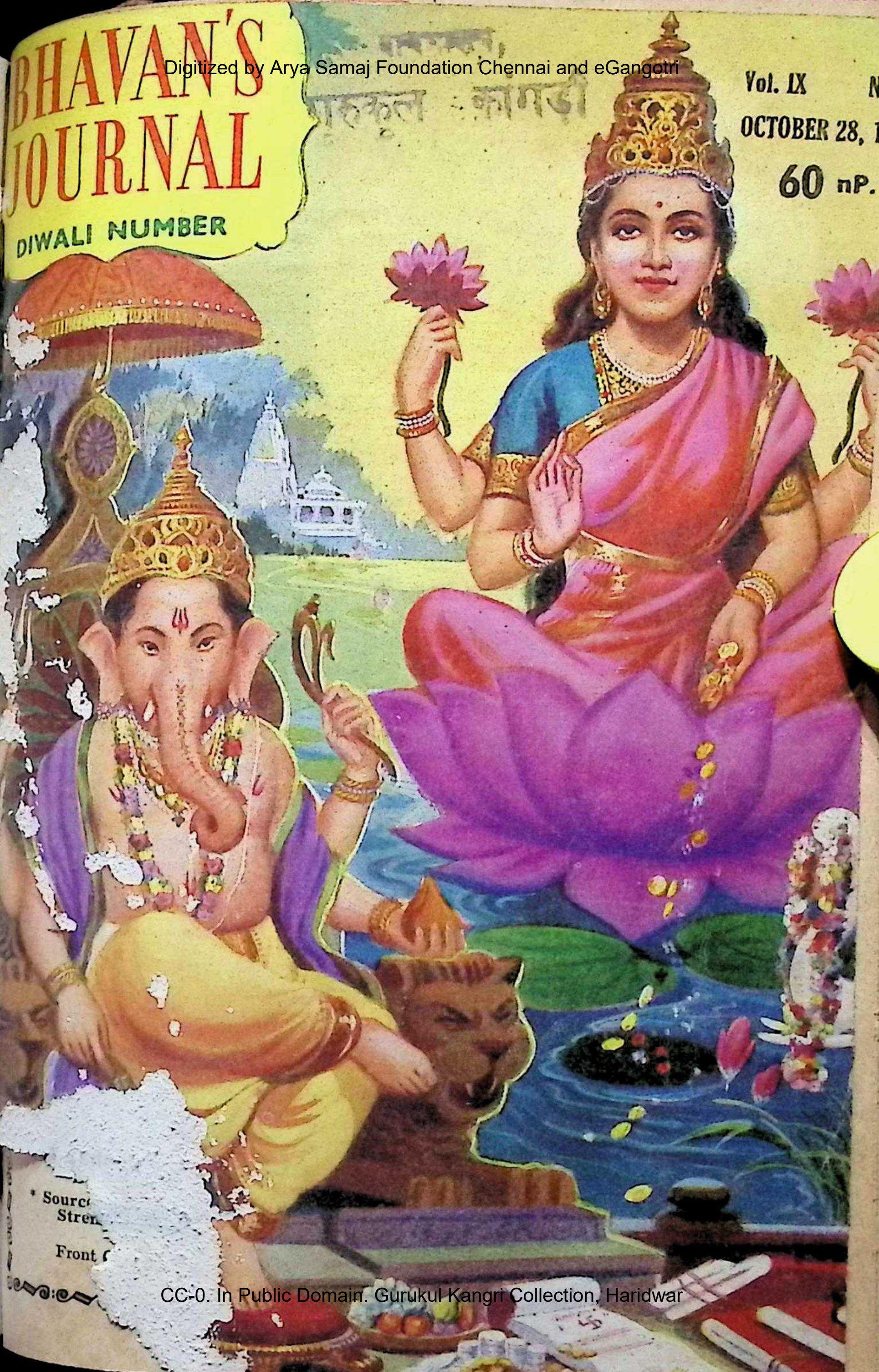

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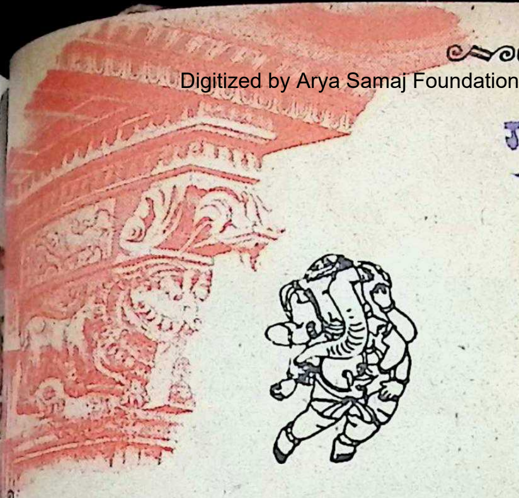

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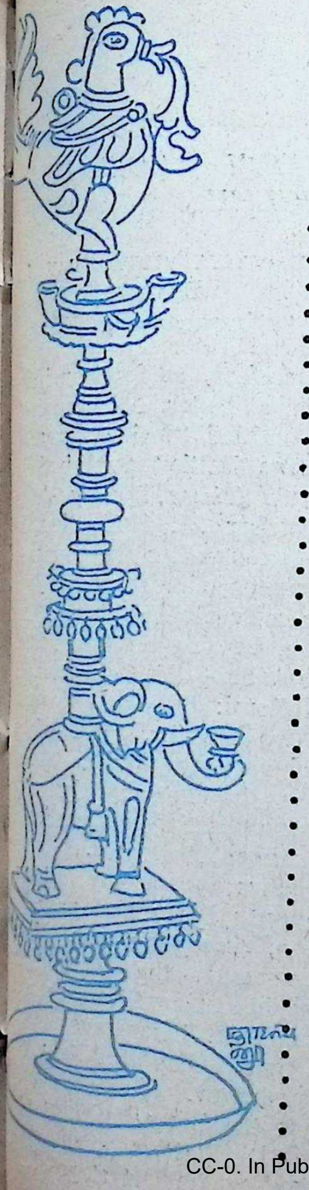

Goddess Lakshmi

मानातीतप्रथितविभवां मङ्गलं मङ्गलानां
वक्षः पीठीं मधुविजयिनो भूषयन्तीं स्वकान्त्या।
प्रत्यक्षानुश्रविकमहिमप्रार्थिनीनां प्रजानां
श्रेयो मूर्ति श्रियमशरणस्त्वां शरण्यां प्रपद्ये ॥

Being helpless, I seek refuge at Your feet; of One Who is the ideal refuge; Whose well-known greatness is beyond measure; Who is the most Auspicious among auspicious; Who, by Her intrinsic effulgence adorns the chest, of the Vanquisher of Madhu (Lord Vishnu), by making it Her sacred seat; Who is the embodiment of bliss of the people seeking the greatness which is direct (i.e. enjoyable just in this world) or traditionally heard or known; and Who is Goddess Lakshmi.

Sri Vedanta Desika (in *Sri Stuti*)

Kulapati's Letter

ON

LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 269

★ PLACE OF HINDI IN THE CONSTITUTION ★ HOW IT WAS GIVEN ★ PLACE OF ENGLISH

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
OCTOBER 28, 1962.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON September 14, 1949, Part XVII of the Constitution enshrining Hindi as the official language of the Union in the Constitution, was passed. Thirteen years have gone since then, and in spite of opposition, Hindi has been making headway. Doubtless, some problems have arisen in connection with it due to circumstances which are irrelevant to discuss here.

When it is alleged that Hindi was imposed upon the country, it is forgotten that the movement did not begin with the Hindi-speaking people, but with Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookerjee, Shri N. Gopalaswami Ayyangar and myself, three representatives of the non-Hindi-speaking provinces, who, in the interests of consolidation, were anxious to set the country in the direction of developing a national medium. In fact, at various stages, the Hindi-speaking people opposed the formula which Shri Gopalaswami Ayyangar and myself evolved, as being too tepid or halting, but it was generally accepted by the Constituent Assembly.

I may, therefore, be forgiven if in this Kulapati's Letter I incorporate my article entitled "Inside Story of The Language Battle" published in the *Hindustan Times Weekly* dated Sunday, October 23, 1949, that is, within five weeks after the event. It is not a matter of history; it is a vital factor in developing history. The article has a bearing on the present controversy about English too. I wrote as follows:

> For two months, some of us struggled hard to produce a formula on the national language which would satisfy all parties in the Constituent Assembly.
>
> Two years ago, at my instance, the Congress Party had passed a resolution, accepting the Hindi language and the Devanagari script as the national language and script of India. There was a storm at the time. Pandit Nehru was very unhappy. Several small groups in the Congress Party were dissatisfied. Matters then stood adjourned to the last stage of the

Constituent Assembly.

In July last, a few of us met and an amendment was drafted making Hindi and Devanagari the official language and script of India and English as the additional official language for 10 years. This amendment, which represented the largest common measure of agreement among those who favoured Hindi, was supported by about 80 members of the Constituent Assembly.

THE OPPONENTS

Against it were ranged three groups: (1) a small group which did not want an official language to be prescribed by the Constitution; (2) a very powerful but small group, which wanted Hindustani; and (3) the most formidable group of South Indians against Hindi, who wanted English to be the official language for 15 years, keeping the question of Hindi in cold storage till then.

The group which wanted no official language to be mentioned in the Constitution soon gave up its contention. The protagonists of Hindustani did not yield easily, but ultimately they did. The credit for it goes to Pandit Nehru who, with characteristic generosity, accepted Hindi and Devanagari. The few members who stood for Hindustani in the Nagari script had to abandon their point of view. The protagonists of English were, therefore, left alone to oppose the pro-Hindi group.

A battle royal raged in the Drafting Committee, in the Consultative Committee, in the Special National Language Committee, in private conferences. Passions were roused; there were a few walk-outs too; sober and elderly people flung strong language at each other. Some of us, however, wore down the opposition. South India first accepted Hindi and Devanagari in theory; in practice, they wanted English. Then they wanted replacement of English only by a two-thirds majority in each of the Houses of Parliament. The opposition, however, slowly weakened and the progressive replacement of English was ensured through the agency of concurrent recommendations by a Commission of Experts and a Committee of Parliament.

THE NUMERALS ISSUE

Suddenly numerals assumed a formidable shape. Few people in the North realized at first that internatinoal numerals (till yesterday wrongly termed as Arabic numerals) were Indian both in origin and by adoption in the South. Having lived in the South, I knew that for the last two generations, they have used no other numerals for their languages or for Sanskrit.

Many people called the South Indian attitude unpatriotic. The blame was entirely unmerited. South Indians were as patriotic as the rest of us, perhaps more, when they accepted Hindi and Devanagari. Hindi is a language alien in grammar, structure and idiom to the South Indian languages. The only common element between their languages and the Indo-Aryan languages of North India is their Sanskrit vocabulary.

The emphasis laid on the Devanagari script and numerals on the score of their being purely Hindi was equally unsustainable. The *elite* of South Indians are as proud of Aryan culture as any in India. In matters of life and art, they are intrinsically more Hindu than North Indians; not from choice, but on account of their good fortune in not having recurrent visitations from Central Asian hordes. They wrote Sanskrit for centuries in their own scripts and their own numerals. Therefore, in accepting Hindi and Nagari out of patriotic motives, South India made a sacrifice.

NEHRU CHANGES HIS MIND

Those of us who believed in Hindi and Devanagari, in fact, gave up nothing. That was why in the Drafting Committee, I was the first representative of North Indian provinces to support South India in its fight for international numerals. Pandit Nehru was first surprised that any one could think of having any but Nagari numerals in Hindi. But when he found that the so-called international numerals were Indian numerals, that the zero was the discovery of an Indian genius, he took to international numerals with great enthusiasm.

It was out of these conflicts that the formula which ultimately came to be known as the "Munshi-Ayyangar" formula was drawn up as representing the most realistic approach to the problem. When I went over to the South Indian point of view on the question of numerals, my friends of the Hindi zone were very angry with me. They thought I was a deserter from the standard of Hindi. Many and varied were the insinuations made against me. But, as I told them, Hindi was not my mother tongue; it was a provincial language of the U.P. I had accepted it not now but under the inspiration of Swami Dayanand's teachings 48 years ago as I saw in it the supreme instrument for national consolidation.

For some time, temporary passions clouded a correct appreciation of my advocacy of international numerals. It was forgotten that I was closely associated with the Hindi movement for many years; that I parted with Gandhiji himself on the issue of Hindi when he changed over to Hindustani; that I was an ex-President of the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan; that when Gandhiji left the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, the Hindi movement in Gujarat would have collapsed but for the support I gave.

But the difference between my Hindi-speaking friends and myself was fundamental. Hindi was not my mother tongue nor did I consider it superior to Bengali, Gujarati or Marathi either in power of expression or wealth of literature. If I accepted it as an instrument of national consolidation, I could have no hesitation in accepting international numerals, if by so doing the whole country could be made to accept Hindi.

THE COMMON ROOTS

We could not force a national language on the South Indians against their will; if we gave them these numerals, they would accept Hindi cheerfully. Thus my object was naturally different from that of my friends coming from the Hindi zone. The country accepts Hindi because of its advantages. It is spoken by the largest single group of people in the country; it possesses the largest common measure of forms, structures and words drawn from Sanskrit and other Indo-Aryan languages of the Sanskritic family; lastly, its present cast has been moulded with the assistance of Sanskrit. If the roots of Hindi were not in Sanskrit, as of Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali, Assamese and Oriya, it would be a foreign language to us; if it were not to be developed by drawing for its richness primarily on Sanskrit, it would have struck no roots at all.

Those, who complain about Hindi being Sanskritized as narrow or communal in its outlook, scarcely realize the position of Sanskrit with regard to our languages, From the dawn of history, all languages in India, except, of course, the hopelessly alien Urdu of Hyderabad, have derived their richness, expressiveness, dignity and rhythm from Sanskrit; only their vigour and vitality have, age after age, been drawn from the spoken dialects as all living languages have drawn.

HINDI OF THE FUTURE

The lines of development given in what is called the "Munshi-Ayyangar" formula correctly emphasize the genius of Hindi and the necessity of drawing the vocabulary primarily from Sanskrit. In my Udaipur speech of the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, I thus defined the future of Hindi:

"If Hindi wants to be a national language it must borrow from the strength and beauty of the other languages of the country."

As the national language, Hindi should be above being made an instrument of provincial language or provincial linguism. To many of my friends from the Hindi-speaking provinces this was not clear. Under the cover of numerals an unconscious conflict was going on.

DEBT TO ENGLISH

The other struggle was against English. Old habits die hard. English, to our mind, was the language of the hated foreign rulers. They are gone; but hatred continues against the most valuable legacy they have left behind. We forget that English is our greatest instrument not only to maintain national solidarity for the present, but also to retain our place amongst the great nations of the world.

With passions running high, the "Munshi-Ayyangar" formula was called the handiwork of anti-Hindi forces, of men with a slave mentality. Naturally, people were apt to forget three facts.

First, the whole texture of our constitutional and legal concepts is woven with the aid of English words.

Secondly, Indian scholarship owes its high standard to its close contact with English scholarship and its expression through the medium of English.

Lastly, Hindi can grow in precision and range of expression only by close companionship with English. If the Universities, High Courts and Legislatures were rushed into accepting Hindi in place of English, the whole intellectual standard of the country would deteriorate.

Ultimately the charter of the national language of India was accepted almost unanimously by the Constituent Assembly, thanks to the vitality of the Congress Party. The transitory provisions were only the result of a realistic approach to the actual conditions.

The "Munshi-Ayyangar" formula was a characteristic solution of a most important Indian problem: the need for national consolidation on the basis of linguistic and cultural unity.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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मातापितृसहस्राणि पुत्रदारशतानि च ।
संसारेष्वनुभूतानि यान्ति यास्यन्ति चापरे ॥
हर्षस्थानसहस्राणि भयस्थानशतानि च ।
दिवसे दिवसे मूढमाविशन्ति न पण्डितम् ॥
ऊर्ध्वबाहुर्विरौम्येष न च कश्चिच्छृणोति (माम) मे ।
धर्मादर्थश्च कामश्च स किमर्थं न सेव्यते ॥
धर्मो हि तेषामधिको विशेषः ।
धर्मेण हीनाः पशुभिः समानाः ॥
न जातु कामान्न भयान्न लोभाद्धर्मं त्यजेज्जीवितस्यापि हेतोः ।
धर्मो नित्यः सुखदुःखे त्वनित्ये जीवो नित्यो हेतुरस्य त्वनित्यः ॥

Taking account of our past births, we have had thousands of fathers and mothers, hundreds of sons and wives. Such has been our experience in this Samsara and so will it be in the lives hereafter.

Thousands of occasions for joy and hundreds of occasions for fear occur day after day. Only the ignorant are affected by those and not the wise.

With upraised hand have I been declaring aloud about the greatest importance of Dharma, but none listens to me. By observing Dharma, one's Artha and Kama are automatically fulfilled. Why, then, should anyone fail to follow Dharma?

Of these three, however, Dharma certainly has to be preferred; for, by practising Dharma alone men distinguish themselves from animals. Without Dharma man is little better than the beast.

Never should the promptings of desire, fear or greed, nay, not even danger to one's own life should influence one to discard Dharma. For, Dharma is eternal, while pleasure and pain are transitory; the Jiva or individual soul is immortal but ignorance, the root-cause of Samsara, is transitory.

—*Mahabharata*

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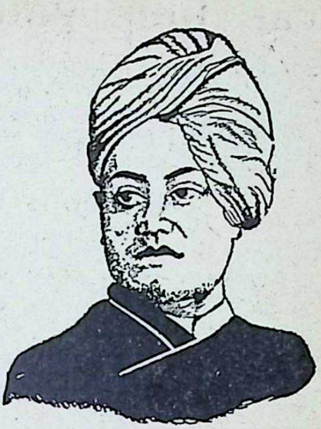
INDIA'S SALVATION

Swami Vivekananda



All healthy social changes are the manifestations of the spiritual forces working within, and if these are strong and well adjusted, society will arrange itself accordingly.

Each individual has to work out his own salvation; there is no other way, and so also with nations.

Again, the great institutions of every nation are the conditions of its very existence and cannot be transformed by the mould of any other race.

Until higher institutions have been evolved, any attempt to break the old ones will be disastrous. Growth is always gradual.

It is very easy to point out the defects of institutions, all being more or less imperfect, but he is the real benefactor of humanity who helps the individual to overcome his imperfections under whatever institutions he may live.

The individual beings raised, the nation and its institutions are bound to rise.

Bad customs and laws are ignored by the virtuous, and unwritten but mightier laws of love, sympathy and integrity take their place.

Happy is the nation which can rise to the necessity of but few law books, and needs no longer to bother its head about this or that institution.

Good men rise beyond all laws, and will help their fellows to rise under whatever conditions they live.

The salvation of India, therefore, depends on the strength of the individual, and the realization by each man of the divinity within.

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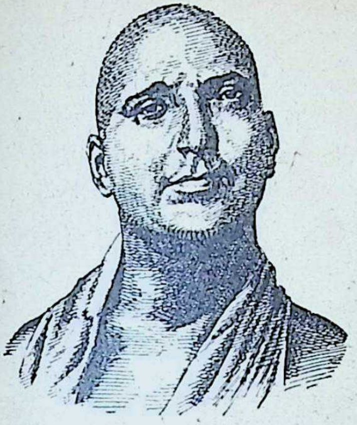

I am India

Swami Rama Tirtha

The land of India is my own body.

The Comorin is my feet, the Himalayas my head.

From my hair flows the Ganga, from my head comes the Brahmaputra.

The Vindhyachalas are girt round my loins.

The Coromandel is my left and the Malabar my right leg.

I *am the whole of India*, and its east and west are my arms, and I spread them in a straight line to embrace humanity.

I am universal in my lore.

Ah! such is the picture of my body.

It is standing and gazing at infinite space; but my inner spirit is the soul of all.

When I walk, I feel it is India walking.

When I speak, I feel it is India speaking.

When I breathe, I feel it is India breathing.

I am India.

I am Shankara.

I am Shiva.

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My Prayer

This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord, strike, strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me the strength lightly to bear my joys and sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my strength to Thy Will with Love.

*

When the heart is hard and parched up, come upon me with a shower of mercy.

When grace is lost from life, come with a burst of song.

When tumultuous work raises its din on all sides shutting me out from beyond, come to me, my Lord of silence, with Thy peace and rest.

When my beggarly heart sits crouched, shut up in a corner, break open the door, my King, and come with the ceremony of a king.

When desire blinds the mind with delusion and dust, O Thou Holy One, Thou wakeful, come with Thy light and Thy thunder.

Rabindranath Tagore

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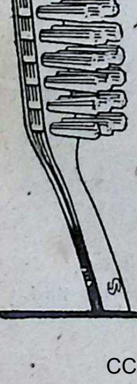

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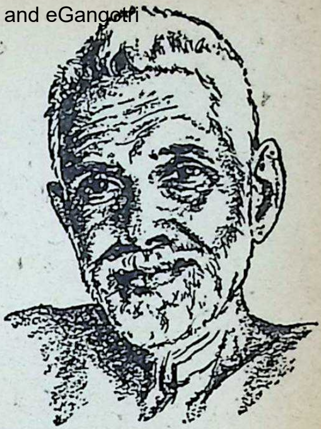

Bhagavan Ramana Maharshi

Dipāvali

நரகுடல் நானா நரகுலகு ஆளும்
நரகனெங் கென்று சாவி ஞானத்திகிரியால்
நரகனைக் கொன்றவன் னாரண னன்றே
நரக சதுர்த்தசி நற்றின மாமே.

He is the king of hell who says that he is the body which is hell itself. He is Narayana who ascertains who Naraka is, and destroys him with His vision of wisdom, *Jnāna Drishti*. That is the auspicious day of *Narakachathurdasi*.

நரக உருவா நடலையில் வுடல
கிரக மகமெனவே கெட்ட—நரகனும்
மாயர் வியைநாடி மாய்த்துத்தா னாயொளிர்த
தீபா வளியாம் தெளி.

The false belief that this hell-like house called body is me, is Naraka himself. To destroy that false belief and let the self shine as Self, is *Dipāvali.*

Living Faith in a Living God

Mahatma Gandhi

DO we get all we want?

If we did, where would our faith have any play at all?

Sufficient to know that not a blade moves but by His will. He will take care, if we will but trust Him, not after the manner of those who will take all the care that money can procure and then trust.

That we must take some care is true. But men of trust will not do violence o their own nature, and go out of their way to take precautions and adopt remedies which ordinary men have no means to command.

The formula, therefore, is the less care the better, and no more than the east of us can procure by reasonable effort.

It is a wrong thing to rehearse a calamity (i.e., an event believed by us to be calamity, though, in fact, t may be a blessing) and to reproduce n advance the feelings one would have.

It is enough that we hold ourselves prepared for the worst.

This we do by an ever increasing faith in God the Good, the Just, the Compassionate, the Bountiful, the Giver of the daily bread, the Help of the helpless, the All-powerful, the All-Knowing, the Ever-Vigilant, the Whole Truth.

Never imagine things good or bad, until they stare you in the face.

Full surrender means full freedom from all care.

A child never has care for anything. It knows instinctively that it is being cared for by its parents. How much more true should it be with us grown-up people? There you have the test of faith or detachment of the *Gita*, if you like.

●●●

It is not faith that calculates, that fears, that hesitates.

When a child nestles itself in the bosom of its mother and feels itself absolutely secure, it does not ask itself whether the mother is strong enough to protect it or not.

Never imagine the worst.

Since God is a God of Mercy, if we must imagine it is best to imagine the best.

Of course, a votary of the *Gita* never imagines anything. Good and bad are after all relative terms.

He takes note of things as they happen and reacts naturally to them, fulfilling his part as if propelled by the Great Mechanic, even as a piece of machine in good order responds automatically to the call of the mechanist.

It is the most difficult thing for an intelligent being to be like a machine.

And yet, if one is to become a zero, that is precisely what one desiring perfection has to become.

The vital difference between the machine and the man is that the machine is inert, the man is all life and consciously becomes like a machine in the hands of the Master Mechanic.

Krishna says, in so many words, that God moves all beings as if they were parts of a machine.

If you have a living faith in a living God, you would feel His never-failing presence protecting you.

Till that state is reached, even faith in an individual clothed in flesh and bone is not of any avail!

It is relying on a broken reed.

You should first think that out clearly, and then get the heart to cooperate with the intellect.

You ought to learn real self-control.

It does not come by reading. It comes only by definite realization that God is with us and looks after us as if He had no other care besides.

How this happens, I do not know. That it does happen, I do know. Those who have faith, have all their cares lifted from off their shoulders.

You cannot have faith and tension at the same time. Do relax your mind.

But self-control to be self-control must brace one up.

It becomes mechanical or superimposed when it unnerves or saddens one.

There is something radically wrong in your carrying this load of anxiety on your shoulders.

It is incompatible with a living faith in a living God.

As days pass, I feel this Living Presence in every fibre of my veins. Without that feeling, I should be demented.

There are so many things that are calculated to disturb my peace of mind. So many events happen that would, without the realization of that Presence, shake me to the very foundation. But they pass me by, leaving me practically untouched.

I want you to share that reality with me.

We have to acquire the faculty of keeping well under all weathers—a difficult task I know. But it is not beyond human reach.

The mind plays a great part in it.

If we can completely detach ourselves from the externals in terms of the Sixth Chapter (Gita), we can attain that state.

That it appears to be beyond our reach for the present, need not baffle us.

The author of the *Gita* invites us to the effort and says from his abundant experience that it never fails.

It may take long, but success is a certainty. [*Courtesy:* Navajivan Trust]

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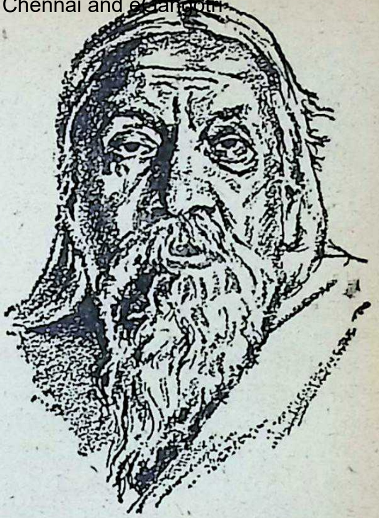
The Religion of Humanity

Sri Aurobindo



THE aim of the religion of humanity was formulated in the eighteenth century by a sort of primal intuition; that aim was and it is still to recreate human society in the image of three kindred ideas, liberty, equality and fraternity.

None of these has really been won in spite of all the progress that has been achieved.

The liberty that has been so much proclaimed as an essential of modern progress is an outward and mechanical and unreal liberty.

The equality that has been so much sought after and battled for, is equally an outward and mechanical and will turn out to be an unreal equality.

Fraternity is not even claimed to be a practicable principle of the ordering of life and what is put forward as its substitute is the outward and mechanical principle of equal association or at the best a comradeship of labour.

This is because the idea of humanity has been obliged in an intellectual age to mask its true character of a religion and a thing of the soul and the spirit and to appeal to the vital and physical mind of man rather than his inner being.

It has limited his effort to the attempt to revolutionise political and social institutions and to bring about such a modification of the ideas and sentiments of the common mind of mankind as would make these institutions practicable; it has worked at the machinery of human life and on the outer mind much more than upon the soul of the race.

It has laboured to establish a political, and social and legal liberty, equality and mutual help in an equal association.

But though these aims are of great importance in their own field, they are not the central thing; they can only be secure when founded upon a change of the inner human nature and inner way of living; they are themselves of importance only as means for giving a greater scope and a better field for man's development towards that change and, when it is once achieved, as an outward expression of the larger inward life.

Freedom, equality, brotherhood are three godheads of the soul ; they cannot be really achieved through the external machinery of society or by man so long as he lives only in the individual and the communal ego.

When the ego claims liberty, it arrives at competitive individualism.

When it asserts equality, it arrives first at strife, then at an attempt to ignore the variations of Nature, and, as the sole way of doing that successfully, it constructs an artificial and machine-made society.

A society that pursues liberty as its ideal is unable to achieve equality ; a society that aims at equality, will be obliged to sacrifice liberty.

For the ego to speak of fraternity, is for it to speak of something contrary to its nature.

All that it knows is association for the pursuit of common egoistic ends, and the utmost that it can arrive at is a closer organisation for the equal distribution of labour, production, consumption and enjoyment.

Yet is brotherhood the real key to the triple gospel of the idea of humanity.

The union of liberty and equality can only be achieved by the power of human brotherhood and it cannot be founded on anything else.

But brotherhood exists only in the soul and by the soul ; it can exist by nothing else.

For this brotherhood is not a matter either of physical kinship or of vital association or of intellectual agreement.

When the soul claims freedom, it is the freedom of its self-development, the self-development of the divine in man in all his being.

When it claims equality, what it is claiming is that freedom equally for all and the recognition of the same soul, the same godhead in all human beings.

When it strives for brotherhood, it is founding that equal freedom of self-development on a common aim, a common life, a unity of mind and feeling, founded upon the recognition of this innner spiritual unity.

These three things are in fact the nature of the soul ; for freedom, equality, unity are the eternal attributes of the Spirit.

It is the practical recognition of this truth, it is the awakening of the soul in man and the attempt to get him to live from his soul and not from his ego which is in the inner meaning of religion, and it is that to which the religion of humanity also must arrive before it can fulfil itself in the life of the race.

Courtesy: *Aurobindo Ashram*

Love of God means love of all beings, because God is all and all is in God.

—Swami Ramdas

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Vasishtha Ramayana

The righteous path

वसिष्ठ उवाचः
वासनौघेन शुद्धेन तत्र चेदद्य नीयसे।
तत्क्रमेण शुभेनैव पदं प्राप्स्यसि शाश्वतम् ॥
अथ चेदशुभो भावस्त्वां योजयति संकटे।
प्राक्तनस्तदसौ यत्नाज्जेतव्यो भवता बलात् ॥
प्राज्ञश्चेतनमात्रस्त्वं न देहस्त्वं जडात्मकः।
अन्येन चेतसा तत्ते चेत्यत्वं क्वेव विद्यते ॥
अन्यस्त्वां चेतयति चेत्तं चेतयति कोऽपरः।
क इमं चेतयेत्तस्मादनवस्था न वास्तवी ॥

Sage Vasistha continued to address Sri Rama:

If you are led by pure desires, you will attain to a state of lasting welfare by your well-meaning acts. If undesirable inclinations lead you to difficulties, such propensities derived from former births should be overcome by overpowering endeavour. You are a lively, intelligent man, not merely dull material body. To you, where is the need of another's guidance to waken your intellect? If you need another to enlighten your understanding, who is the other to enlighten him? And who will illumine the other? This way it is *ad infinitum* and that is not correct.

शुभाशुभाभ्यां मार्गाभ्यां वहन्ती वासनासरित्।
पौरुषेण प्रयत्नेन योजनीया शुभे पथि ॥
अशुभाच्चालितं याति शुभं तस्मादपीतरत्।
जन्तोश्चित्तं तु शिशुवत्तस्मात्तच्चालयेत्
बलात् ॥
समता सांत्वनेनाशु न द्रागिति शनैः शनैः।
पौरुषेणैव यत्नेन पालयेच्चित्तबालकम् ॥
वासनौघस्त्वया पूर्वमभ्यासेन घनीकृतः।
शुभो वाप्यशुभो वापि शुभमद्य घनीकुरु ॥

The current of our propensities flows between good and evil. By our persistent effort, we should direct it to the righteous path. By directing the mind to the right way from the wrong, it will take the right course and *vice versa*. Mind of a living thing is (wayward) like a baby and is to be controlled by force. This child of a mind is to be trained by constant effort, slowly with gentleness and appeasement and not in undue haste. You have attained mastery over your good and bad propensities by constant practice. Now consolidate your inclination to the good.

प्रागभ्यासवशाद्याता यदा ते वासनोदयम्।
तदाभ्यासस्य साफल्यं विद्धि त्वरिमर्दन ॥
इदानीमपि ते याति घनतां वासनानघ।
अभ्यासवशतस्तस्मात् शुभाभ्यासमुपाहर ॥
पूर्वं चेत् घनतां याता नाभ्यासात्तव वासना।
वर्धिष्यते तु नेदानीमपि तात सुखी भव ॥
संदिग्धायामपि भृशं शुभामेव समाहर।
अस्यां तु वासनावृद्धौ शुभाद्दोषो न कश्चन ॥

O! Destroyer of enemies! When by your previous practice you have developed certain tendencies, know that

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it is the fruition of your efforts. O sinless Rama! Your inclinations, as they are, lie dormant in you. Therefore by practice, employ them to good purpose. If your tendencies are not developed previously by practice, they will improve at least now. O! Beloved be happy. Cling constantly to what is good, even though it is doubtful. No harm will result from this development of tendencies arising from good actions.

यद्यदभ्यस्यते लोके तन्मयेनैव भूयते ।
इत्याकुमारं प्राज्ञेषु दृष्टं संदेहवर्जितम् ॥
शुभवासनया युक्तस्तदत्र भव भूयते ।
परं पौरुषमाश्रित्य विजित्येन्द्रियपञ्चकम् ॥
अव्युत्पन्नमना यावद्भवानज्ञाततत्पदः ।
गुरुशास्त्रप्रमाणैस्तु निर्णीतं तावदाचर ॥
ततः पक्वकषायेण नूनं विज्ञातवस्तुना ।
शुभोप्यसौ त्वया त्याज्यो वासनौघो निराधिना ॥

We become perfect in what all we practise. It is seen that studying from childhood makes the learned free from doubts. When you have the goodwill in you, accomplish your purpose, relying on your exertions and keeping the five senses under subjection. So long as your mind is imperfect and unacquainted with true knowledge, till that time you should follow the precepts laid down by teachers and the Shastras. Then, when you have attained the ultimate essence of knowledge and your mind is free from all impressions and afflictions you should abandon all your tendencies though they are good.

यदतिसुभगमार्यसेवितं त–
  च्छुभमनुसृत्य मनोज्ञभावबुद्ध्या ।
अधिगमय पदं सदा विशोकं
  तदनु तदप्यवमुच्य साधु तिष्ठ ॥

With a well-disposed understanding, pursue the virtuous course that is totally wholesome and is resorted to by good men. Thus attain to the blissful state of existence. Then abandon all and remain saintly.

The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; they shall grow like a cedar of Lebanon.

—Old Testament

Sadhana at a glance

Swami Akhandananda

THE mind is the resort of all sorts of fancies. What lies dormant in the sub-conscious, wakes up in our dreams and also when we are awake. Things that have no relation to one another appear inter-related and present a big and complex pattern of behaviour. Often I get absorbed in such fancies that I find it difficult to get rid of them. They do come frequently. Sometimes these fancies are delightful and profitable and their memory afterwards gives both pleasure and profit. One day at dawn when I should have relaxed peacefully, being unperturbed and free from all desires, these fanciful thoughts took possession of my mind.

It was durbar-time. Many courtiers were seated calmly in their places. The most elevated place was occupied by King Ego with his devoted wife, Buddhi. Among the courtiers were seen in their shining forms ten Indriyas, five Pranas, five Elements and Mind. There were other indistinct figures and also a few who were of no consequence. This large durbar-hall and its activities were just before my eyes; but I fail to remember where I was and in what form I was witnessing them: I was simply a witness.

The Monarch (Ego) called Mind and bade him bring to him each of the assembly one by one, as he desired to acquaint himself with them, know their occupations and the aim of their lives. Mind withdrew to carry out his orders, bowing.

Mind then brought to him a middle-aged lady. Ego asked 'Who are you?'

'My name is Prithvi' replied the woman.

'What is your occupation?'

'For my livelihood' said she 'I do not have to do anything. Cold, heat, wind and space are available to me at all times, and the work of bearing the entire creation comes very naturally to me. I am never anxious nor perturbed. This is what I do and I am fully occupied with it.'

'What is the aim of your life?' asked Ego.

'Can there be any aim where there is no independent existence? I must do only that which is commanded by the One who gave me existence, who brought me out of the womb of Nature and who supports me. Each of my actions is according to His will. Perhaps, He is pleased with it, I do not know, but I make no effort to please Him. I have no motive nor do I know His motive.'

'Suppose He drowns you in water, or burns you in fire or destroys you, will you not be aggrieved?' asked Ego.

'Not at all' replied Prithvi. 'His will is my existence, and so is my death. Life and death do not exist for me; only His will does. What then is the difference between the two? In my mind the thought of happiness and misery does not arise.'

'Well, go and occupy your place, I have nothing to say to you', said Ego.

Mind then brought another from the assembly. Ego asked. 'What is your name?'

'Water' came the answer.

'What is your occupation?'

'I am available to whosoever wants me for his use. The earth is moistened by me, the sun drinks me, the wind is cool because of me, and I too use them when required. That is my occupation. Therefore I have no anxiety nor worry'.

'What is the aim of your life?' asked Ego.

'I do not know' said Water. 'By His desire who has given me existence and livelihood I make a circuit from the clouds to the mountain, from the mountain to the plains, from the plains to the river and from the river again to the clouds. He that makes me go round knows its secret.'

'Are you happy with this travel?' asked Ego. 'Suppose it stops suddenly.'

'I never desired that I should ever travel like this, nor do I wish that I should stop. When I desire neither to move nor to stand still, how can I have preference for either of these states?'

'Suppose somebody burns you up or scorches or makes you perish,' asked Ego.

'I have to burn, get scorched or perish as the case may be.'

'Won't you be aggrieved?'

'It is all the same to me. When I live by another's will, then I die also by another's will. By the will of another my life exists. There is neither happiness nor misery in this.'

'All right, go' said Ego.

Mind then entered with a bright figure.

'Who are you?' asked Ego.

'I am Fire'.

'What is your occupation?'

'Whoever wishes to have heat and light, can take from me as much as he wants. Wind, Water and Earth are useful to me. This is my nature; I have no particular desire to be such.'

'For whom do you do all this?

'Somebody is making me do it.'

'Suppose nobody makes you do it?'

'I won't do.'

'Suppose He destroys you?' said Ego.

'I will perish.'

'Where did you acquire this nature?' asked Ego.

'This also is given by Him. I was proud that I have some power in me. But He has made me realise that the power is His and what little I am is due to Him. He may keep or deprive me of it, it is His will.'

'Well, you may go' said Ego.

Then came the turn of Wind. When Ego questioned him, he said 'I am Wind, and my occupation is to blow. I cause the existence of lightning, life and fire. The entire Universe depends on me for its existence.'

'From where did you derive so much of power?'

'From where I came. My powers are mine only for the name. They came naturally to me without any effort on my part. I am only an instrument and this quality is also willed by somebody else and is not my own.'

'Suppose all your powers are taken away from you?'

'Let them be taken away. If He, to whom I belong, whose powers are mine, takes them back to Himself or deprives me of them, I cannot but be happy at that.'

'All right, you may go.'

Next Ether was brought near and when questioned by Ego, he said: 'I am Ether. Space and sound are my attributes. I sustain all the four elements and the things created by them. This I say from the point of view of those Elements only. In my eyes, they are not different from me. To me they are not even to be seen. It is only myself that I see. Truly, this is the natural quality of the all-pervading Lord of the Universe.'

'Suppose somebody destroys you?'

'I will remain even then in the form of destruction.'

'Suppose you do not remain at all, what then?'

'In that case, He will surely remain whose I am and in whom I exist. If by destroying my existence, His existence is revealed, then it is only for the good.'

'But if you are destroyed and His existence is not revealed?'

'Then it will be His play of hide-and-seek. If I am to perish for His play, then it is indeed good."

'The dedication of all five of you is complete,' Ego concluded.

Prompted by Ego, Mind then brought another who, though one, had a five-fold form. He was singular in shape, while the other forms were his shadows. On being questioned, he answered: 'My name is Pran. Though I am one, on account of the difference in position and vocation, I appear different in five ways as both unitary and diverse. All the activities in the world are through me. I am the motive power of every activity in this gross world!'

'Are you unitary or diverse? asked Ego.

'In fact I am unitary, I do not have diversity at all. But it is only said so. I am diverse and that too in such a way that I will not be thought unitary at all.'

'Then you accept your illusion and

captivity?' asked Ego.

'Yes. I think that bodily existence and blood circulation as well as digestion are caused by me. Even the eye will not wink but for me.'

'Wherefrom did you derive this strength?'

'I derive strength from universal life and universal soul.'

'Suppose you are not given this strength?'

'I shudder at such a possibility. I am full of the horror of death' said Pran.

'Then you don't have an unattached, balanced mind'.

'That's true', said Pran.

'You shall have to undergo punishment for this crime'.

'I am undergoing punishment even now. I cannot suffer more than what I have already suffered.'

'You are in bondage, but to break it also, it is necessary that you should be further fettered. Let your actions be limited. Be well-balanced by the aid of Ida, Pingala and Sushumna. Let all your wilful activities stop; place yourself by me. Don't get out of my sight even for a moment. What punishment is meted out to you is for your lack of motive. Surely, this will cause you sorrow, but even this distress will make for something better than your present happiness. You are not disposed equally towards life and death, have no submission to the Almighty, making no advance towards the goal. Therefore Pran! remain fettered. Stand before my eyes in steadiness.' Pran stood thus. But he began to tremble by and by.

Then Ego said to Mind: 'There are ten Senses. All need not be brought to me. With their consent, bring me one principal Sense, representing all.'

Accordingly Mind brought before him the Sense of Speech. On being questioned about the Senses, Speech said: 'We are ten in all. Five are Senses of Perception and five of Action. Senses of Action supplement the Senses of Perception, thus: If the Eye desires to look at a place the legs want to reach there, the skin desires to touch, and the hand gives effect to that desire. Senses of Perception are important, their purpose and functions are different. Some are alive to sound, some alive to touch and some others alive to form. The purpose of their being is to reach perfection in their functions. Just as the ear likes to hear a melodious sound, so do the eyes desire to see beautiful objects and the skin to feel soft touch. Harsh sound, ugly form and rough touch are disliked by them. All wish to attain perfection in their functions in different directions. For this alone they have created conflict in their lines.'

Ego asked: 'Have they reflected ever on God? Did these five think that the attainment of their goal is the realization of God?'

'No, they deem their aims to be different and to reach perfection in them tantamount to attaining God.'

'Does it mean that presence of God is not felt where these aims are only partially realised?' Is not there a purpose of existence in those too that are harsh, bitter and offensive? It is a crime to be angry with them and feel distressed, and that is punishable,' said Ego.

'But they are not prepared to suffer

punishment.'

'If that be so, that is their greatest crime. Their first fault is that they have not accepted that in form, taste and smell it is God who is revealed. Secondly, they did not look for what should be their desired goal but developed hatred. By their conflict they have rendered the entire world unhappy. Now they are not even prepared to take punishment. For this the punishment is that they should remain fixed, each in his own sphere. They should neither go this way nor that. If anyone moves even by an inch towards a desirable object out of love, or away from a hateful object out of anger, he will be lost.'

'Lord, this is death-agony to Senses', said Speech.

'One that lives shall have to die. It is the fate of everyone to face life and death with the same mental attitude. Further, this death is better than the present life. Let everybody beware. My command shall come into force this moment.'

Speech stood still in astonishment. All Senses sank down in their seats. There was none in the durbar-hall except Mind, Buddhi and Ego. I was only a witness.

Then Buddhi asked Mind: 'If there is anybody else, bring him to my presence.'

'When the Senses are inactive, how can I know or bring anybody? I am formless, ' said Mind.

Buddhi said smiling: 'Do you exist?'

'I am the abode of all desires' said Mind: 'In me are congregated crores of desires of past, future and present.'

'But they will be lost now; for, Senses cannot move to regain them,' said Buddhi.

'I shall wait till they regain life,' said Mind. 'Surely, I feel empty without them. My desires are getting weak and I am dying. But no, no. I don't desire to die. Rescue me, protect me.'

'Your rescue is now impossible. You have embroiled yourself and the entire universe. You don't know Him to whom you belong. You did not know how to be an instrument even when you were one. Between the equality of life and death you placed difficulties and made them hard. You poisoned the nectar. That you perish is the proper punishment for your crime. Hm! perish:' Gradually even the shade of Mind's form disappeared; and only Buddhi and Ego were distinct. I was only a witness.

Buddhi told Ego: 'Now, only we two remain. My life is dependent on you. If you do not exist, I too won't exist. Till now I was serving you according to my capacity. But you didn't tell me your secret. Well, was it right on your part? You have encouraged those whose lives are dedicated. You have punished those who were proud, greedy and selfish. But is your life dedicated? Haven't you done the same crime that others have done? What is your answer to these questions?'

"Your questions are not agreeable to both of us; I was deliberately keeping this a secret. If I divulge the secret, neither you nor I will exist.'

'But this is contrary to your words' said Buddhi. 'Even now, you were teaching what is proper and improper of the likeness of life and death. Let us both perish: that is acceptable

But I don't agree that I should remain ignorant of truth.'

'Why should you destroy yourself in this way?' asked Ego. When there is no knowledge of self, how can there be its destruction? He who knows his self alone can ask the question 'Why?' My question is not 'Why?' but 'What?'

'Well, if that be so, know that all this was a play of mine. To enjoy with Senses, to think with you, to feel proud or angry, to sleep—all this was my play, just pretence. I did all, but I was nothing. I am a void, just an appearance. In practical affairs I am business-like, among Sadhakas I am a Sadhaka, and among the seekers of truth I am a seeker. Some adored me and some reviled. I am not practical nor dreamy, much less am I a seeker. I do not even exist. See, I do not.'

Buddhi raised her eyes and lo! Ego really was not there. She stood dumbfounded, then said in astonishment: Look! He who has done all is nothing; it is indeed a wonder. Even so, why did he do all this? True, if he had not done all this, I would not have got involved in this. This opportunity would not have come to me by which I have known the truth. By doing something we attain the knowledge of not doing it. What he has done is correct, what he has said is right. He was nothing and I am nothing. What am I without him? Really I am nothing.'

I looked on and even Buddhi was not there. The durbar-hall too disappeared, and still I was looking. I saw with my own eyes the existence and non-existence of this vast universe. The five Elements, Pran, Senses, Mind, Buddhi and Ego—why these, the entire visible universe paraded before my eyes and disappeared, and I saw both the cause and purpose of it, and remained only a witness. But what is this witnessing? Who am I, the onlooker? If they all did exist, their non-existence will not be. If they do not remain, their very existence is doubtful. Why only doubtful, it never was. Then who was looking at whom? Was I looking at myself? Well, how can the subject be the object? The subject, was not the object, the witness was not the testimony—both were imaginary and I was the resort of the fanciful and the real, nay, everything was object-wise.

My sequence of thoughts came to an end here, and I stood in my real unperturbed form. I was not aware how time passed. When I opened my eyes, the sun was rising. These fancies paraded before my eyes—the dedication of the five elements, the steadiness of Pran, the punishment of Senses, the death of Mind, and the voice of Ego—everything came to my memory and I knew that this my experience was really useful in relation to achieving highest good as well as several other practical matters. If Pran, Senses and others function like the five elements merely as instruments, abandoning their difficulties and tension, then there will be no need to control them. They get themselves controlled. If they do not function in this dedicated way, there is the need to thwart them. Such a need is revealed in this fancy and the result is also clear.

Is this fancy merely amusing or does it reveal a way of Sadhana?

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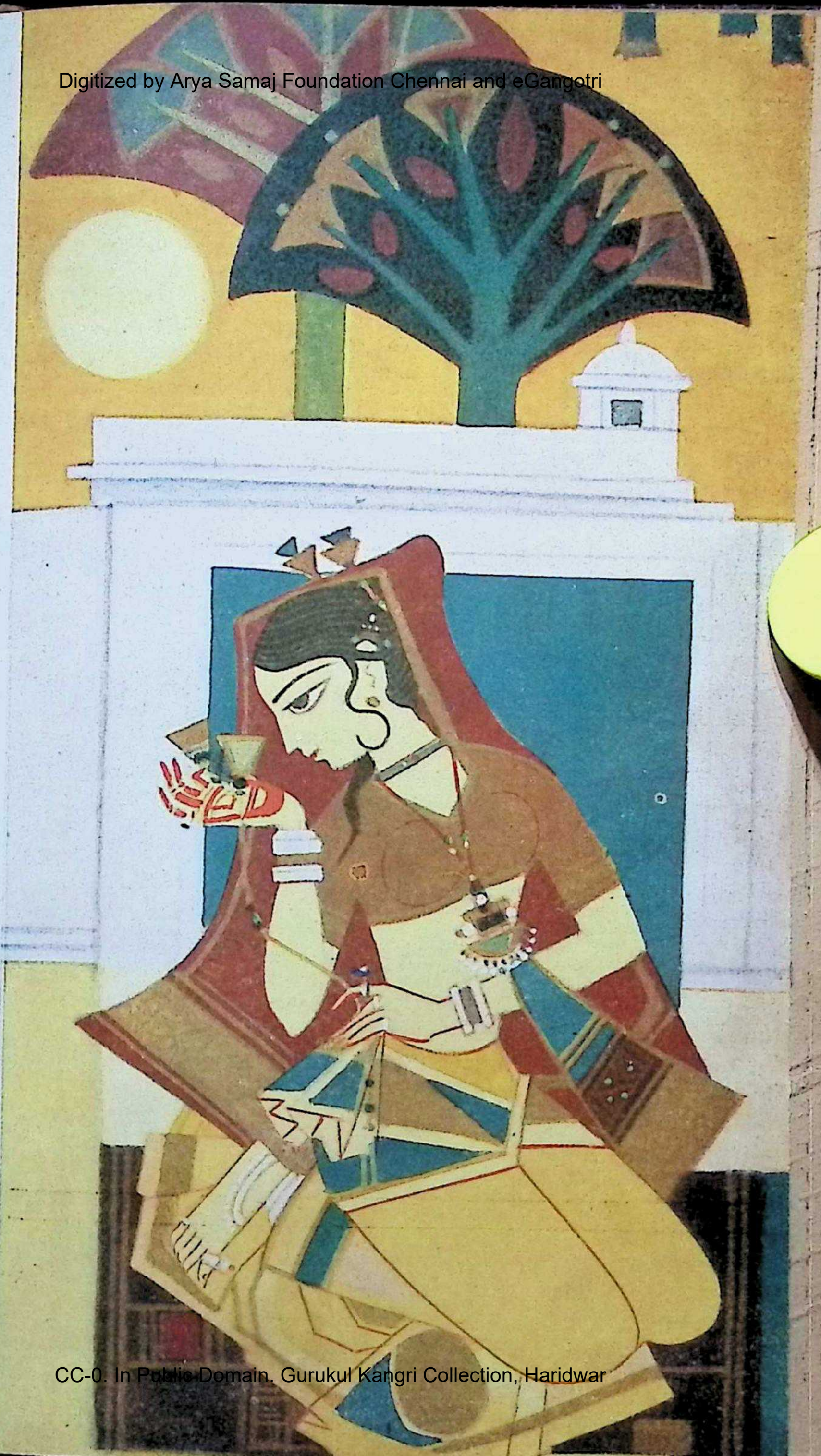

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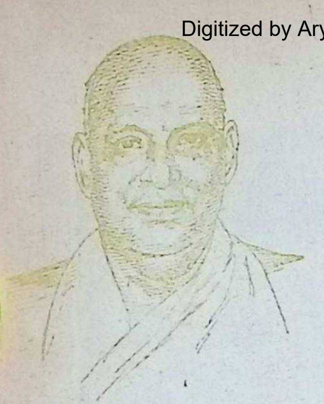

GOD FIRST WORLD NEXT YOURSELF LAST

Swami Sivananda

GOD FIRST; WORLD NEXT; YOURSELF LAST—To forget this simple but great dictum is the cause for all the ills and evils of life. When man forgets this, then start all the tribulations and troubles in life.

Man forgets this great teaching, because of selfishness. It is selfishness which impels man to place himself first, the world next and God last. Selfishness is the *Original Sin* which binds man to this wheel of Samsara and puts him to untold miseries.

The cause of selfishness is ignorance.

To forget the Lord within, the witness of our thoughts and feelings, is ignorance. To identify oneself with the perishable body is ignorance. To forget that there is but One Self which is the same in all is ignorance. *To see diversity is ignorance*. To be caught in the whirlpool of names and forms and to forget the Spirit behind all, is ignorance.

Ignorance is a kind of potent anaesthetic. Ignorance generates passion, hate and fear. Ignorance obstructs your true vision, deceives and degrades you.

From ignorance arises selfishness. From selfishness arises desire. Desire causes selfish action, and selfish action binds man to the cycle of birth and death.

Destroy this ignorance, your inner enemy, O man. The abode of this enemy is mind. Conquest of external nature and conquest of space are not real conquests. Conquest of inner nature and the inner space (Deha Akasha) is real conquest. He who conquers his mind is the greatest warrior. He who conquers his mind is a mightier hero than one who conquers the world. The obstacles to Self-realisation, happiness, peace and joy are in the mind. All that we are is the direct result of what we have thought in the past. It is founded on our thoughts. It is made up of our thoughts. In a similar way, what we are going to be in future, depends upon what we think at present. Therefore develop the habit of right thinking. A pure thought is a mighty force. A pure thought can easily pass anywhere. Saints and sages whose hearts are pure are doing more valuable service to mankind with their pure and

Sattwic thoughts than the social reformers.

To be a slave of mind is ignorance. To have control over the mind is wisdom. Nothing, therefore, can bring you peace but the conquest of mind.

Fight with the mind, with the sword of wisdom. Develop discrimination and dispassion. Withdraw the senses from the objects. Withdraw the mind from the senses. Fight the inner battle bravely. Achieve victory over mind through self-discipline, cultivation of virtues, and invoking of higher consciousness. Lead the Life Divine.

The mind is the abode of four fires —lust, hatred, anger, and jealousy. Extinguish these fires through purity, love and nobility, before they extinguish your soul.

Recognise the Divinity in you. Recognise the Divinity in all. This whole world is pervaded by the Lord. Nothing is evil here. Nothing is to be condemned. The world is a great school. Learn your lessons well from every experience. Everything in this world has something to teach you. He who has eyes, perceives it. He who has ears, hears it.

Once again I tell you,—God first, the world next and yourself last. Practise this sublime precept. Peace, then, is yours. Joy, then, is yours. Bliss, then, is yours.

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....Soul is a fountain of divinity, source of supreme wisdom....

Path to Beatific Peace

H. H. Sadguru Sree Rama Devi

SADHANA is a series of disciplines on the physical, vital, mental and intellectual levels for the transmutation of human personality into a radiant image of divine perfection.

To remain steadfast in devotion to Truth, to establish perfect accord in thought, speech and action in the spirit of Truth, is *Sadhana*.

Sadhana implies constant remembrance of the eternal reality and practice of obligatory virtues. *Sadhana* begins in self-discipline and culminates in self-mastery.

A sturdy physical frame, a calm and collected mind, and a pure and chastened intellect—these three are required to embark upon the quest of the Ultimate Reality.

By physical fitness is meant not mere possession of bodily strength but a condition in which the body can remain immune to maladies under varying circumstances.

Mental tranquillity is freedom from passion and cessation of cravings. Serenity and purity are indispensable for Yogic meditations (*dhyana*) and Vedantic contemplation (*nidhidhyasa*).

Intellectual certitude is fixity of intellect in the imparted truth regarding the divinity of the Soul and aspirant's identity with it.

Far more important than the place of dwelling, the nature of occupation and circumstances in life, is the seeker's mental aspiration for perfection. With the keenness of aspiration, you can create conditions congenial to *sadhana*.

The highest aspiration should be the discovery of Truth, the vision of Perfection. Before the blazing fire of this aspiration, all binding desires and distracting concerns of the ego-self

are bound to perish.

Knowledge of the state of bondage is the incentive to desire for liberation. Realization of the illusoriness of bondage is the end of all aspirations.

When *sadhana* culminates in the achievement of perfection, notions of both bondage and liberation disappear in the habitual state of Soul's eternal freedom.

Sadhana encompasses basic quali-ties of faith, that is, *viswasa*, devot-ed attention, that is, *shraddha*, and loyalty to the ideal, that is, *nishtha*. A combination of these three virtues leads to spiritual vision.

He who is endowed with faith in he teacher's words and Scriptural eclarations, he who remains stead-ast in *sadhana*, he who is fearless nd intent upon the Infinite, he who an identify himself with the Imper-onal Brahman—he alone is compe-ent for integral realisation of the Ab-olute.

The object of your meditation, the al of your search, the ideal of your orship, should be That which trans-ends the Triplicity—the Seer, the ight and the Seen.

Covet not anything short of this. he fleeting visions of gods and god-sses, of lights and sounds, appear d disappear, but the vision of the upreme is an everlasting experience, fter enjoying which there will be thing more to enjoy.

That experience by which the ig-rance is dispelled, the accumulat-tendencies are obliterated, the ots of the heart are rent asunder, alone worth cherishing. He Whose rshan roots out passion, annihilates the sense of duality and confers upon you the supreme gift of fearlessness, is the only reality, God.

Psychic powers may make their appearances. Ignore them. Name and fame may court you. Desert them. Isolate yourselves from all temptations. Fortify yourselves with dispassion.

Innate in every mind is the knowledge of the Divine, which remains temporarily hidden. All power, purity and perfection are inherent in the deeper Self. Hence you have nothing to learn or gather from a source extraneous to you. Soul is a fountain of divinity, source of supreme wisdom. What you have to do is to unlearn, *i.e.*, to divest yourselves of all perverted ideas and erroneous conceptions about the world of your experience and yourselves.

Thoughts destroy mental serenity. Delusion clouds understanding and obstructs spiritual perception. The uninterrupted quest of Self or spiritual contemplation is possible only when poise of mind and concentration of thought are achieved. Hence your first part of *sadhana* is to regulate your mental activity.

The nature of your gross, physical activity depends upon the formation of your subtle thought-patterns. To shape your external actions to perfection, acquire the discerning faculty through earnest reflections and devout meditation. Build up the power of concentration through purification of thoughts. Reliance upon spiritual force will render the mind incapable of entertaining a single impure thought.

Sublime thoughts should replace

wandering fancies and baseless imaginations. When the intellect is enshrined in wisdom, the thoughts that arise in your mind will become pure, elevating, ennobling, and conducive to common good. Such thoughts will be centred upon the fundamental principle of oneness.

Only when the mind rises above the delusive notion of duality will the physical actions become flawless, righteous and devoid of binding effects. The potency of purified actions is tremendous. It brings about the gradual elimination of the ego-sense and produces immense good not only to the doer but also the entire humanity.

Actions attain perfection when the actor disappears in the Impersonal Divine. Egoless existence is the goal and glory of human life.

By reflection upon your divine Self you can eliminate the sense of agency. By devotion to duty, you can release tremendous energy for action. By resignation to the Divine, you can remain a passive onlooker to the play of divine force in and through you. By dedication of actions and by renunciation of their fruit, you can enter into instantaneous peace.

To expect the reward of a particular action is to limit the possibilities of that action. To bear the burden of actions is to deny the Divine Master within.

Egoless action is the free flow of divine energy. Egoism obstructs this flow, strikes discordant notes in the sweet melody of divine music in the action and poisons the very field of actions—the mind.

While peace is the criterion of Knowledge, perfection in action is the fulfilment of Yoga. Sublimer than personal liberation is the ideal of a consecrated life meant for expression of godly attributes.

Resort to periodic meditations to acquire the serenity of disposition. Subject your life to discipline. Adopt always an aspirant's attitude to life and its problems. Project not your thoughts upon the faults and shortcomings of others. See no evil. Harbour no ill-will. Entertain no suspicion. Be broad-minded and openhearted. Admit frankly your mistakes. Preserve with vigilance the knowledge imparted by your Guru, against the onslaught of doubts. Persevere to rectify your errors and to remove the blemishes in your character. Pray for purity. Invoke the Higher Self for eradication of weaknesses. Replace pride with humility. Overcome anger with patience. Cultivate *sattwic* virtues. Keep the mind free of disturbances.

The ultimate revelation of Truth is an act of Grace, a mystic operation of Divine Mercy. Strive incessantly, but wait patiently for Grace. Effect a self-opening with a resigned aspiration towards the Divine. Expand your vision and see the divine effulgence in everyone and everywhere. Let the Supreme Being alone be the object of your love, service and adoration, and you will reach that supreme state of beatific peace —a state transcending the duality of the lover and the beloved, the servant and the master, the adorer and the adored.

Love and blessings to all seekers after perfection.

ॐ Namasivaya

Sri-La-Sri Panrimalai Swamigal

THE Pranava Mantra OM is the source of the five-lettered Panchakshara NA, MA, SI, VA, YA. From these arose in the order of the letters, the *mahabhutas*, *prithvi* (earth), *ap* (water), *tejas* (fire), *vayu* (air) and *akasa* (space). Each letter is the foundational power activating the element which originally sprang from it. Thus, the primordial source of the universe, which, not being limited to anywhere, is all-pervasive, the Supreme Being referred to by the *mantra* NA MA Sivaya is both the source and the sustenance of the entire physical universe.

The entire cosmos in its myriad manifestations is the result of the collocation of these five elements and their inherent forces. There is no object which is outside the orbit of these elements. Everywhere, everything is compacted of them. The entire gamut of causal phenomena is to be traced to their activity.

Each of these five elements contains in itself in different proportions the basis of the sensations of hearing, touch, sight, taste and smell. In Na Ma Si Va Ya:

Na signifies and enfolds in itself the *Prithvi* element which includes *sabda, sparsa*, *rupa, rasa* and *gandha*.

Ma relates to the *Ap* element which includes *sabda, sparsa, rupa* and *rasa*.

Si relates to the *Tejas* element which is connected with *sabda, sparsa* and *rupa*.

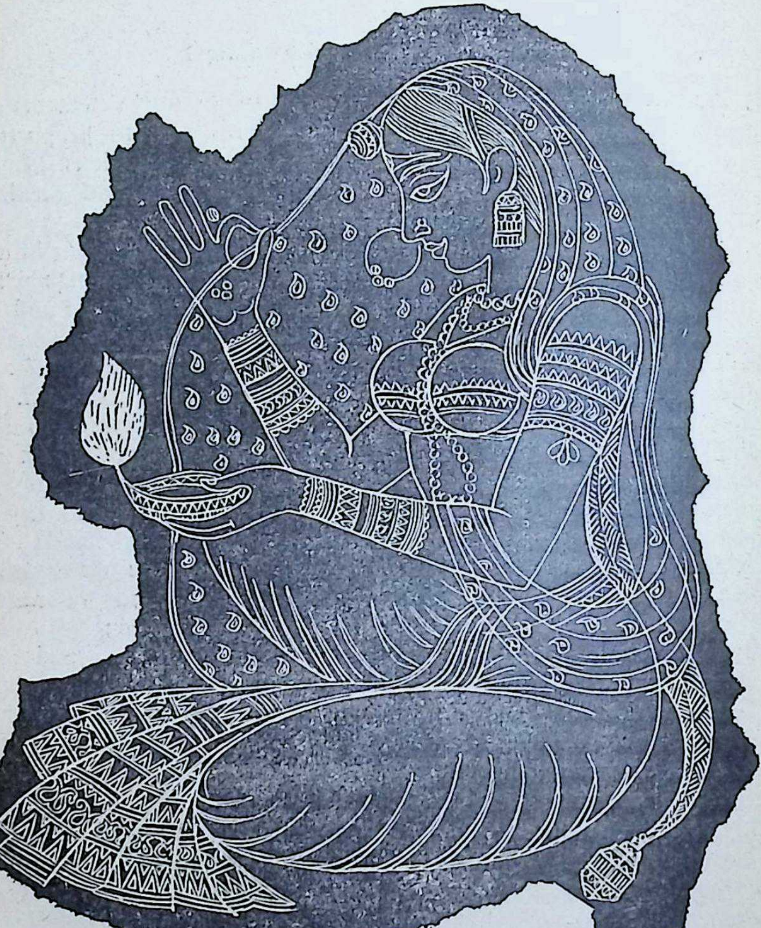
Va stands for the *Vayu* element characterised by *sabda* and *sparsa* ;

and

Ya signifies the *Akasa* element which has *sabda* only .

Further, each element is involved as a constituent of every other, thus making 5 x 5 = 25 subsidiary centres of activity according to what is called *Sthula panchikarana* and *Sukshma panchikarana*, each accounting for 25 forms of combinations. These

DIWALI GREETINGS



SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY

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ifty powers constitute the dynamics of he entire universe. All the forms of ood and evil, of concord and discord hat are seen in the world are to be raced to the activities of these main nd subsidiary forces in differing proortions and diverse ways.

It is the single original force, that irst became two and then many and nfinitely manifold. This untold ariety is seen for example in the physical features of the countless human eings born in the world. No two men ave the same appearance, colour, eight, girth, weight, qualities, voice, ait, dress, attitudes, marks and lines. The same is the case with all living eings in the world.

Compare any two moving or nonoving objects. Nothing is like any ther. Even among things fashioned ut of the same dye, there are minute ifferences in weight, colour and other arks. Even pictures printed off from e newest machines exhibit such inute variations. Photographs from e same negative film or plate are ot all identically the same.

The scientific instruments like ramophone plates, tape records, elephones, etc., get frayed by reeated use and by fluctuations of the eather so that there is a decline in eir efficiency. The same applies to e radio, the television and the inematographic films.

Think for a while about our eyes, mbedded in us by God and functiong by His power. One eye does creainly differ from the other in its ature, power, and lightness, ever so mall as the difference may be.

Thus it is clear that no two things in the universe are identical in form or feature or quality anywhere or at any time.

All these may be apparent to ordinary examination. But these researches point to the fact that as the foundation of all these powers, there is a Supreme Power activating them all. The belief in such a Power is irresistible.

By careful reasoning and patient research it is possible to know the Supreme Being, neither equalled nor excelled by anything else. But it lies hidden underneath and concealed from our view by the five elements of earth, water, air, fire and space. To get behind them, they must be overcome and their power of concealment destroyed by the dagger of the five-lettered *mantra*. The means to do so should be learnt through a qualified Teacher who is competent to instruct about it.

All the objects of the world which we see are subject to birth and death. What we take to be true and lasting turns out to be false and impermanent. Hence the world is spoken of as *maya*.

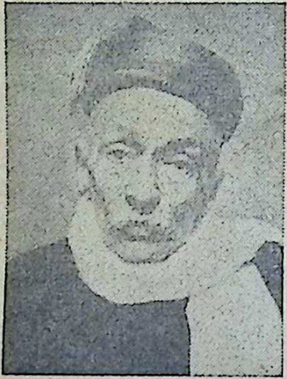
But what is that which ever remains One without difference? What is that which is not subject to birth or death, but is eternal?

It is that which is beyond the products of *maya*, the One Supreme, without beginning or end, which is not subject to decay or death. That, is God. He is the residual power which remains unaffected when everything else dies away.

As is a tale, so is life; not how long it is, but how good it is.

—Seneca

Hallmarks of god-men



Dr. R. D. RANADE

WHAT are the chief marks by which a God-realiser may be known?

By putting together all the different concepts from Dohas, we may arrive at the following five-fold scheme of moral characteristics, which single out the God-realiser from others:

(1) Epoche, (2) Humility, (3) Equanimity, (4) Self-surrender, and (5) Altruism. Let us consider these characteristics in order.

As regards the first virtue, namely, epoche, we have two very good Dohas:

(1) रहिमन बात अगम्य की,

and

(2) कबिरा जब गावते,

which tell us how the greatest virtue of a mystic is silence.

Rahim tells us in the spirit of Augustine's *'Ignorando cognosci, Cognoscendo ignorari,'* that those who know do not speak, and those who speak do not know.

Mahatma Gandhi once said, after his return from South Africa in 1914, that he was advised by his teacher, the Hon'ble Mr. G. K. Gokhale, to keep his eyes and ears open, and shut his lips.

The *Kenopanishad* tells us likewise: अविज्ञातं विजानतां। विज्ञातमविजानताम्, those who say they know, do not know; those who say they do not know may alone be credited with knowledge.

The great sage, Narada, has also told us in his *Bhakti-Sutra* स्तब्धो भवति, मत्तो भवति, आत्मारामो भवति, that the perfected Saint remains silent and merged in God; he remains absolutely mute and dumb, enjoying all

From *Pathway to God in Hindi Literature*, Bhavan's publication.

the while the vision and the presence of God.

In the second Doha (of Kabir), we are told that when Kabir sings, God is not; and God is, when Kabir sings not. This may be true so far as a man's heart may be centred on the art of singing as a suitable approach to God, but when his singing comes reflexly and automatically, as a result of his great concentration and feeling of devotion, that criterion may not hold. In that case, we may say that the pitch and power of the singing may be even regarded as an index to his own concentration and realisation.

The second characteristic of a God-realiser is his great humility: बड़े बड़ाई ना करें. Those who are great never talk in big terms. When does a diamond say that its price is a 1000 pounds? Unconscious virtue has been regarded by Carlyle as the highest characteristic of his hero. The firefly is entirely unconscious of its light which is behind it, and which it sheds for the sake of others, and not for itself. It is this great humility and unconsciousness of one's own powers, that constitute another mark of God-realisation.

Closely connected with this conception of the unconsciousness of a diamond, is another mark of it which Kabir enjoins on the God-realiser: हीरा तहाँ न खोलिये; mystical experience is not to be narrated to everybody. We should not open out our diamond before a vegetable-seller. Prudence thus becomes the chief mark for those who have walked on the path of God. We are told in the Doha:

रतन भरी कोठरी बार बार मत खोल।
जब मिलेगा जौहरी तभी चढ़ेगा मोल।।

A room may be full of diamonds, but the owner must not open it from time to time. It is only when a great jeweller comes that the value of the jewels may come to light.

The third characteristic of the God-realiser is his great equanimity. He stands in the market-place, like Socrates, without any partiality for anybody: दोनो दीन कि खैर. He has neither friends nor foes:

सुहृन्मित्रार्युदासीनमध्यस्थद्वेष्यबन्धुषु ।
साधुष्वपि च पापेषु समबुद्धिर्विशिष्यते ।।

says the *Bhagavadgita*. The Stoics and the Epicureans regarded equanimity as their highest virtue, though they used different words to signify this conception, *apathia* and *ataraxia*. Kabir advises absolute impartiality to all, and an even balance. Higher and lower classes, Congressmen and Socialists, democrats and communists, would have been all alike to him! He would have wished them all Good-luck!

The fourth mark of such a God-realiser is his absolute self-surrender. Kabir tells us in his Doha मेरा मुझ में कुछ नहीं, that all things come to us from God. Why then not dedicate them back again to God?

The position we enjoy, the power we wield, and the wealth we accumulate are all due to His sweet will; why then not hand back the power, the position, and the wealth to their Dispenser?

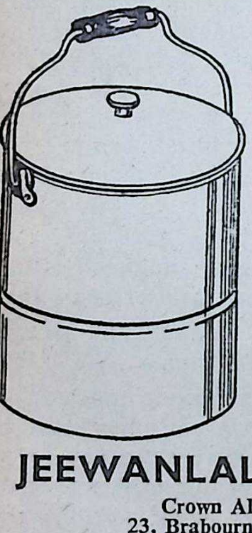
The sons and daughters we possess are due to His Grace, why then not make them serve His purpose?

More than this, our feelings and emotions must themselves be handed over to God. We must denude our minds of them, and make God reign in their place.

The last characteristic of a God-realiser is the great altruism. Rahim tells us in his Doha तरुवर फल नहिं खात हैं, that accumulation of wealth should be intended for universal welfare; the trees do not partake of their own fruit; the lake does not drink its own water. Inequality will vanish, if material wealth is evenly distributed according to worth, while the distribution of spiritual wealth becomes the chief task of the God-realiser. सम्पत्ति may not mean only material wealth, but it may mean spiritual wealth also. The great Badarayana used the word to signify spiritual wealth in his famous Vedantic Sutra सम्पद्याविर्भावः स्वेन शब्दात् (Ba. Su. 4-4). It thus becomes the duty of the Saint not to keep his spiritual accumulation only for himself, but to utilise it for the upliftment of humanity.

Renounce all enjoyments and pleasures; make sacrifices, offer gifts, chant My name, undertake vows, and practise austerities. Do all these things for My sake alone.

—Gita



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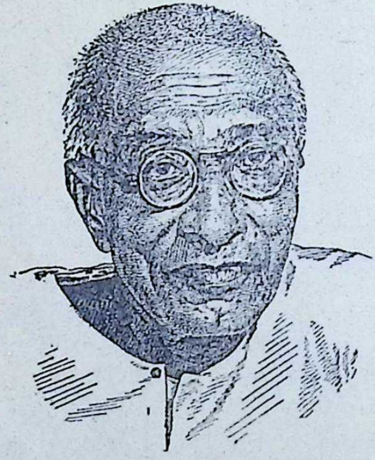


WHEN the battle was over, Krishna bade farewell to the Pandavas and went to Dwaraka. While on his way, he met his old brahmana friend Utanga. Krishna stopped and descending from his chariot saluted the brahmana. Utanga returned the greeting and proceeded to make the usual enquiries about the health and welfare of relatives.

"Madhava, do your cousins the Pandavas and the Kauravas love one another as brothers should? Are they well and flourishing?" he asked.

The innocent recluse had not heard about the great battle that had been fought. Krishna was astounded at the question of his brahmana friend. For a while, he stood silent not knowing what to say in reply. Then he softly disclosed what had happened.

"Sir, a terrible battle had been fought by the Pandavas and the Kauravas. I tried hard and applied every means to prevent the fight and make peace between them. But they would not listen. Almost all of them have perished on the field of battle. Who can stop the hand of fate?" Then he related all that had happened.

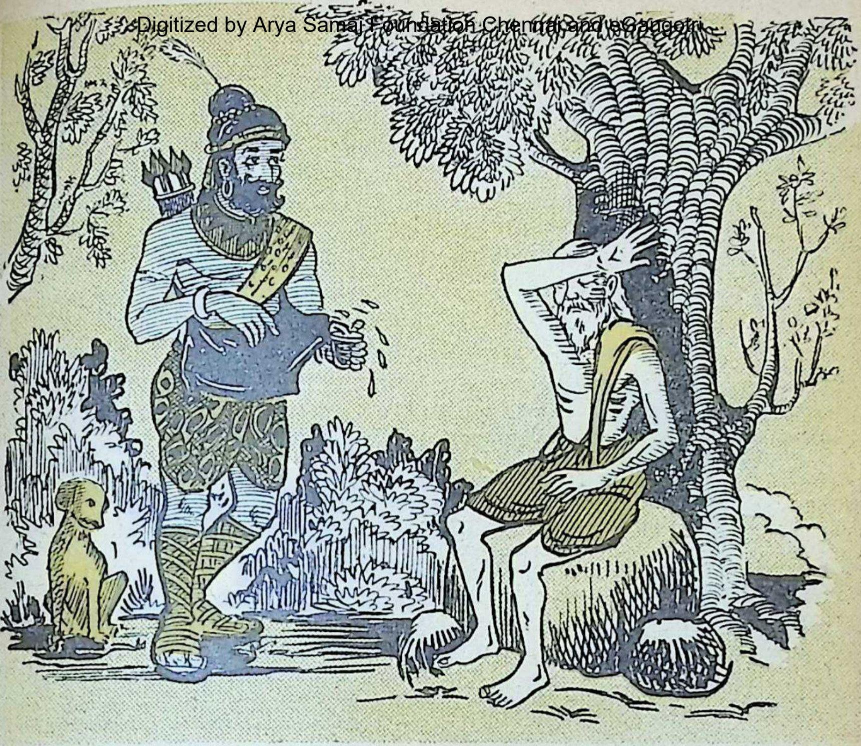
When Utanga heard the narrative, he was exceedingly wroth. With eyes red with indignation, he spoke to Madhava:

"Vasudeva, were you there standing by and did you let all this happen? You have indeed failed in your duty. You have surely practised deceit and led them to destruction. Prepare now to receive my curse!"

Vasudeva smiled and said: "Peace, peace! Calm yourself. Do not use up the fruit of your great penances in this anger. Listen to what I say and then, if you like, you may pronounce your curse."

Krishna pacified the indignant brahmana and appeared to him in his all-embracing form, the Vishwarupa:

From *Mahabharata,* Bhavan's Book University



"I am born in various bodies from time to time to save the world and establish the good. In whatever body I am born, I must act in conformity with the nature of that body. When I am born as a deva, I act as a deva does. If I appear as a yaksha or as a rakshasa, I do everything like a yaksha or a rakshasa. If I am born as a human being, or as a beast, I do what is natural to that birth and complete my task. I begged hard of the ignorant Kauravas. They were arrogant and intoxicated by power and paid no heed to my advice. I tried to intimidate them. Therein also I failed. I was in wrath and showed them even my Vishwarupa. Even that failed to have effect. They persisted in wrong-doing. They waged war and perished. O best among brahmanas, you have no reason to be angry with me."

After this explanation of Krishna's, Utanga recovered his calm. Krishna was delighted.

"I wish to give a boon to you. What would you like?" said Krishna.

"Achchyuta," said Utanga, "is it not enough I have seen Thee and Thy Form Universal? I do not desire any further boon."

But Krishna insisted and the desert-wandering simple brahmana said: "Well, my Lord, if you must give me some boon, let me find water to drink whenever I might feel thirsty. Give me this boon."

Krishna smiled. "Is this all? Have it then," he said, and proceeded on

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his journey.

One day, Utanga was very thirsty and, unable to find water anywhere in the desert, he bethought himself of the boon he had received. As soon as he did this, a nishada appeared before him, clothed in filthy rags; he had five hunting hounds in leash and a water-skin strapped to his shoulder. The nishada grinned at Utanga and saying, "You seem to be thirsty. Here is water for you," offered the bamboo spout of his water-skin to the brahmana to drink from.

Utanga, looking at the man and his dogs and his water-skin, said in disgust: "Friend, I do not need it, thank you."

Saying this, he thought of Krishna and reproached him in his mind: "Indeed, was this all the boon you gave me?"

The outcaste nishada pressed Utanga over and over again to quench his thirst, but it only made Utanga more and more angry and he refused to drink. The hunter and his dogs disappeared.

Seeing the strange disappearance of the nishada, Utanga reflected: "Who was this? He could not have been a real nishada. It was certainly a test and I have blundered miserably. My philosophy deserted me. I rejected the water offered by the nishada and proved myself to be an arrogant fool."

Utanga was in great anguish. A moment later Madhava himself appeared with conch and discus.

"O Purushottama!" exclaimed Utanga, "you put me to a difficult trial. Was it right of you to try me thus—make an untouchable offer unclean water to me, a brahmana, to drink? Was this kind?" asked Utanga. Utanga spoke in bitter tones.

Janardana smiled: "O Utanga, for your sake, when you put my boon into action, I asked Indra to take amrita to you and give it to you as water. He said he could not give to a mortal what would give him immortality, while he was willing to do anything else. But I prevailed upon him and he agreed to take amrita and give it to you as water, provided I let him do it as a chandala and tested your understanding and found you willing to take water from a chandala. I accepted the challenge believing you had attained jnana and transcended externals. But you have done this and made me suffer defeat at Indra's hands." Utanga saw his mistake and was ashamed.

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Our Revolution is not Over

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

NO freedom is real if it does not secure freedom of mind. No religious dogma or political doctrine should interfere with the pursuit of truth.

When we give the youth of the country education, with its emphasis on freedom, the right of rebellion and the absolute duty of the Government to rule with the consent of the governed, they will demand freedom from subjection.

Bankim Chandra Chatterji gave us the great song *Bande Mataram* where India's deep religious devotion was harnessed to the national cause in a vow of self-surrender. Patriotism became a religion with the youth of the country.

Rabindranath Tagore gave us the national anthem *Jana-gana-mana* which was first sung at the Congress session on December 27, 1911. It was adopted by the Constituent Assembly on January 24, 1950. It looks on this country as one and requires us to use our spiritual energies for the cultural and emotional integration of the country.

Political freedom is not merely for the sake of India but for the good of the world.

Gandhiji once wrote to Tagore: 'An India prostrate at the feet of Europe can give no hope to humanity. An India awakened and free has a message of peace and goodwill to a groaning world.'

We are anxious to make the world safe for civilization. We are convinced that there is no alternative to peace in the present context when the annihilating power of war has increased so vastly.

When the world is split into two groups with large stores of atomic weapons which can be used to devastate the world, there is the risk of catastrophe.

But the future is in our own hands. Sheer self-interest requires us to relieve the tensions that beset the world, and establish decency and friendship in a world which has apparently forgotten them.

We must create and develop the forces of spirit which will revive lost hopes and ignored values.

We must recognize that mutual hatred is more deadly than mutual violence.

We must civilize human nature by adopting the university spirit which pleads for sanity in a period of hysteria, for moderation in place of intemperance, for the rigours of thought instead of easy surrender to partisan slogans.

If the world is to be a unity, people of different nations must be made conscious of what they have in common.

The world must develop a cultural unity before it can become a political fact.

Peace is not the absence of strife or the silence of guns.

Absence of conflict is negative, precarious, liable to be shattered.

Peace is goodwill for others, understanding of those who are different from ourselves in race and religion.

It is an appreciation of the feelings of those whose worship is different from our own.

This is goodwill; this is peace.

The spirit of Indian culture has been one of assimilation, synthesis, not negation or exclusion.

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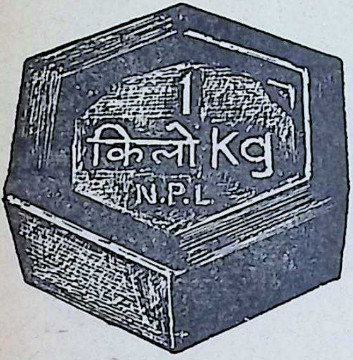

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The Aryan and the Dravidian, the Hindu and the Buddhist, the Muslim and the Christian have all been taken into India's history.

We are ever willing to learn from others though we do not wish to become subservient to them.

We have no false pride of self-sufficiency of Indian culture. We take in whatever is valuable without losing our own identity.

Mahatma Gandhi spoke words of wisdom, which are also a warning, when he defined the relations of national autonomy and international order: 'My idea of nationalism is that my country may become free, that if need be the whole of the country may die, so that the human race may live. There is no room for race-hatred here. Let that be our nationalism.'

Physical survival is not all; spiritual integrity is more important. Those who worship the Cross know that material defeat and death may make for spiritual victory.

In a very real sense we live in a new world.

The unity of knowledge is new, the nature of human community is new, the order of ideas is new and we cannot return to what they have been in the past.

Religious truths are beyond the accidents of science or criticism. They rest their claims on the moral and spiritual facts of human nature.

The religious thinkers of the period turned back to the *prasthanatraya* and demonstrated that the religious message developed in these three works was rational, ethical and spiritual and can satisfy the demand for depth, comprehensiveness and integrality.

It is *brahma-vidya*, *yogasastra* and *krsnarjuna-samvada*, the truth, the way and the life.

The seers announced that they had seen the Supreme Person shining like the sun that dwells beyond the veil of darkness.

The fruit of religion is ethics, individual and social.

Our revolution is not over.

We have to defend ourselves against the forces of violence, fanaticism and unreason.

We have to struggle against poverty and disease, illiteracy and unemployment.

We have to wage a long fight against that darkness in men's minds.

Let us work with faith and weld together our people into a single corporate community and make them the defenders of peace.

The reign of brutal violence will not last for ever.

Redeemed humanity will emerge, the habit of mutual forbearance will recover and truth and love will triumph. *Satyam eva jayate*.

Never own a defeat in a sacred cause; and make up your minds henceforth that you will be pure and that you will find a response from God. But God never answers the prayers of the arrogant or the prayers of those who bargain with him.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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Source of ahatma Gandhi's Strength

Dr. Rajendra Prasad

GANDHIJI taught the country many things and gave it strength. But how did he gather this trength that he dispersed throughout he country and the world?

He believed and repeatedly said nd wrote that he had received all his trength from God.

It was the divine strength inherent in Rama's name, and whatever he achieved was due to that strength. The last words that he uttered were "*Hei Ram*" (O, Rama!).

Has not Tulsidas said, "However much the sages try from life to life, Rama's name does not come to their lips when they leave this world"?

A man forgets God at the time of his death even after years of life of renunciation in several births.

If a man remembers God when departing from this world, it is certainly the fruit of his good deeds and penance.

Gandhiji's whole life was dedicated to God. He used all his powers for the uplift of humanity and when the end came he departed with God's name on his lips and merged with Him.

Today we tend to become unbelievers and are rather afraid to say God's name.

If not afraid, we are at least shy of it.

Even if we repeat God's name, we do so in a formal manner.

We lack sincerity of heart with which Gandhiji wanted to repeat God's name.

It is clear that we could never forget God if we repeated his name with sincerity.

Just think of the great misfortunes that have come over us, that are to be found not merely in this country but in the whole world.

The root cause of these misfortunes is that we do not know ourselves, and do not know others.

We do not believe that God is one and He is present in everyone.

If we knew this great truth there

would be no quarrels between nations and no wars.

When we forget this truth, we begin to fight among ourselves.

It is wrong to think that one can kill another.

Judging by appearances, it would seem that one man is doing injury to another man's body; but, in reality, the destruction of his body is due to his own *samskars* or the influence of his previous lives and his own *karamas* or past actions.

Gandhiji desired that all should know God and remember Him. This would reform their lives and make them pure. Then they would not have to worry about anything.

When we talk or think about Gandhiji, we are naturally reminded of how he awoke us and uplifted us.

What he did, he did not do for us only but for the whole mankind.

But when we remember that he was born here and preached here, we feel that we can follow in his footsteps in a great measure and make ourselves and others pure.

Mahatmaji revived the practice of congregational prayer which people had forgotten in spite of its being an old custom.

By holding a mass prayer we get encouragement and strength from one another.

If we could continue this practice in some way, I am sure it will promote our and the country's welfare.

[From his Rajghat Speech, 1953.]

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Enchanting India

Jawaharlal Nehru

THE discovery of India—what have I discovered?

It was presumptuous of me to magine that I could unveil her and ind out what she is to-day and what he was in the long past.

To-day she is four hundred million eparate individual men and women, ach differing from the other, each iving in a private universe of thought nd feeling.

If this is so in the present, how nuch more difficult is it to grasp that nultitudinous past of innumerable uccessions of human beings.

Yet something has bound them toether and binds them still.

India is a geographical and econonic entity, a cultural unity amidst iversity, a bundle of contradictions eld together by strong but invisible hreads.

Overwhelmed again and again, her spirit was never conquered.....

About her there is the elusive quality of a legend of long ago; some enchantment seems to have held her mind.

She is a myth and an idea, a dream and a vision, and yet very real and present and pervasive.

There are terrifying glimpses of dark corridors which seem to lead back to primeval night, but also there is the fulness and warmth of the day about her.... But she is very lovable, and none of her children can forget her wherever they go or whatever strange fate befalls them. For she is part of them in her greatness as well as her failings, and they are mirrored in those deep eyes of hers that have seen so much of life's passion and joy and folly, and looked down into wisdom's well.

Each one of them is drawn to her,

From *Discovery of India*

though perhaps each has a different reason for that attraction or can point to no reason at all, and each sees some different aspect of her many-sided personality.

From age to age she has produced great men and women, carrying on the old tradition and yet ever adapting it to changing times.

Rabindranath Tagore, in line with that great succession, was full of the temper and urges of the modern age and yet was rooted in India's past, and in his own self built up a synthesis of the old and the new. "I love India," he said "not because I cultivate the idolatry of geography, not because I have had the chance to be born in her soil, but because she has saved through tumultuous ages the living words that have issued from the illuminated consciousness of her great ones."

So many will say, while others will explain their love for her in some different way.

The old enchantment seems to be breaking to-day and she is looking around and making up to the present.

But however she changes, as change she must, that old witchery will continue and hold the hearts of her people.

Though her attire may change, she will continue as of old, and her store of wisdom will help her to hold on to what is true and beautiful and good in this harsh, vindictive, and grasping world.

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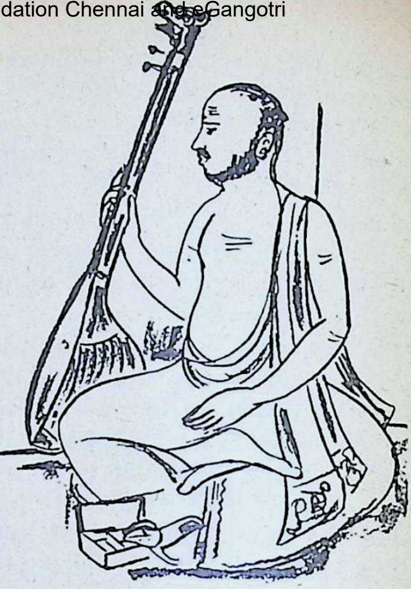
SYAMA SASTRI



The Great Composer

T. L. Venkatarama Aiyar
[*Retd. Judge,*
Supreme Court of India]

THE period of time ranging from about the middle of the ighteenth century to the middle of he nineteenth is looked upon by all overs of classical Carnatic music as ts golden age. It was during this eriod that the three great composers, yama Sastri, Tyagaraja and Muthuwami Dikshitar flourished.

They are familiarly known as the rinity of South Indian music, an exression which brings out the special osition occupied by them in the orld of music as also the reverence n which they are held.

Recently we celebrated the bicenenary of the birth of Sri Syama Sasi. His life history is briefly told. e was born at a place called Tiruarur in the district of Tanjore in outh India. There is at this place famous temple dedicated to Lord iva and the Devi, and it is as colosl and magnificent as it is ancient.

From the earliest dawn of history Tiruvarur has been the home of great saints and eminent musicians. One of them, Sundaramurti Nayanar, is one of the three inspired composers of hymns in Tamil known as *Thevaram*. It is a remarkable coincidence that all the three great composers—Syama Sastri, Tyagaraja and Muthuswami Dikshitar—should have been born at Tiruvarur and within a few years of each other! And there are those who see in this efflorescence of classical music a divine dispensation.

Syama Sastri's ancestors belonged to Kanchipuram, about forty miles from the city of Madras. This again is a place of great antiquity and renown.

There are in this place two famous temples, one dedicated to the Devi called Kamakshi and the other to Lord Vishnu called Varadaraja. One of the notable features of the Kamakshi temple is that the worship is performed according to Tantric rites and this service was entrusted, according to ancient tradition, by the great Sankaracharya himself to the ancestors of Syama Sastri.

During the unsettled conditions which followed the collapse of the kingdom of Vijayanagar in South India, the ancestors of Syama Sastri removed for safety the golden image of Kamakshi to Tiruvarur and it is here that Syama Sastri was born.

A few years after his birth, his family moved to Tanjore at the invitation of the Maharashtra king of that place, who built a temple there for Kamakshi and settled the Sastri family in an *agraharam* behind the temple.

Syama Sastri was well versed in Sanskrit and in the Telugu and Tamil languages. He learned music from a *sannyasin* who initiated him in certain aspects of *Tala* not ordinarily known to musicians.

Syama Sastri spent all his life time in performing service to the Devi at the temple and singing songs in praise of Her.

The king of Tanjore held him in such great reverence that he would go to his humble residence to seek his advice and blessings.

Syama Sastri died in 1827 leaving behind him a son, Subraya Sastri, who is also a well-known composer of Kritis.

○ ○ ○

The classical music of India has two features which distinguish it from the Western system of music. They are its *Ragas* and *Talas*. A *raga*, according to our concept, has a *persona* formed of sounds with distinctive features and having an existence independent of words or their sense. There is nothing corresponding to this in Western music.

As for the *tala* system, while rhythm plays an important part in all musical systems, the value attached to it in our system is something unique. We have developed a variety of *talas* based on differences in *angas* and a whole literature has grown up on *tala alankaras*.

According to our notions, there can be *tala* pictures of different patterns analogous to *ragas*, and exist independently of songs. *Ragas* and *talas* represent the culmination of creative art in Indian music, and they are rightly regarded as the two most important elements of classical music.

The greatness of a musician is judged by his ability to portray *raga* features in all their fidelity and richness, and likewise the greatness of a composer is judged by the excellence of his composition as embodiments of *raga* forms and *tala* patterns.

When we speak of Syama Sastr and his two great contemporaries a a classical Trinity we have in mind the surpassing beauty of their composition as expression of *ragas* and *talas*.

The compositions of Syama Sastr are not very numerous. About two dozens of them are well known and another like number can be pulled out of obscurity. Numerically therefore his output may be considered poor. But what matters in art is quality and not quantity and it is her that Syama Sastri claims a plac amongst the foremost composers.

Speaking first about the *raga* element in the *Kritis* of Syama Sastri, what strikes one is that they are mostly in well-known and familiar *ragas* like Ananda Bhairavi, Sankarabharanam, Kalyani, Todi, Paraju, Saveri and the like.

As a rule he avoided rare *ragas,* and there is an authentic tradition that he did so with a set purpose. He was of the view that no *raga* should be rendered unless the musician had a real knowledge of its form or *chhaya*, as distinct from its *swaras,* and that the temptation to sing rare *ragas* might result in the emphasis being shifted from the *chhaya* of the *raga* to its *swaras*, from the soul to the body.

Recent trends in our music have shown how well-founded his fears were.

The exposition of *ragas* in the *Kritis* of Syama Sastri is not very elaborate. The melody is not involved nor does it revel in manipulations of *swaras*. It is simple and direct and every bit of it is suggestive of the *raga* orm.

If for example a piece is in *raga* Saveri, every musical phrase in it will be Saveri and there would be nothing n it which would be extraneous to it or neutral in complexion.

Syama Sastri has also composed ome technical compositions called warajatis. They are intended to be he exposition of *raga* forms and conain both Swara passages and corresonding Sahitya. Starting with the Mandra Sthayi and moving up proressively to Tarasthayi, they show a agnificent build-up of the Raga tructure. We have three of them in agas Bhairavi, Todi and Yadukulakambodi. These are masterpieces in their line.

But it is Tala that is the *forte* of Syama Sastri. His command of intricate time measures is something without parallel. Even simple Talas like Adi assume in his handling a new form and a new complexion. His favourite *tala* is *Misra Chapu*. A peculiarity about his rendering of it is that he often reverses the usual setting of the Tala as 3 and 4 into 4 and 3 as in the pieces "*Thalli Ninnu*" in Kalyani, and "*Ninnu Vinaka*" in Purvi Kalyani, and the effect of it is to infuse in what would otherwise be a dull and prosaic melody, new life and vigour.

While talking about the excellence of *talas* in the Kritis of Syama Sastri we should avoid confusing it with mere mechanical skill in manipulations of *tala* phrases which is unfortunately one of the besetting evils of the present-day concerts. With Syama Sastri, *tala* phrases are not mechanical permutations and combinations, but poetic scintillations and, what is more, they so naturally blend with *ragas* that the melody of the songs, though simple, acquires in association with the *talas* a beauty all its own. It is in this respect that Syama Sastri remains unequalled.

While the excellence of the Kritis of Syama Sastri lies primarily in the beauty of his *ragas* and *talas,* they are also impressive for their emotional content. Syama Sastri was an ardent worshipper of the Devi, and dedicated most of his Kritis as offerings to Her. We have not in his compositions those complex emotional outbursts which are such a conspicuous feature in the Kritis of Tyagaraja. The emotional appeal is simple. It is like unto that of a child crying to its mother to come to its rescue.

The Kritis of Syama Sastri are mostly in Telugu. A few of them are in Sanskrit and a melody in *raga* Kalyani has *sahitya* both in Sanskrit and in Telugu. There is at least one piece of his in Tamil in *raga* Gauli Panthu.

It is a notable feature of the Kritis of Syama Sastri that the vocabulary used in them is not very extensive. But it is remarkable that though the same set of words is repeated in several Kritis, the appeal which they make, differs according to the melody in which they are cast.

The compositions of Sri Syama Sastri have held the field now for over a century, and have contributed along with the Kritis of Tyagaraja and Muthuswami Dikshitar, to the spread of a knowledge of classical music in South India.

We pay our homage to the memory of one who was a great Bhakta of the Devi, and who was a musical genius and has left behind a rich heritage of classical music.

Mind is the foundation of man. If that be solid, the building will stand.

—Baal Shem-Tov

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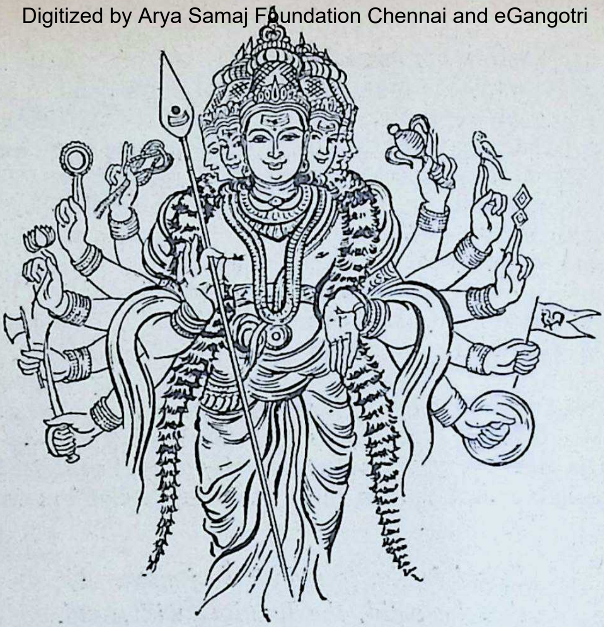


Skanda Shashti

Nishkinchan

THE month of Kartik (October-November) is sacred to the worship of Lord Kartikeya. In as much as the very month takes its name after Him, it is clear that our ancients envisaged this month as being particularly propitious for the worship of the younger son of Lord Siva.

The sixth day of the white half of this month is celebrated with great devotion by Hindus as Skanda Shashti, or the sixth-day dedicated to Skanda or Kartikeya. The week ends with his marriage to Devasena.

Lord Kartikeya, Skanda or Subrahmanya, is a Vedic God. He is specifically mentioned in the Vedas on more than one occasion. At any rate He is treated as the Supreme Manifestation in respect of divine knowledge or the Almighty God.

Skanda Purana describes elaborately the glorious deeds of the Lord. The *Siva Rahasya Kanda* in this *purana* deals with his birth, his early *leelas* and his victory over the demons. Lord Siva himself took the form of Kartikeya in response to the prayer of the Devas seeking relief from the persecution of the demons Sura-Padma and his two brothers. How the Lord took birth out of Siva; how He was suckled at the same time by the six Krittika Stars which accounts for his six faces; how on one occasion He happened to teach the meaning of Pranava to His own Father, Lord Siva, are all described to great effect. *Brahma Vaivarta Purana*, the *Valmiki Ramayana*, the *Mahabharata* and Kalidasa's *Kumara Sambhava* are other works where one can read about the birth and exploits of Lord Kartikeya in greater or smaller measure. Kartikeya lore in the Tamil language are legion. Last but not least, the great Sankara Bhagavatpada has poured out immortal songs in praise of Kartikeya, in poems like *Subrahmanya Bhujanga*.

The *dhyanasloka* of Kartikeya runs as follows:

कार्तिकेयं महाभागं मयूरोपरि संस्थितम् ।
तप्तकाञ्चनवर्णाभं शक्तिहस्तं वरप्रदम् ॥
द्विषट्भुजं शत्रुहन्तारं नानालङ्कारभूषितम् ।
प्रसन्नवदनं देवं सर्वसेनासमावृतम् ॥

"Adorations unto Lord Kartikeya the glorious, seated on the peacock, shining like molten gold, holding the Sakti in his hand, bestower of boons, 12-armed, killer of foes (internal & external), adorned with all kinds of ornaments, smiling and surrounded by all the armies."

In all these *puranic* and Vedic descriptions of Kartikeya, one can easily see an *adhyatmic* meaning running through into what looks like an allegory. For instance, Kartikeya is seen as an embodiment of Brahma Vidya. His characteristic weapon, the Sakti, a spear-like weapon, represents the power born out of knowledge of Brahma Vidya. The three *asuras*, Soora-padma, Simhamukhasura and Tarakasura, may be said to symbolise the qualities of ego, illusion and lust. When it is said that the Lord killed these three demons by means of his Sakti, one could legitimately read the meaning that the forces of evil were destroyed by the forces of virtue. Indeed all our national festivals like Diwali, Dussera etc., are seen as allegories of the triumph of virtue over vice.

शक्ते भजे त्वां जगतो जनित्रीं,
सुखस्य दात्रीं प्रणतार्तिहन्त्रीम् ।
नमो नमस्ते गुहहस्तभूषे
भूयो नमस्ते हृदि सन्निधत्स्व ॥

Adorations unto Thee, O Sakti! Thou art the matrix of happiness to the world. Thou dost remove the woes of those that prostrate at Thy feet. Prostrations again unto Thee, O Sakti who adorns Lord Kartikeya's hand. I beseech Thee, be pleased to stay in my heart!

—*Adi Sankara.*

Returning to Kartikeya, he is said to have married two spouses, Devasena and Valli. Obviously they represent Ichcha Sakti and Gyana Sakti of the Lord.

Alternatively, Devasena may be said to represent the quality of *Sattva*, and Valli which literally means a creeper, may have reference to the *Kundalini Sakti* which runs along the Sushumna or spinal cord and which great Yogins are known to rouse successfully for the accomplishment of Divinity.

Again, the Peacock which is the traditional mount of Lord Kartikeya with its spread feather is said to visually represent Pranava. The Lord then is appropriately riding on Pranava or He is Pranava Rupa himself.

Kartikeya's banner flies a cock and the cock's crow traditionally signifies Pranava Sabda. Again, the cock's crow heralds the rising sun of knowledge.

One of the names by which the Lord is described is Guha or the cave. This meaning takes one to the concept of conscience and that the Lord resides in the cavity of everyone's heart. Another name, Skanda, refers to His origin as being spilled out of Lord Siva outwardly, but in reality as a bestower of Real Knowledge.

Sometimes it is claimed that His six faces and twelve hands make Him the Lord of. Time or Kala, inasmuch as the year is composed of six seasons and twelve months.

A peculiar mode of worship of this deity is the carrying of what is known in Tamil Nad as a Kavadi by devotees to his shrines. It is a semi-circular arch made out of wood, which is decorated with peacock feathers. The Tamil word Kavadi literally means 'Save me at Thy feet'. Alternatively, inasmuch as this Kavadi is held on one's shoulder, one may be said to symbolically surrender one's ego at the Lord's feet. This practice has reference to the desire of Sage Agastya, in the South, who commissioned one of his assistants, Idumba, to fetch the two mountains of Sakti and Siva to the South across a pole on his shoulders so that he could witness the marriage of Lord Siva and Parvati to his heart's content.

South India is dotted with hills where Lord Kartikeya has his abode. It is said that He does so in deference to the wishes of the mountainous demons whom He had vanquished, that He be seated on their top.

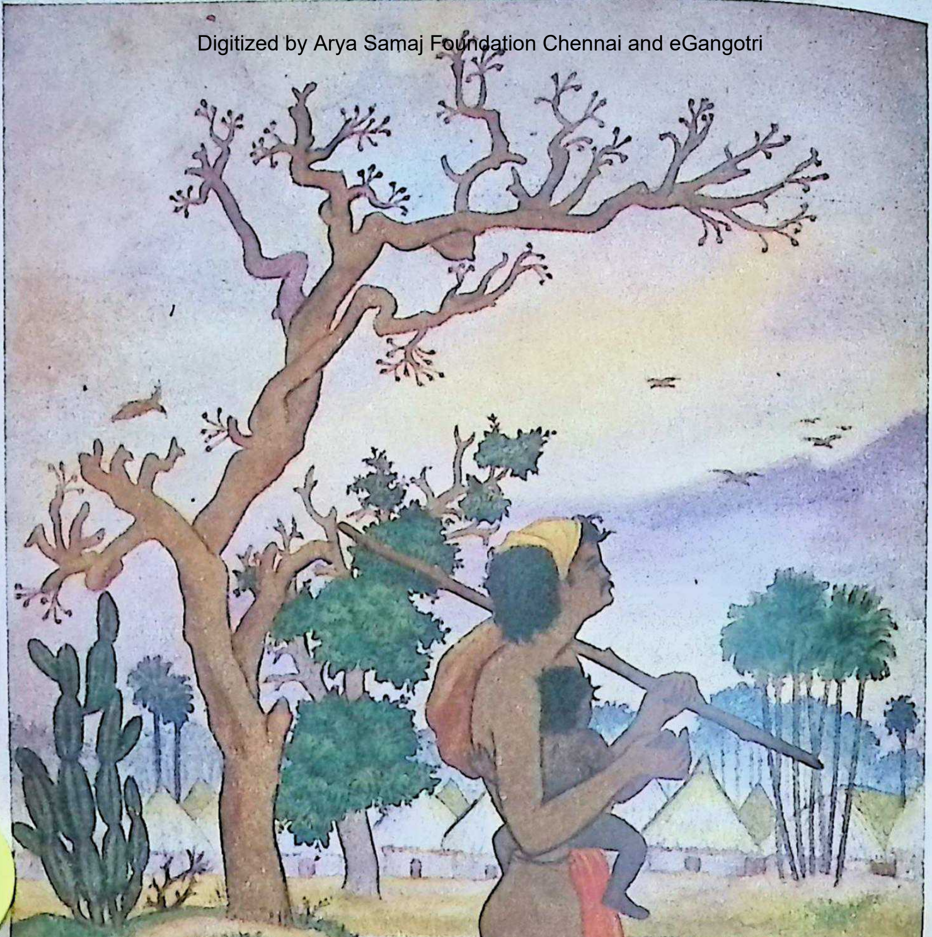
Lord Kartikeya is said to be the presiding deity of not only Brahma Vidya proper, but all the Vedangas like astrology, palmistry and allied subjects. He is claimed by the Tamils as the presiding deity of their language. In fact, everything beautiful, everything noble and everything virtuous claims Him as its presiding deity.

He is the beloved of the masses and all those who pray before Him sincerely, losing their self, their ego, find in Him their Kamadhenu or Wish-Giving-Cow.

One cannot end this article better than by quoting the great Bhagavatpada's prayer.

विशालेषु कर्णान्तदीर्घेष्वजस्रं दयास्यन्दिषु
द्वादशस्वीक्षणेषु, ।
मयीषत्कटाक्षस्सकृत्पातितश्चेद्भवेत्ते
दयाशील ! का नाम हानिः ॥

"O Compassionate one! In what measure do you stand to lose if, out of those twelve large eyes, each extending to the ears, each overflowing with compassion, if a small part of the side-glance of but one eye, be directed towards me for a short while?"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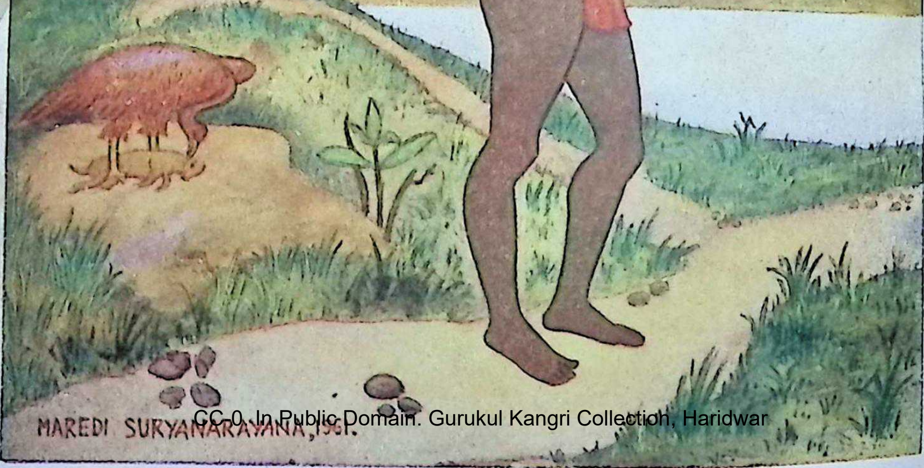


"JEEVANAYATRA" Artist: M. Suryanarayana

गुरुकुल कांगड़ी

Krishnavatara

PART III

K. M. MUNSHI

THE FIVE BROTHERS

VI. THE BANISHMENT

IT had come to pass thuswise.

When Yudhishthira was dispensing stice in the *parishad,* Vidura came summon him to the presence of ing Dhritaraashtra. In obedience to is call, Yudhishthira with slow steps roceeded to the royal palace.

As they were going up the steps, idura whispered: 'My son, something wful is going to happen. Don't let our courage fail you.'

'Uncle, I have no courage, but ith in the God of gods. Whatever He wills is sure to be for the good,' id Yudhishthira with a trusting nile.

'Do you know that Duryodhana d hatched a plot to kill the five of u and all your friends?' asked idura in a low voice.

'Sahadeva told me about it,' said Yudhishthira quietly. 'Bheema is taking necessary precautions. But I don't believe in them. We can only be killed when our time comes—not a moment before.'

'May the Great God protect you, my boy. If you are in danger, you can always rely upon me to do my best to save you,' said Vidura.

'You are always so good, Uncle,' said Yudhishthira gratefully, smiling trustfully at Vidura. 'I don't know what we would have done but for you.'

They stepped into the room in which King Dhritaraashtra was seated on a throne of gold. Grandfather Bheeshma was also similarly seated by his side. Evidently they had gone in consultation for a long time, for the King looked helplessly woe-be-gone, while Grandfather looked

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

KRISHNA

Balaraama, His elder brother.

Vasudeva, His father and Chief of Shoora tribe of Yadavas.

Devaki, His mother.

Devabhaaga, His uncle.

Uddhava, His intimate friend and third son of Devabhaaga.

Yuyudhana Saatyaki, His friend and a Yadava Chief.

Guru Sandipani, His teacher, with his *ashram* at Ujjain.

Acharya Shvetaketu, His friend and Sandipani's principal disciple.

Rukmini, Shaibya: His wives.

BHEESHMA (also GAANGEYA)

King Shantanu, His father, Emperor of Hastinapur, of the Kuru tribe.

Satyavati, His step-mother, Dowager Empress of Hastinapur.

Chitrangada, Vichitraveerya: His step-brothers, Satyavati's sons.

Ambikaa, Ambalikaa: Two daughters of the King of Kashi married to Vichitraveerya.

Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, the Best of Munis, son of Sage Paraashara by Satyavati and great-grandson of the Vedic Rishi Vasishtha.

Jaimini, His principal disciple.

PANDAVAS

Pandu, son of Ambalikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and King of Hastinapur.

Kunti, Pandu's wife.

Yudhishthira (also Dharmaraaja),

Bheema, Arjuna: Pandu's sons by Kunti.

Maadri, Pandu's second wife.

Nakula, Sahadeva: Pandu's twin sons by Maadri.

KURUS

Dhritaraashtra, Blind son of Ambikaa begotten by Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, and father of the Kurus.

Gaandhari, Dhritaraashtra's wife.

Shakuni, Dhritaraashtra's brother-in-law.

Duryodhana, Dushaasana: Two of Dhritaraashtra's sons.

PANCHALAS

Yajnasena Drupad, King of Panchala (Capital Kampilya).

Krishnaa Draupadi, Drupad's daughter.

Dhristadyumna, Satyaajit: Drupad's sons.

OTHERS

Jaraasandha, Emperor of Magadha.

Dronaacharya, A pupil of Parashuraama and teacher of the Pandavas and the Kurus in the art of war.

Aswatthaama, Dronaacharya's son.

Kripacharya, Dronaacharya's brother-in-law.

Vidura, son of Krishna Dvaipaayana Vyaasa, by a palace maid of Hastinapur.

stern.

The King was about fifty, but his hair, grown prematurely grey, gave him the look of a much older man. Fair and well-built though he was, he sat on the throne, his mouth sagging and his shoulders hunched. His sightless gaze was fixed on the door as his uncanny powers of hearing identified the coming tread of his nephew.

Grandfather Bheeshma, his face framed in a white beard and mane, looked the image of ancient strength, the strength of a solitary and snow-capped mountain peak, which had withstood the storms and shocks of many ages and yet remained unshaken. His body, in spite of the weight of years, was unbent. His giant frame still spoke of vigour undimmed by age. Though his eyes flashed sometimes with a rare fire, his face was lined with care.

Grandfather had been the pillar of Kuru power for three generations; in fact, since he gave up his right to the kingship of Kurus and pledged himself to celebacy, to enable his father Shantanu to marry the fisher-girl Satyavati.

'Is it you, Yudhishthira?' asked King Dhritaraashtra, trying to introduce an element of affectionate welcome in his voice.

Grandfather, as Bheeshma had come to be universally called, undaunted by repeated setbacks, had brought up the five sons of Pandu and the numerous sons of Dhritaraashtra as if they were his own sons, got them educated and trained under Dronaacharya, the best of teachers and had appointed the most worthy of them, Yudhishthira, to be the Crown Prince.

During all these sixty years and more, he had been inflexible in his resolve to uphold *dharma*. Due to his leadership, many of the misfortunes which befell the Kurus' royal house had passed by without damaging the stability of the most powerful kingdom of Aryavarta.

Now a new calamity was developing, which he had steeled himself to face grimly.

'Yes, lord. I am here to await your commands,' said Yudhishthira, as he prostrated himself, first, before Grandfather, who patted him on the head, and then, before Dhritaraashtra.

'Whom are you with?' asked the blind king Dhritaraashtra. 'Is it Vidura? And there is also another. Is it Sahadeva?' The blind King also blessed him with his hand extended.

'My sons, may you live a hundred years,' greeted Bheeshma, but his voice was sad and his eyes overclouded, as he looked affectionately at Yudhishthira.

'When I sent for you, Yudhishthira, you were just going home from the *parishad*. It is also time for your morning meal,' said Dhritaraashtra apologetically, trying to make his voice as kind as he could. 'But, unfortunately what I wanted you for could not brook delay.'

'I am always at your command, noble lord.' said Yudhishthira. 'What are your orders?'

'Take your seats, boys,' said the King. 'Vidura, have you taken your seat?' he asked Vidura. 'My son—for, Yudhishthira, you are dearer to me than my own sons—a grave crisis has arisen in our affairs. My son, Duryodhana, and his friends are filled with jealousy and hate.'

'Why are they so unhappy? What offence have I given them?' asked Yudhishthira with humility. 'Please, noble lord, let me know'.

'It is not in your nature to give any offence, my son. Arjuna is courtesy itself. And Nakula and Sahadeva are so gentle, polite and considerate,' the King spoke with a clumsy effort at being fair.

Yudhishthira saw the difficulty which Dhritaraashtra found in expressing himself frankly and helped him out of it. 'Noble lord, sometimes Bheema does give offence,' he said in an apologetic tone. 'But you know that though he is outspoken by nature, he bears no malice. Whenever he sees that the other man is hurt, he is ever ready to make amends.'

Grandfather continued to pass his hand over his beard, listening intently to what was being said, but remaining silent himself.

'I know that, Yudhishthira,' said the blind King, and in a voice of simulated despair, added: 'This time, however, things have gone beyond repair. The situation has become serious. You know how badly my sons are advised by their friends—that charioteer's son Karna and Aswatthaama, the firebrand son of Dronaacharya. They want to bring things to a head,' he added as if every word was extracted from an unwilling heart.

'What do they want, noble lord?' asked Yudhishthira, with a glance at Grandfather who continued to look on in unmoving sternness.

The King moved his head from side to side, as if unable to bear the burden of his anguish. 'My son, I hesitate to tell you the truth. However, I must take you into confidence ; you are such a wise man. You, Five Brothers, they think, are getting too big for them—also too popular. They have also heard rumours about you', added the King and paused.

'That is not true,' said Yudhishthira sadly but frankly, trying to rescue the King from embarrassment. 'They have started the rumours themselves. They say we have decided to remove you from your august position and deprive them of their heritage.'

King Dhritaraashtra nodded in assent. 'Yes, that is the rumour.'

Yudhishthira, deeply hurt, spoke in a sad voice. 'Noble lord, do you believe this rumour? Grandfather knows that we are not capable of entertaining any such sinister design.'

King Dhritaraashtra silently turned to Grandfather.

'You have been to us a father, Uncle. Tell me the truth, I beseech you. Do you believe in the truth of this rumour?' asked Yudhishthira.

Grandfather's brilliant eyes were fixed on the King with concentrated fury, and even the sightless monarch felt it.

'I know, I know,' said the King in a pleading voice. 'I have full faith in you—in all you Five Brothers. None of you could ever dream of such a design. You give me all the honour due to your father, I know.'

The King paused for a moment to conquer his nervousness. He turned his sightless eyes towards Grandfather, his sagging mouth slightly trembling. Evidently he was afraid that Bheeshma would intervene in the conversation, but the old man was grimly silent, his gaze unflickering. 'You know, my boy,' added the King with a forced laugh. 'There is no remedy which can allay suspicion.'

'Not even truth?' asked Yudhishthira.

'One who suspects can never see the truth,' said the King. 'And even if he sees it, he cannot act up to it.'

'Noble lord, I do not know why we are suspected of such a heinous plot. Ask Grandfather ; he will assure you that we bear no ill-will to Duryodhana and his brothers. The other day I offered him that we should share the responsibility of my office. He rejected the offer,' said

Yudhishthira sorrowfully.

'He is very headstrong, you know,' said Dhritaraashtra. 'Once he takes a dislike, he takes it for ever. What can I do?'

'What should *we* do, noble lord? Show us the way and we shall obey,' said Yudhishthira.

'No, no. I don't want to be unfair to the sons of my beloved brother Pandu,' said the King, again turning his blind eyes towards Grandfather in a mute appeal for approval. 'But if this situation worsens, Hastinapur might be split into warring camps.'

'I know that my efforts in removing Duryodhana's distrust have not succeeded,' said Yudhishthira.

The King was now growing more nervous, as he felt the silence of Grandfather more effectively disconcerting than any words he might have spoken. 'It is no longer a question of distrust,' he said hurriedly. 'They are planning action, my son. I tried to dissuade them from it, but they would not listen. They are bent on a fratricidal war.'

'I am not ignorant of what they want to do, noble lord. They are planning to kill us—and that too very shortly,' said Yudhishthira.

Yudhishthira looked at Grandfather, whose eyes were now full of concentrated rage, but who still would not speak. His speechless anger was instinctively felt by the blind King who hurriedly exclaimed: 'God of all gods, no, no, no; they would not do that.'

'I want your orders, noble lord,' said Yudhishthira, with the calmness of a man who was just discussing a matter of routine. 'Let me have your decision. Is it the noble lord's wish that we should defend ourselves, or should we submit without offering any defence?'

'Of course, defend yourselves,' came the deep voice of Grandfather, firm and decisive. 'The sons of my Pandu shall not be killed in cold blood. I am clear.'

The incisive words made the others feel as if lightning had fallen in their midst. No one spoke for some time. Grandfather resumed passing his hand rhythmically over his beard.

The King turned his blind eyes appealingly towards Grandfather, paused a little and changed the conversation. 'My son, my son, let us not talk about conflicts. Don't you agree, Yudhishthira?' he asked.

'We would do everything to avoid a conflict, noble lord. I would not fight my cousins even to keep my throne,' said Yudhishthira in his straightforward way, guessing what the King was leading up to.

Grandfather looked at him with sympathy.

'There, there, there,' said Dhritaraashtra, putting as much appreciation as he could in his voice. 'There speaks the son of my beloved brother. He was so noble, and so are you, my son'.

Yudhishthira did not look at Grandfather for help, nor did he hesitate for a moment to come to a decision. He was ready for any sacrifice. 'Noble lord, I said it once and I say it again: Whatever your commands, they shall be obeyed. Do you want me to give up the office of the Crown Prince? Grandfather gave it to me with your consent; I did not covet it; it is yours to take it back. Install Duryodhana tomorrow as the Crown Prince and let him be happy.'

The King gave a long sigh as if he was most unhappy at what Yudhishthira had said. 'That may not be the end of the affair, Yudhishthira,' the King said hurriedly. 'The people love you so much—you and your brothers. They worship you as if you are *dharma* incarnate. If Duryodhana displaces you in that fashion, they would rise against him.'

'Noble lord, please be frank with me. Let me know what you want us to do. Our first concern is to preserve the greatness of the royal house of Emperor Bharat,' said Yudhishthira.

'That is it, that is it', said the King as he thumped the arm of his throne vigorously. 'But Duryodhana would not let you live in peace in Hastinapur. That is my difficulty.'

Yudhishthira laughed a little audibly, as if to assure the blind King that he was all too willing to help him out of the difficulty. 'Noble lord, do you want us to leave Hastinapur? Should we go into a forest? I am ready.'

'No, no. I don't want you to do that,' said Dhritaraashtra, turning a little nervously towards Grandfather. 'I want you to go to Varnavat for a few months. A festival is on there in honour of the God of all gods. Oh, it is a great occasion where thousands of people come to enjoy themselves. All you Five Brothers have been working too hard.' Then the King added hurriedly: 'Once you go away for some months, their suspicion will be allayed. Then you can come back to Hastinapur'.

'Uncle, I now know what you wish us to do. Your wishes are commands,' said Yudhishthira promptly without a trace of regret. 'I will give up my office and we, with my brothers and mother, will proceed to Varnavat day after tomorrow', said Yudhishthira.

The King felt relieved. 'A new palace is already constructed for you, you can enjoy yourself fully there. But will Bheema and Arjuna agree to go? They might create difficulties,' he added with a touch of anxiety.

'They will not like to go; they will protest; but I assure you, all of us will obey your commands, noble lord,' said Yudhishthira.

'My son, you are so noble,' said Dhritaraashtra with relief. 'You are just like your father, my large-hearted and beloved brother. You have saved the Kurus from a great calamity.'

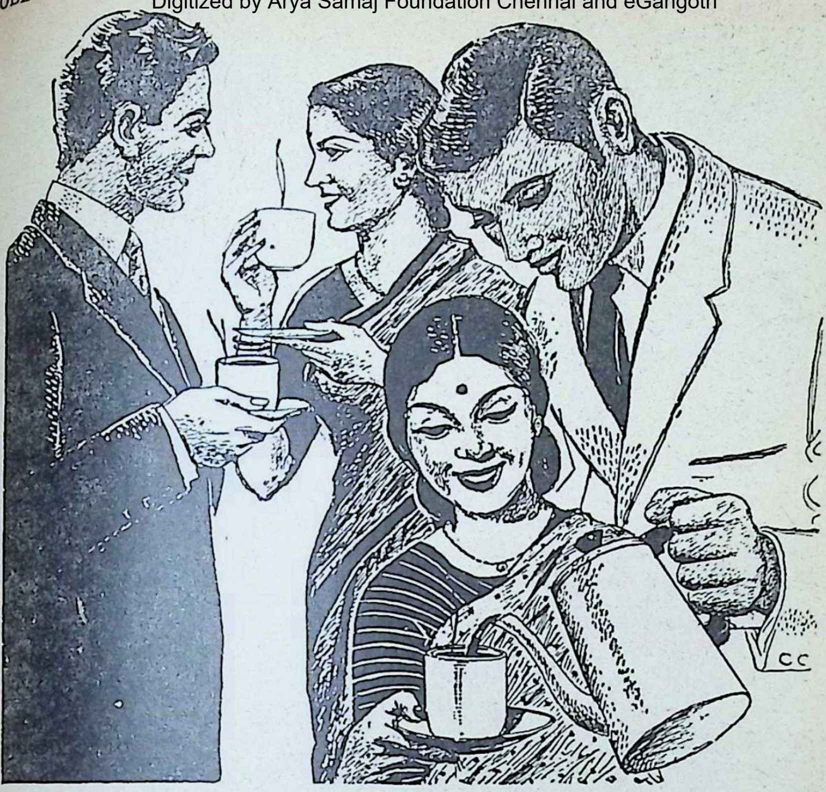
'Noble lord, give us your blessings.' Yudhishthira, impatient to leave the King's presence, touched the feet of the King. Then he prostrated himself before Grandfather, who, stern as ever, bent low, lifted him from the ground and embraced him.

'Yudhishthira,' said Grandfather. 'You are *dharma* itself, my son. May the God of gods protect you and your brothers. May your path be blessed.'

As Bheeshma sniffed the head of Yudhishthira, a tear trickled down his ancient cheeks.

In that tear lay exasperation, helplessness and sympathy, which brought a choking sense of gratitude to Yudhishthira.

[To be continued]



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Each great creator
in the fields of science,
philosophy, religion,
technology or the fine arts
is a gigantic
power-station . . .

Heroes of Love

Dr. Pitirim A. Sorokin

THE first step toward a greater output of a better quality of love is an increase in the exceptional apostles of love and the creative geniuses of goodness among us.

The total influence of the heroes of love, of science, of beauty, of religion, far transcends their direct, face-to-face influence.

Just as the aesthetic and other effects of the works of Homer, of Dante, of Shakespeare have been inestimably great upon generations of humanity; just as the effects of the compositions of Bach and Mozart and Beethoven have been great beyond all calculation; just as the total influence of the achievements of Plato, of Kant, of Galileo, of Newton has been enormous on all philosophy and science, and through these has affected millions of human beings: likewise the total effects of the life and activity of the great altruists like Buddha, Jesus, St. Francis, Gandhi have been almost infinite, both for the production of love and for the enrichment of humanity.

Each of them is like a great power station, endlessly generating an enormous amount of the best love energy.

For centuries and millennia this energy incessantly issues from these "fountainheads of love," spreads over millions, permeates social institutions and cultures, and maintains the necessary minimum of solidarity in groups.

Even the deaths of these heroes of love do not stop the process of love generation started during their lives: after their deaths Buddha and Jesus have possibly radiated more love than they did during their lifetimes. This shows that love energy is as imperishable as any other form of energy.

These observations show that an increase in the number of heroes of love means an increase of love output far beyond a mere numerical increase of altruistic persons.

Any society that wants to be animated by an abundant energy of love must have, must produce, and must cultivate such heroes of love.

Without such great power-stations it can hardly have an abundance of love energy.

Herein lies the enormous significance of such heroes of love.

Their outward appearance changes from period to period, from society to society.

Now they appear as religious leaders; now as pious nobles; now as hermits; now as monks; now as social reformers; now just as good neighbours, secular persons of this or that occupation, or as housewives and husbands.

Their external garb changes, but their real function remains the same: they act as power-stations generating the energy of love for humanity.

This most vital function of these heroes is still poorly understood by many radically minded talkers. They fail to see, beyond and beneath the "garb of a crazy hermit" like St. Anthony or an "insane-priest" like Ramakrishna, the real function that these "athletes and fools of God" have performed among their contemporaries and in human history: namely, the function of great power-stations producing love for generations of human beings.

How these heroes of love emerge and become such heroes will be discussed later. Here we may note that truly heroic techniques and specific genius are needed to produce the heroes of love. Ordinary techniques adequate for moulding ordinary good neighbours are insufficient for moulding the heroes of love. What these heroic techniques must be will be discussed further.

Here we note again that many scholars fail to understand this point. For them such techniques of altruization as eremitic isolation for years with various ascetic practices; as the "superman" technique of Yoga; the "spiritual exercises" of Loyola; the serving of lepers by St. Francis or Father Damien; the techniques of many monastic orders, and so on, appear as something strange, superstitious, or stupid.

We shall see that these scholars are mistaken: these and many other techniques are but varieties of the "heroic techniques" necessary for the self-education of the heroes of love, or of God's athletes (*athletae Dei*), as the word *ascesis,* the training of the athlete, means in application to the ascetic altruists.

Such is the first provision to be carried out if a given society or humanity at large wants to increase its production of love.

* * *

Each great creator in the fields of science, philosophy, religion, technology, or the fine arts is also a gigantic power-station generating the energies of truth and beauty.

So far as these energies are transformable into the energy of love (and *vice versa*), an increase in the number of these heroes of truth and beauty leads indirectly to an increase in the production of love (and *vice versa*). Therefore all measures that facilitate an increase of constructive creativity in the fields of truth and beauty also serve the purpose of increasing creativity in the field of goodness.

Just as ordinary techniques are not adequate for producing a hero of love, so also such techniques are insufficient for producing a hero of truth or beauty.

Corresponding heroic techniques are also necessary for producing a genius in science, religion, philosophy, or fine arts. Mere "rational training" is insufficient.

The opening and release of the "egoless" energy of the suprarational genius is an indispensable condition here, just as it is in the field of the "athletes of love." This is the second step toward our goal.

However important, an increase in the production of love by the heroes of goodness, truth, and beauty is not enough.

It must be paralleled by at least a modest increase in love generation by ordinary persons and groups.

Nothing greatly heroic can or need be expected from the rank and file, either in increased output or the quality of love generated, or in the techniques of the generation.

The overwhelming majority of human beings cannot become either

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"PYRAMID"

Yogis, or Bodhisattvas, or Altruistic Saints, or great heroes of love. Likewise, the heroic techniques of love generation are inapplicable and inaccessible to the rank and file.

Moreover, no such heroism is needed here.

If the bulk of ordinary mortals would simply abstain from murdering other human beings; if they would cut in half their daily actions of hate and would double their daily good deeds, such a modest improvement in their moral conduct would enormously increase the output of love and decrease the output of hate, and thereby the general ethical and social level of humanity would be raised to a much higher level.

This modest elevation of the ethical behaviour of mortals would be quite sufficient to prevent new catastrophes of war, and would improve enormously the social harmony of humanity.

It would increase the love output and decrease the hate production incomparably more than has ever been done or can be done by the activities of the League of Nations, the United Nations, legislative enactment, or any other activities of political, legal, and religious agencies.

Without such improvement in the ethical conscience and behaviour of the rank and file these agencies hardly ever even try to enact laws and rules demanding a higher ethical behaviour and relationship.

As a rule most such laws have been enacted and such agencies created precisely by the pressure of the ethically ennobled rank and file.

If in a few cases the initiative came from the agencies themselves, their laws and activities had small success unless they were supported by the bulk of the people.

This holds true not only for democracies, but also for monarchical, autocratic, and dictatorial groups.

No heroic techniques are needed for this modest increase in love production by the rank and file; it can be achieved through means and techniques that are quite accessible to all human beings.

All that is required is better organisation and expert use of these ordinary means.

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SEVERAL far-reaching recommendations have been made by the Emotional Integration Committee in its Report, a summary of which is given in this article.

Re-Orientation of Education At All Levels

Dr. Sampurnanand

The Committee was set up at the end of May last year under the chairmanship of Dr. Sampurnanand, now Governor of Rajasthan. The other members of the Committee were: Shrimati Indira Gandhi, Prof. T.M. Advani, Prof. Hirendra Nath Mukerjee, M.P., Sri M. Henry Samuel, M.P., Prof. M.N. Srinivas, Bhai Jodh Singh, Sri A.E.T. Barrow, M.P., Sri Asoka Mehta, Sri A.A.A. Fyzee, Dr. B.S. Haikerwal and Sri K. Kuruvila Jacob. Kumari K. Nair of the Union Ministry of Education was Secretary of the Committee.

The terms of reference of the Committee were:

(1) To study the role of education in considering and promoting the processes of emotional integration in national life and to examine the operation of tendencies which come in the way of their development;

(2) in the light of such study to advise on the positive educational programmes for youth in general and students in schools and colleges in particular, to strengthen in them the processes of emotional integration.

The Committee has taken the view that while the role of education cannot be isolated from other aspects of national life which affect integration, education has, nevertheless, a key role to play in the emotional integration of the people. The need for scrutiny and re-apprisal is inherent in any scheme or system designed to meet the needs of society; it is particularly relevant in the field of education.

The Committee is, therefore, of opinion that education should be re-oriented at all levels to meet the changing needs of society so that it fulfils the constitutional promise of social justice to all citizens and so that every citizen is able to make the most effective contribution to the country's progress.

Disruptive tendencies like casteism, provincialism, regionalism, communalism, and linguism have their roots in economic insecurity and the lack of a goal to work for. Whatever real grievances there are in respect of the allocation of resources, or, of languages policy, they should be redressed, and people weaned away from disruptive ideologies.

The task of national reconstruction should be made an objective capable of evoking the emotional allegiance of students.

While suggesting a number of measures for the re-orientation of education, the Committee has referred to the need for evolving a philosophy of education against the background of the cultural conditions in India.

The Committee stresses the need for evolving an effective national policy in education, the implementation of which will bring the States and Union Territories closer together.

For this, in any matter of educational policy of an all-India character, the Centre, on its own motion or at the instance of the States or statutory bodies like the University Grants Commission, should confer with the State Governments and other interested parties and arrive at a decision in consultation with them. Such a policy arrived at by majority decision shall then become an all-India policy and all States shall necessarily follow it.

The Union Education Ministry should set up suitable machinery at the Centre to watch the progress in the implementation of such policies, and should suggest, in consultation with the State Governments concerned, any other measures needed to implement such policies.

All necessary Constitutional changes should be made in order to implement this suggestion.

The Committee is of the opinion that there should be a common pattern of education in the country which will minimise confusion and co-ordinate and maintain standards. Similar opportunities for education should be made available in all parts of the country.

The Committee suggests that there should be more terminal stages in the pattern of education where pupils can branch off to vocations or semi-vocational training.

The Committee observes that a high school stage at the end of ten years is a necessity; 12 years of education before the degree course is equally a necessity. The two-year classes following the high school stage will either be attached to the schools and called the higher secondary classes, or attached to degree colleges as pre-university classes. These two classes may also be an independent unit called the junior college which can be controlled and recognized by the State Education Department or the University, or both. Students successfully completing the higher secondary, pre-university and junior college courses may be awarded a diploma to establish their qualification for entry into the different avenues of employment available to them.

Higher secondary and junior college classes should be planned as multi-purpose or comprehensive institutions providing (a) preparatory courses for students proceeding to college; (b) all round terminal education with a semi-vocational or semi-professional preparation; and (c) terminal education for a vocation. Students from higher secondary courses and junior colleges should be competent to enter many of the public services now open only to those with university degrees.

The technical courses provided in higher secondary classes and junior colleges should be planned in co-ordination with those in polytechnics.

Junior colleges should serve the local community by providing evening continuation courses of different kinds and different duration for cultural enrichment and professional improvement.

The objectives in the field of education have to be clearly stated and perspective planning is necessary in relating the pattern of education to the employment potential of the country. The Union Ministry of Education should immediately initiate action in this respect.

Dealing with scholarships, the Committee says that the number of post-matriculation scholarships given to poor and talented students needs to be enhanced considerably to cover as many students as possible for all types of education.

In view of the fact that education is spreading very fast all over the country and particularly in rural areas the Committee feels that the Government of India should take necessary steps in consultation with the State Governments and other authorities to create a pool of competent and experienced educationists and educational administrators, which the State and the Centre can draw upon for their additional requirements.

The Committee has drawn up a three-language formula for schools in Hindi- and non-Hindi-speaking areas stressing the importance of reducing the burden of three scripts particularly for the non-Hindi areas. It has stressed the need for learning Hindi in the Devanagari script at the High School stage, keeping in view the Constitutional provision, but have stated that the use of the Roman script may be permitted in certain areas for an interim period to enable persons to improve their acquaintance with spoken Hindi. Hindi may also be learnt in the regional script, to reduce the burden of three scripts.

While recognising the importance of the increasing use of the regional language as the medium in universities, the Committee urges that safeguards should be devised to ensure maintenance of high standards; it also urges immediate preparation of textbooks and translations from English and other modern languages. Stress is placed on the need for links between universities in different parts of the country. Special attention must be paid to the teaching of the link languages—Hindi and English—when the change-over to the regional languages is accomplished. It also stresses the need for providing English as an associate medium of instruction in the universities as a necessary corollary to the recognition of English as an associate official language so that universities are not cut off from one another and from universities in other parts of the world.

The Committee has suggested that a special subject dealing with national integration should be made compulsory for all college students throughout the country at the degree level. Failure in the paper would not amount to failure in the whole examination but students should be encouraged to take up a course of this kind through the institution of prizes or awards for outstanding performance in the subject. Special mention should be made in the degree certificate of all those students who have taken this additional paper successfully.

The University Grants Commission may set up a small committee to draw up the details of such a paper and to prepare text-books with a national approach, on these subjects.

Referring to Youth Programmes, the Committee suggests that the Union Ministry of Education should initiate immediate action to plan a minimum programme of recreational and social activities for young people in the age-group 14-25, to cater for those in schools and colleges and also for those who have left school.

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Some of the funds for labour and social service camps could be increasingly diverted to campus works projects through which children help in building stadia, pavilions and other similar amenities for schools and colleges.

An annual inter-State Work Camp should be held where students in considerable numbers should participate during the vacation in the construction of project of national importance.

An All-India Youth Council should be set up to co-ordinate all the youth programmes taken up by the Central and State Governments and also to help these various agencies to extend their efforts. Training for youth leadership should be one of the courses offered in universities, teacher training institutions and schools of social work.

The Committee considers the improvement of the service conditions of teachers and intensification of their training of the utmost importance in the role of education in emotional integration. It has recommended the appointment of a Pay Revision Committee to ensure a minimum national scale of salaries for teachers. It urges also that immediate steps should be taken to lift our text-books from the neglect and low levels to which they have fallen and the need for effective machinery to ensure this.

It is of opinion that text-books in History and Geography should be the same in content throughout the country and must be centrally produced; that training in text-book printing is essential. It has made a number of recommendations for promoting good reading habits in children and adults and has suggested the publication not only of suitable reference books for children and adults about the various States, but also the establishment of a syndicate for children's literature and the production of more children's magazines of a high standard. In a country where the literacy level is still very low, any policy imposing trade and import restrictions in the field of books should be reviewed.

The Committee is of opinion that in addition to the intensification of the literacy drive, further education for adults is increasingly necessary and that non-student youth should be enabled to improve their prospects through 'continuation' education.

It recommends a socio-economic survey to identify youth interests in the country, their recreational pursuits and the degree of casual employment or unemployment. On the basis of such a study the question of creating new employment opportunities for youth should be taken up by the Ministries of Labour and Education. The need for spreading Workers' Education has also been emphasised.

The Committee has also referred to the recommendations made earlier in the Preliminary Report regarding the Anthem, the Flag and the Pledge and open-air dramas.

As effective aids to education, the judicious use of films and other audio-visual aids have been recommended and a number of subjects given on which suitable books and films for children can be made.

Integration touches all points of national life and depends in the final analysis on the education given in schools and colleges. It is the duty of educational institutions to give them a sense of direction and a goal to work for. The present generation caught in the strains of a transitional period is confused and bewildered, but the changes suggested in the educational system will, in the long run, help to strengthen national consciousness in the young.

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Vira, *the Sanskrit word for "heroic," is the origin of the word "virtue"; because in ancient times the best fighter was regarded as the most virtuous man.* —Swami Vivekananda

*Doctrine of 'SPHOTA' in Sanskrit Literature**

Dr. C. KUNHAN RAJA

ANCIENT INDIA had developed various disciplines, and whenever they took up a subject, they investigated the problem thoroughly and they presented the case clearly and without any compromise. Grammar and Logic, both closely related to each other, are two of such disciplines, which had been developed only in India and in Greece. In the case of Grammar, India had advanced far beyond the field covered by the Greeks. Language is not a mere artificial means for the communication of ideas developed by man in the course of evolution. There is some metaphysical basis for the language. Even the Greeks had lifted the problem above the mere practical levels, as the meaning of the word 'logos' clearly shows. We need not discuss the problem whether they developed the subjects independently or whether there had been any sort of collaboration and mutual obligation in the development of the subject in the two countries. One thing is certain and that is that the problem of grammar, of language in general, can be traced to the *Rigveda* itself, and as such India's obligation to an outside nation for the development of the subject may be summarily ruled out.

They may say now that what is sound is only a set of vibrations in some tangible medium, with different wave-lengths and that it has no material existence, that it is what exists in matter and is not material in itself. This may be true of what strikes our ears and what produces some sensation. The question probed into in ancient India is whether this vibration in the tangible medium has a finer basis in matter.

There are three factors that go together in the matter of what we call language; they are the internal idea, the external object and the sound. Some sort of ultimate unity among the three is found elaborated even in the *Rigveda*. To them what is called the language-sound is not a mere fleeting phenomenon. It is the manifestation of something that is of a permanent nature. The thought continued in the Upanishad and was further scientifically elaborated in the later systems of philosophy. In these philosophical systems, we enumerate usually the six; but grammar always had a place in the systems of thought, and this system has its own logic and metaphysics and psychology. The six systems are kept together as a group in so far as they deal with the problem of man's final goal.

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* Review of *Parama-Laghu-Manjusha of Nagesha Bhatta*. Commentary by Pandit Kalika Prasad Shukla. Published by Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, M. S. University, Baroda. Copies available from the University Publications Sales Unit, Near Palace Gate, Baroda. 1961. Price Rs. 6.25

The doctrine of the eternal nature of language goes back to the *Rigveda* and it continued in the Upanishads. Whatever is experienced is a complex, two things related to each other. In our mind also, there is only such an idea of two things related to each other, and the language also contains the three elements of a subject and a predicate and a relation. A single, unitary idea is impossible. We cannot think in a single word; we think always in a sentence. This is what Yaska says in his *Nirukta,* as the view of Audumbarayana. The commentator says (p. 19 in the Sanskrit Introduction) that Yaska refuted the view of Audumbarayana that language is momentary (*Anitya*). This is based on the interpretation of Durga; and the other commentator of Yaska, Mahesvara, also gives the same interpretation for his passage, which when put literally in English, would read "expression (*Vacanam*) is permanent (*nityam*) in the organ (*Indriya*)." Here *Indriya* is taken to mean the organ of speech. But Bhartrihari in the second book of his *Vakyapadiya*, says that it is a sentence (*Vakya*) that is natural (*Nitya*) in the intellect and that this is the joint view of Vartaksha and Audumbarayana. What is natural in our mind is only a sentence and not a word. But, there is grammar, and the analysis of the sentence into words and further into base and suffixes, etc., is only for practical purposes in an artificial way. In the *Nirukta*, the expression "pervasiveness (*vyaptimattvat*)" and "atomic nature (*aniyastvat*)" refer to the immeasurable expanse of language and the brevity secured through an analytical method. This is what Patanjali says under the heading "*laghu*" (brevity) among the five purposes of grammar.

Corresponding to the sentence, which is the unity, there is some ultimate reality in the universe. This the grammarians term *sphota*. In the Sankhya, when there is the diversification of the uniform *Prakriti* (absolute matter) into *Buddhi* (intellect), *Ahankara* (subject-object) relation, there is the evolution of the objective world, and the basic evolute is what is called the *Sabda-tanmatra* (the sound-in-itself). This is apprehended as the *Bhoota* (elemental) called *Aksha* (ether). In the Nyaya system, there is dealt with only the tangible, audible, sound, and that is a manifestation of an impermanent nature. In the Mimamsa, the audible sound is a manifestation of what is permanent. But at a later stage, the Mimamsa rejected a factor called *Sphota* as the basis. They accepted the manifest sound itself as the ultimate basic factor, the difference being only in manifestation and non-manifestation.

In the Tantric school, there is the *Sabda-Brahma* (Language as the ultimate Truth). The differences between the various schools of thought are only in the matter of details, in the matter of presenting the case. What manifests as language is some subtle, basic material reality, finer than any aspect of matter known to scientists. From the *Ahankara*, there arose, according to *Sankhya*, both *Manas* (mind) and *Sabda-tanmatra* (the sound-in-itself). It is this that is accepted in the *Mantra Sastra*.

Matter in grosser-forms can be split up into finer conditions only with the help of aspects of matter that are finer than the tangible matter. When the atom was considered as the smallest unit of matter, they did not know of radiations that are finer than the atom with which they could split up the atom; at a later stage, they discovered the radiations that could cut through the component atom. We want different tools for cutting a rock and a diamond. Similarly we want different instruments for cutting through the finest forms of matter, and such tools available in the form of mind and sound, both being the finest forms of matter. They effected what are now considered as miracles or superstitions, by using these two tools in the *Mantra Sastra*.

If our National Laboratories will take up this ancient Chemico-physics, that will take India and man and the world far beyond what the latest discoveries in nuclear science has carried us to. This problem of *Sphota* in grammar and *Sabda-Brahman* found in the system of grammatical thought and in the *Mantra-Tantric* schools has a great importance in our present state of knowledge about the universe.

It is this problem that has been developed by Bhartrihari in his *Vakyapadiya* along with many other problems in grammar. The same problem has been developed by Nagesha Bhatta among the various problems in grammar, in his work called the *Manjusha,* "a basket."

The work in its original form is an elaborate one and they say that what we have now is an abridged form of the original work, and is called the Laghu-Manjusha or "smaller basket." The present edition is that of a still further abbreviation called the *Laghu-Manjusha* or or the extremely abbreviated basket. It contains all the subjects dealt with in the larger work and it faithfully follows that original work. The language is simple and dignified. There is not that artificiality found in later day works, especially on Nyaya, in this book. The language is also very lucid.

The larger work called the *Laghu-Manjusha* is available in print with two commentaries. That work does not say that it is an abbreviation of a still larger work called the *Brihan-Manjusha* or "the big basket." In the beginning it simply says that Nagesha Bhatta writes the *Vaiyakarana-siddhanta-manjusha*, "the basket of the doctrines of the grammatical system." In the present book, the title is given in the introductory verse as *Parama-laghu-manjusha*. The expression, as it occurs in the text, is a little unfortunate. It is difficult to relate the word *Parama* (extreme) with the nature of the book, *Laghu* (brief) and that must be the construction. The word as it stands, goes with *Manjusha* and the name would be, "the extreme and brief basket" and not "the extremely brief basket."

Nagesha Bhatta is known to have written another work dealing with only the problem of *Sphota* and the work had been published from the Adyar Library, and is taken note of in the present edition (p. 19 in the Sanskrit Introduction). There is doubt about the identity of the two authors. Just as in the case of this work, the other great work of Nagesha Bhatta, the *Sabdendu Shekhara*, is also known to have had three gradations, the *Brihat* (large) *Laghu* (brief) and *Parama-laghu* (extremely brief). That is what I had known from my teacher when in early days I had been studying the *Manorama* of Bhattoji Dikshita and the *Shekhara* of Nagesha Bhatta. The question whether this further abridgement is by Nagesha himself or by another Nagesha and whether there is a larger *Manjusha*, and also whether there are the three gradations of the Shekhara, needs further elucidation. The editor takes it for granted (pp. 3 and 4 in the Sanskrit Introduction).

The subtle analysis of the problems facing a grammarian, found in this book, has its own value. The *Sphota* doctrine must attract the attention of scientists and of thinkers in modern times. There are some other points also that are of great importance.

There is a view current that the Vedic Aryans, even in later days, did not pay sufficient attention to the language of the people. Here in this book, there is discussed (on pp. 45 to 48) whether the languages of the people, what is a corruption (*Apabhramsha*) of the Sanskrit language of the *elite*, has an independent authority or is subordinate to Sanskrit for its power of correct expression. The theory given in this context is the right reply to such an accusation of narrow-mindedness and exclusiveness on the part of the Vedic Aryans. They were the most broad-minded and tolerant among the nations of the world. They never treated the ordinary languages with any contempt as the Pundits of English literature now treat Sanskrit and the other Indian languages for cultural purposes.

In the Sanskrit Introduction, the language could have been made nearer to the language of the text in the matter of simplicity, and the long compounds and rare usages of words could have been avoided. The language used in the Introduction is not calculated to make Sanskrit current among the people. I take this opportunity to invite the attention of the M.S. University to the need for bringing out a better edition of the original *Manjusha*, correcting the readings and adding a translation. At least the portion till the close of the *Sphota* discussion in that work should

(*Continued on page 95*)

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Contemporary Trends in Gujarati Short-story

Dr. RAMESH JANI

IT is the short-story that has the honour of being one of the most outstanding literary forms in Gujarati during the past few decades, the other and perhaps more versatile being poetry.

In its very short history of less than fifty years Gujarati short-story has achieved phenomenal success as far as the form, content and expression is concerned.

Before reviewing the modern short-story as such perhaps it would not be amiss to take a 'bird's-eye view' of what has gone before.

Sri Kanchanlal Vasudeo Mehata whose pen-name was 'Malayanil' published *Govalini* in 1918, but it was 'Dhumketu', Sri Gaurishankar Joshi, who ushered in the new era of the Gujarati short-story with his *Tanakha* in the year 1926. Two years later Sri Ramnarayan Pathak—'Dwiref'—corrected the tendency towards undue sentimentality by the classical restraint displayed in his stories.

There were numerous other writers who tried their hand at this new literary form but there are only two amongst them who achieved a degree of success. They are Sri Kanaiyalal Munshi and Sri Dhansukhlal Mehta.

With the advent of 'Dhumketu' and 'Dwiref' the short-story has already achieved its unique qualities. The didactic element detrimental to pure art was banished once and for all. It was generally accepted that the short-story should have the fewest possible characters, the fewest possible incidents and should use the fewest possible words. It was also acknowledged that the purpose of the short-story can be no other than the one of suggestion.

As our national consciousness grew up with the advent of Mahatma Gandhi and received a few jolts in the shape of the first world-war and the communistic ideology, the Gujarati short-story reflected a few of the changes which occurred in the minds of the intelligentsia. It succumbed to the temptation of becoming propagandist literature—but only for a short while. It speedily outgrew this phase and regained its balance. Human problems once more became the refrain of the song that it was trying to sing.

The short-story writers started reading Western literature and the

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effect was seen almost immediately and in manifold ways. The outstanding writers of this era are Sri Umashankar Joshi, Sunderam, Gulabdas Broker and Pannalal Patel. Some of their eminent predecessors were Sri Jhaverchand Meghani, Ramanlal Desai and Sri 'Snehrashmi'.

Sri Pannalal Patel and Sri Petlikar used the regional dialect with colourful effect. Sri Chunilal Madia on the other hand used the dialect of Saurashtra with great force and vigour. Another writer who tried to experiment with the form of the short-story was Sri Jayanti Dalal.

By now the Gujarati short-story writers had already discovered that they had to write about the individual caught in the conflicting forces of a society undergoing rapid and unforeseen changes, economically as well as sociologically. The human mind with its deep and conflicting emotions became the subject of the short-story. Stories of realism and stories depicting psychological analysis were the outcome of these mental attitudes.

The late Sri 'Bakulesh', Dr. Jayant Khatri, Sri Jitubhai Mehta, Sri Ashok Harsha, Niroo Desai, Pitamber Patel, the late Sri 'Sukani' are the writers who have contributed to this particular development.

While reviewing the short-story of the past decade the first thing that strikes is that with the sole exception of Sri Suresh Joshi the short-story after 1950 has not achieved anything new or different.

And yet many good stories have been written and that itself is a sign of health. The widening of the horizons of mental consciousness is perhaps the finest result of the short-stories written after 1950 which have dealt with many mysterious and conflicting moments of life. The credit for this not merely goes to old-timers like Sri Pannalal, Gulabdas, Madia, Jayanti Dalal and Dr. Jayant Khatri but also to Sri Venibhai Purohit, Sarang Barot, Hiralal Fofalia, the late 'Ketan Munshi', Dhiruben Patel, Kundanika Kapaḍia, Shivkumar Joshi, Suresh Joshi, Ramanlal Pathāk, Saroj Pathak, Bhagavati Kumar Sharma and Chandrakant Baxi. Not merely have these writers already published collections of their short-stories but they are still writing and seem to be in very good form.

The 'fifties' would have been outstanding because of these writers but another eye-catching event also occurred during this time.

Sri Suresh Joshi published the first collection of his short-stories in 1956, entitled *Griha Pravesha*. Without entering into a controversy about the individual merits of these short-stories, I would like to state that these stories have achieved a landmark in the history of the Gujarati short-story.

The writer called his stories experiments and he has continued his experiments in a later volume entitled *Biji Thodik*. Today we come across many stories written in his conscious imitation. But it is a matter of regret that most of them fail to achieve the same or, let me say, the desired standard. The reason for this apparent failure may be the lack of a clear vision regarding this typical form. Maybe. this particular type of the short-story cannot have a well-cut form.

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These experiments have succeeded in catching our attention whatever else may be said about their merits or demerits. We view these experiments with a great deal of interest because they contain the potentiality of the manifold expansion of the short-story.

The Gujarati short-story turned towards realism in the 'forties'. The writer's mind was occupied with reactions rather than incidents. But Suresh Joshi wants to eliminate incidents as far as possible. For him the main interest lies in the *form*. He wants to dive deep down the waters of human consciousness and discover new levels.

Rahasya Nagari by Shiv Kumar Joshi, *Nahi Andharu—Nahi Ajwalu* by Smt. Saroj Pathak and *Smriti Valay* by Kishor Jadav show that Suresh Joshi's experiments can establish a rich tradition.

But this new form has to guard against the dangers of deteriorating into ineffective garrulousness and succumbing to the fatal charm of symbolism. Ever since 'Dwiref', we come across the use of symbols in different ways. The new writer has to study this tradition. As a matter of fact the late 'Bakulesh' and Dr. Jayant Khatri were the forerunners in the method of delineation, with the difference that they paid more attention to incidents.

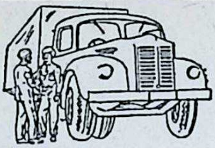
It is a matter worth contemplating that the mere form or style cannot and does not make a good story. Fine stories of older writers are as enjoyable as some of the stories written in this new mould. Whatever the difference in the style, the construction and the expressions, the fact remains that the intrinsic worth of the story is the only thing that matters. The greater that worth, the longer the story will live. Time, the greatest critic of all, is also the most impartial one. We should be guided by the artistic value of a story and not by its date.

Some of the finest magazines that have contributed to the growth and the development of the short-story are *Urmi* and *Nav Rachana, Prasthan, Samskriti*, *Vishva Manava, Kshitij*, etc. There are also a few magazines which publish only short-stories. The chief amongst these are *Savita, Chandani*, *Aram*, etc.

Some journals and magazines have been instrumental in bringing about changes in the form of the short-story. *Rekha* edited by Jayanti Dalal is a worthy example.

The lure of realism has landed the writers in the sloth of obscenity at times. But it is difficult to define the obscene. It will suffice to say that a story does not become a classical story just because it contains virtuous thoughts. Nor may it be dubbed 'modern' because it contains nauseating details about sex.

The attraction towards symbols and formlessness often lends the writer into futile experiments. If the creative writer deigns to study a little more it would be better for him as well as for his readers. Familiarity with the current developments as well as the whole tradition of his particular literary form is a necessity which he can scarcely overlook.



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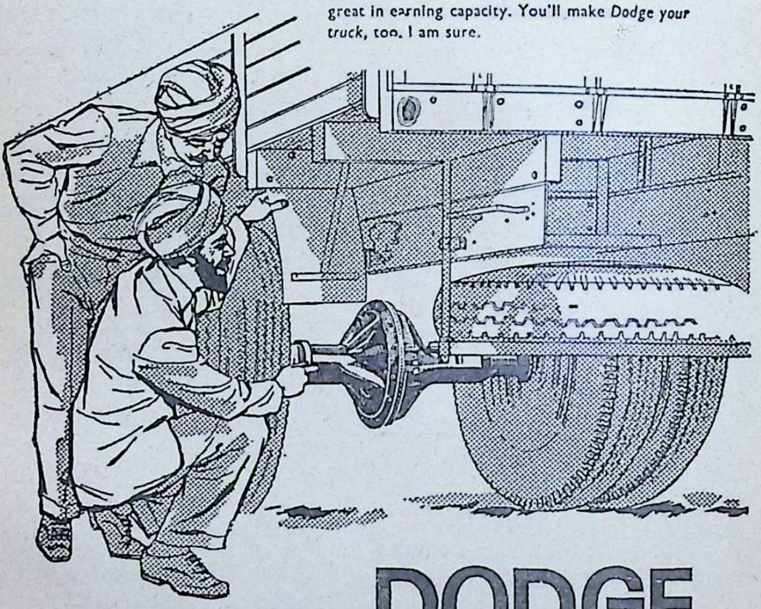

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"SPHOTA"—*Contd.*

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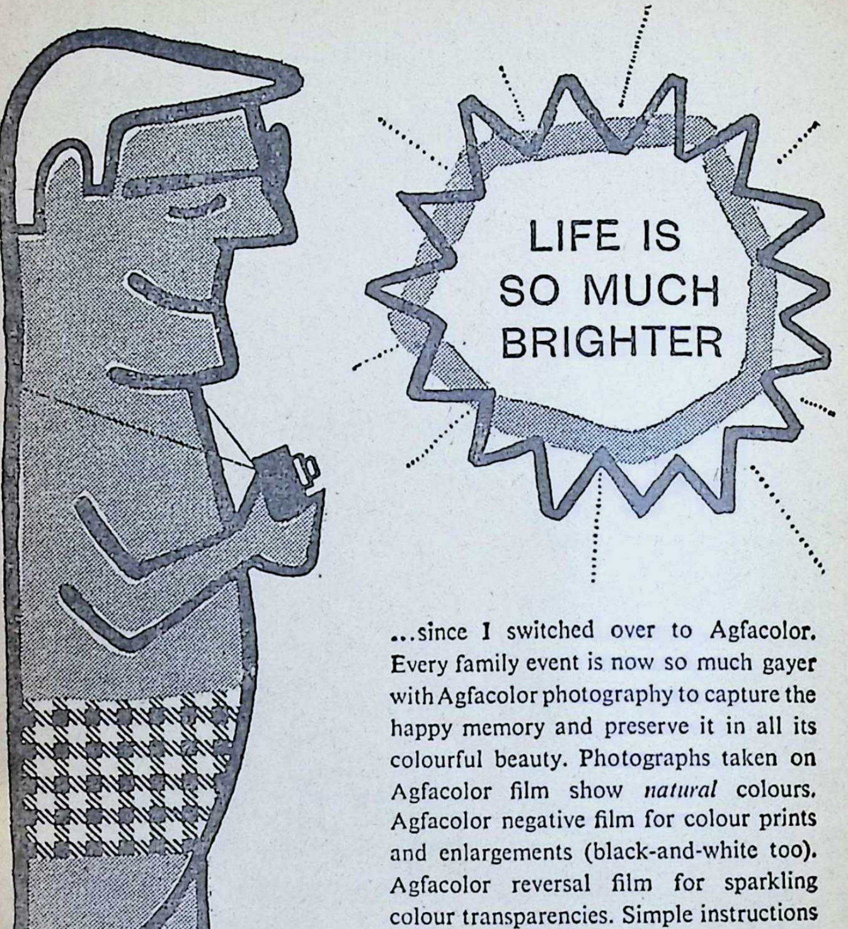

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Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1043

Sri Raghavender Rao, Hyderabad.

Q: *I have all the comforts of life and I am a student with all facilities. Yet I am unable to concentrate on my studies and feel helpless and I start weeping at night. Please suggest a remedy.*

A: Your difficulty is that you have comforts and therefore no urge to exert yourself. Also you have no sense of mission and have not learnt to look upon life as a solemn affair. If you study the *Bhagavad Gita* and take to a life of self-discipline, you will be able to get rid of your helplessness. Keep as your motto what was mine for years:

Fail not for sorrow;
Falter not for sin;
But onward, upward,
Till the goal you win.

1044

Sri Harbanslal Puri, Ludhiana.

Q: *Is it possible for a worldly man to attain self-realization? If so, which, in your opinion, is the surest way of attaining it?*

A: (1) It is not only possible for a worldly man to attain self-realization, but without taking a share of responsibilities of a worldly man, full self-realization is not possible.

(2) The surest way to attain self-realization is indicated by the *Bhagavad Gita*. If I may put it in my language, this way is:

First, to stand for Truth by making thought, word and deed one, that is, to speak what you sincerely think, to act as you speak and think.

Secondly, to eliminate the ego by surrendering all that you are and what you do to God.

Lastly, (i) to be pure in body by eliminating slovenly or ugly habits;

(ii) to be pure in speech by eliminating untruth and a tendency to inflict hurt;

(iii) to be pure in thought by eliminating greed, fear and hate.

1045

Sri S. Ompal, Satyapuri.

Q: *Inasmuch as all Avatars of God have re-united with the original, what is the use of worshipping the Avatars? Will it not be more appropriate to worship the original Gods like Vishnu?*

A: Temperaments differ from individual to individual, and so do the needs of each individual. The best way for an individual to approach God is, therefore, to accept Him in such form as evokes his individual devotion. To some Sri Krishna might appeal, to others Sri Ramachandra, to some Subrahmanya; to others Vishnu or Shiva. But approach through any form is an approach to God.

1046

Sri K. S. Boliya, Bhilwara.

Q: *Can you kindly give me the address of any spiritual guide who can dispel the doubt of a stumbling child like me?*

A: In these matters, there cannot be a guru-supplying agency. Everyone should find his own Guru. Till he comes, I would suggest accepting Sri Krishna, Sri Ramachandra or Sri Veda Vyas, as your choice, as the Guru. To prevent you from stumbling, it is necessary to have a guide, but he need not necessarily be a living person.

1047

Sri V. Subba Rao, Masulipatam.

Q: *I do not like many things about my father. I do not know how to win him over, because he cannot be corrected. Shall I run away from him? Please advice me.*

A: You think that you are so perfect that you are not only able to find fault with your father, but also like some spiritual Guru correct him. Don't you think you have too high a sense of your self-importance?

If I were you, I would accept my father with all his faults, treating him as a god. Then he will of himself correct his faults. Anyway you will be happy, for you would be humble.

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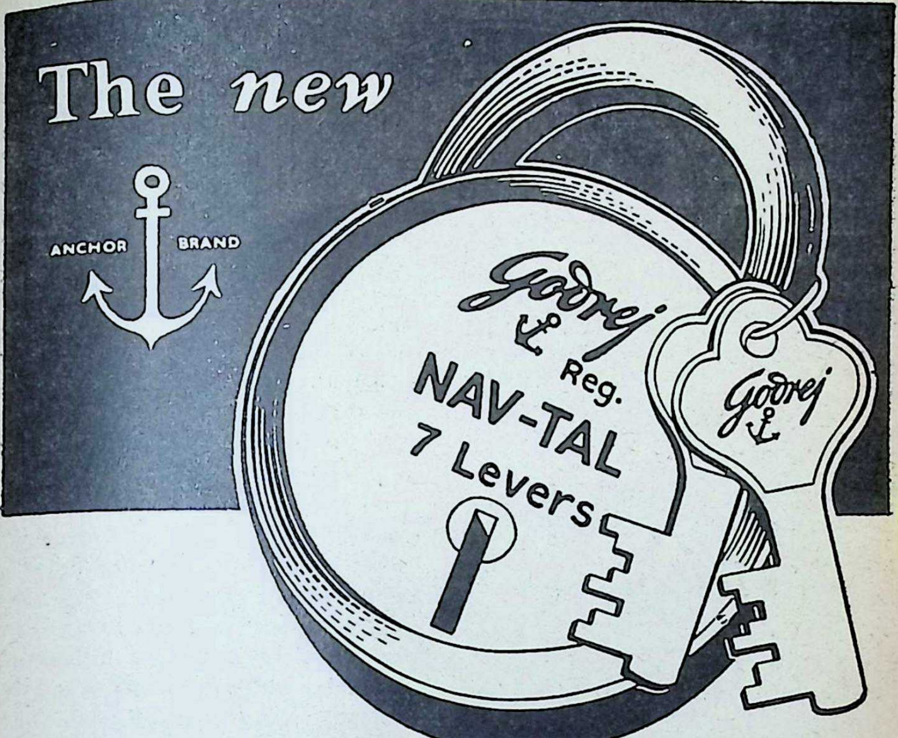

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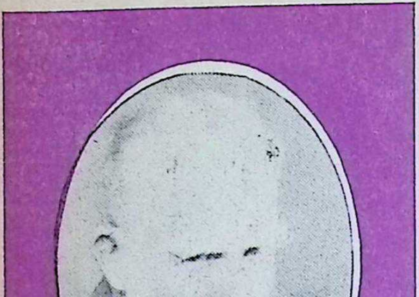

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

N. SALIVATEESWARAN

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, "one of the keenest and most powerful and penetrating minds of the age, with an originality in his own way of looking at things, which no one else can equal", as described by Sri Aurobindo, passed through Bombay, roughly thirty years ago, during the second week of January 1933. I had a memorable interview with him on his arrival here. I am recalling the event because some of the remarks he made on the then situation are applicable even to the present-day situation. Though full of sarcasm, his words were really prophetic. It is worthwhile to recount the interview at this distance because of its freshness and eternal truth.

Shaw and his wife were on a holiday cruise round the world by the Canadian Ocean Liner EMPRESS OF BRITAIN. The boat anchored two miles away from the harbour and I took a launch from the Gateway of India to meet him on board the steamer. He had a reputation in the Fleet Street, London, as a hard nut to crack and that he always avoided pressmen.

I boarded the steamer within a few minutes of her anchoring and walked straight into his cabin. I found him exceedingly amiable and pleasant, a tall figure with a flowing beard, elegantly and fashionably dressed in a grey flannel lounge suit. Walking erectly he came out of a luxuriously furnished cabin, wished me, "Good morning" and warmly shook hands with me. His gait, energy and his bubbling spirit made a great impression on me. He was seventy-six years and six months then but he looked like a robust young man. When I introduced myself as the correspondent of the paper I represented then, *The Hindu*, Madras, he smiled and spoke to me in an endearing tone passing a remark, "I am myself an old journalist."

He led me to the lounge in the upper deck where we settled down for a very interesting and exhilarating chat on various world topics. His sincerity, humour, irony and sarcasm commanded attention. The late Sir M. Visvesvaraya and a few fellow journalists joined us later.

Mr. Shaw observed that he had received numerous letters and cables suggesting that he should make an extensive tour of India. "I think I would see hardly anything of real India excepting the inside of Indian railway coaches which are as bad as, if not worse than, the British railway carriages". Flying had not been very much developed in India in those days.

"I shall have a look at Bombay city and then at Colombo city. I prefer to have good rest on board the steamer instead of moving here and there at this age and wasting time in a railway journey."

What he said in 1933 about India still applies to her even under the present altered circumstances. Mr. Shaw said, "Indian affairs will have to be dealt with by Indians themselves and not by foreigners. They will not succeed by anybody else's efforts or aid. You must not hope for any help from others. If you are in conflict with the British government, you must not expect that out of humanitarian enthusiasm, either U.S.A. or France or Germany or Scandinavia or even Ireland or any other country will imemediątely rush to support you. They will do nothing of that kind. Self-help is the best help."

Asked whether he sympathised with India's national aspirations, Mr. Shaw came out with his satirical remark, shaking his head and with twinkle in his eyes which picture is still fresh in my mind, "Ah, I have left my sympathies entirely behind me when I started on my holiday trip....Anybody who has read my books will be able to guess my views."

Our talks turned to Gandhiji, who was then in the Yeravda jail under detention. Mr. Shaw said, "I saw Mr. Gandhi lately in London. He is a charming man, an exceptionally clear-headed man. I have not seen much of the population in India but I am sure every man I may see in Bombay will not be a Gandhi. He is the sort of man who is born perhaps once in several centuries, a very marvellous personality. It is very hard for you to understand him. The result is he gets tired of you so often that he threatens to go on fast and kill himself. If I see Mr. Gandhi again, I would tell him to give them up."

I asked Mr. Shaw, "Give whom up?"

Mr. Shaw replied "Both the government and the people."

"Anyhow it is very encouraging to know that there is such a person."

Q: Do you admire Mr. Gandhi?

A: Well, a lot of people admire me and I am popular but nobody does what I want them to do.

Q: You preach eternal truth?

A: As much as I can get hold of.

Gandhiji was then carrying on a campaign from the jail to remove untouchability in India. "As for 'untouchability'," Shaw said, "I am more concerned with the 'untouchability' in England. There is a large class of working people who are treated as untouchables. We have millionaires and capitalists in England who don't inter-marry with British workers. The untouchability problem is very acute in England. The English touchable will not probably object to the shadow of the untouchable falling on him or her as you do in India but a storm will be raised if a labourer proposes to marry the daughter of a capitalist or a duchess. The poor girl would very soon find herself as much an 'untouchable' as the untouchable in India. This gives me a lot to think about without my tackling Indian untouchability question."

We then talked about the future of the Indo-British relations. Mr. Shaw remarked "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I am not going into the future. It is possible there may be no relations at all. You cannot foresee the future. Take the British Empire in the lump. England is an insignificant part of it so far as numbers go. The population of India is 350 millions. Someone on board the steamer told us that it was 315 millions. We accepted it and even that is formidable enough. Taking things as a whole, India is the centre of the British Empire. It is in fact the British Empire. It is not a Christian Empire. It is a Hindu and to some extent a Mohammedan Empire. It is quite possible that in future when the Indian institutions develop and the population becomes more educated, instead of India wanting to separate from England there will come a time when England may make a desperate struggle to get separated from you, and you will decline to allow it."

When someone remarked that there was a great fund of brain-power undeveloped in India for lack of opportunities, the dramatist remarked, "After all you know brain-power may be a mistake; England has got on without any brain-power at all. There are certain dangers which I should point out. The first thing you ought to do, if you want self-government, is to make public speeches a criminal offence. When you imagine yourself, you should avoid talking. If anybody talked, he should be shot down or punished with a capital sentence. Indians have tremendous powers of speaking. They could repeat the whole of the sixteen volumes of Herbert Spencer. It is perfectly awful. The English are bad enough once they get on their legs, but I have heard in my youth that you have only to touch a Hindu and he will quote all the British authors with ease. No sensible man ever talks. I know that myself because I talk too much and do nothing. I am not good for anything else."

Referring to the Irish problem which in Mr. Shaw's opinion bore a considerable analogy to India, the only difference being the population, Mr. Shaw said, "Ireland is a very insignificant place, but because she is oppressed by England, the world is watching her struggle with sympathy and interest. As long as there is a nationalist movement, fighting against foreign domination, liberals in other countries would sympathise with you. The moment you become independent, nobody is interested in you. Your own government will be far more tyrannical in the first few years than the British government." Very prophetic words!

Shaw was putting cross-questions to pressmen trying to learn something about the conditions in India. When he was told that there was a municipality in Bombay city whose members were elected on adult franchise, Shaw remarked, "It must be very bad then."

Someone remarked that in an elected house the voice of the people was heard. Shaw remarked, "The people never want anything good."

It was mentioned that the proportion of the enlightened people in Bombay, though not very large, counted. Mr. Shaw observed, "The proportion of enlightened people in England is three per cent. and they do not count at all. The higher classes were the least enlightened."

Somebody asked him what his view was on the political situation in England prevailing then.

Shaw said, "Hopeless. England is in a mess as she has always been. It is a miracle that she is still surviving. The great question is whether man as a political being is capable of solving the problem you call 'civilisation'. That raises the very important question whether the present civilisation is a benefit to mankind or whether it is really a disease."

Q: What in your view is the future of the present civilisation?

A: I am not a prophet. Prophets are the monopoly of India. We do not produce them in Ireland.

Discussing the prospects of another great war, Mr Shaw said that "If it came, it would have the advantage of wiping out several millions. War is a thing people get enthusiastic about. It is a curious thing, people whom you admire most are people who kill most. One reason why people would not admire me or Mr. Gandhi is we have not killed anybody. If Mr. Gandhi were to kill six million people, he will at once become a great hero."

Q: What do you think of disarmament?

A: It is all nonsense. If you disarm a people, they will fight with bare fists. If you disarm them, they will rearm themselves as soon as a war breaks out. England was unprepared at the beginning of the last war (1914 war). She had no big army. All her armaments were obsolete. But she mobilised her forces in no time. You must remember that the only safety place in the old-day wars were the trenches but at present the civil population was being bombarded from the air. I cannot say whether the present civilisation has advanced or diminished the prospects of war.

Sir M. Visvesvaraya invited George Bernard Shaw to the Wellingdon Sports Club which he described as the best one in Bombay.

Mr. Shaw remarked, "Oh, a club is nothing. The best club in England is the one every sensible man keeps away from." All the visitors then withdrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Shaw immediately left the boat, EMPRESS OF BRITAIN with me for a stroll in the streets of Bombay. Taking an umbrella and a camera, they travelled to the shore in the motor launch.

At the Gateway of India, where Mr. and Mrs. Shaw landed, they were met by a large number of students and members of the public who had been waiting the whole morning to have a look at the celebrated playwright. He warded off the autograph hunters. I told him as he came up the flight of steps at the Gateway of India that the huge structure to which the steps led was erected to commemorate the landing in 1906 of King George V. and Queen Mary, who were then Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mr. Shaw jokingly asked me "Will they build another memorial like this to commemorate my landing?"

As we came out of the Gateway, he asked me what the big buildings opposite were. I told him that the building on the left was the Taj Mahal Hotel, one of the earliest residential hotels on the Western style, and on the right was the Yacht Club exclusively reserved for the white man.

Shaw remarked, "Oh, they are the places where men and women eat animals," meaning non-vegetarian food. Shaw was a strict vegetarian. He proceeded, "It was nothing short of snobbery to have a club exclusively reserved for the use of the white people in a country of coloured people."

Mr. Shaw declined to take a taxi or a conveyance to go round Bombay. He said he preferred to walk. While we were walking towards the Museum we were discussing all about English authors, especially Dickens and Thackeray.

When we reached local Council Hall, I told him that it was formerly a sailors' club, now converted into the local Legislative Council Hall.

He remarked, "Oh, that is the talkers' shop?" He continued "Democracy is all sham. Parliament is a very irresponsible body and it should go. It is a talking institution. There must be a dictatorship."

Q: What would you do first if you were made the dictator of England?

A: Make me a dictator first and then see.

I recalled to him that in England every prominent man wrote articles in the press only six months earlier on the above subject, "If I were a dictator", Mr. Shaw remarked, "They were all fools to write such articles."

During their sojourn on board the steamer in the stream Mr. and Mrs. Shaw attended one day an evening party at the Ridge Road given in their honour by the Three Arts Circle, Bombay. It was attended by Sir John Beaumont, the then Chief Justice of Bombay, Lady Beaumont, Lady Ali Shah, the Aga Khan's mother, Sir M. Visvesvaraya, the Rani of Sangli, and several others.

The dramatist looked very much amused at the colour of Indian sarees. A party of young girls who encircled him asked the dramatist, "How do you like Bombay?"

Mr. Shaw said "I do not like it. What is there in it?"

Somebody asked, "Do you like the call of the East?"

Mr. Shaw said, "I prefer the call of the West."

The principal of a girls' school invited him to visit her school. Mr. Shaw remarked, "Oh, if I pay a visit to the school, who is to control the children?"

At the desire of the hostess Mr. Shaw posed for a photograph. While taking his seat in the midst of the girls present, Mr. Shaw asked me, "Do I look impressive? Give me a make-up box." The girls blushed at Mr. Shaw's sarcastic hit. Mr. Shaw declined to take tea or any refreshment.

As the hall became crowded, he quietly slipped out with the permission of the host and the hostess and took his seat in his car in the portico.

He then sent for Mrs. Shaw. As he reached the car, a cartoonist walked up to him and requested him to autograph a sketch of his. Shaw took the cartoonist's notebook and pencil, and threw them in the garden.

As we were driving to Apollo Bunder to take the launch to the EMPRESS OF BRITAIN, Mr. Shaw remarked to me "Indian music is good; we too have similar dance music. Let me try."

So saying he started singing, waving his hands into the air.

"I am a communist," said Mr. Shaw. He added that "there must be a government either of the Lenin type or of the Mussolini type but no parliamentary democracy, where people only talk and do nothing. If anything went wrong in Italy, Mussolini held himself responsible. If anything went wrong in England, British Parliament had it talked out!"

The late Prabha Shanker Patani sent a message to Sri Hiralal A. Shah of Vasant Vijay Mills, now no more, to receive Mr. George Bernard Shaw and take him to Jain temples in Bombay. Sri Hiralal met the dramatist and Mrs. Shaw at the Gateway of India and took them to the big Jain temple at Pydhonie dedicated to Deity Shri Parshwanathji. While Mrs. Shaw waited in the car, George Bernard Shaw removed his shoes and socks out of respect for the sentiments of the worshippers, went up a flight of steps to enter a Jain temple for the first time in his life-time. He spent a pretty long time in the temple, more than half an hour, in closely studying the images in the shrine, the various carvings and postures and then drove with his wife to a second Jain temple, popularly known as Babu's Marble temple at the top of the Walkeshwar hills. The Central Marble image of "Tirtankara" in this temple attracted him most. The image was of a large size. Mr. Shaw again spent considerable time in scanning the image from a close range and the expressions of the deity in *dhyana* and *padmasana* postures, sitting cross-legged. Mr. Shaw looked very much impressed with the exquisite carvings of the expressions of the images of gods and goddesses installed in the temple.

As he came out of the temple Shaw told Sri Hiralal that he had fulfilled one of his cherished desires to visit some Jain temples. Sri Hiralal then gave him a collection of photographs of the Delwara Jain temple at Mount Abu. George Bernard Shaw took them to the boat and spent a lot of time in studying with the aid of magnifying glasses, these pictures covering a wide range of architecture, culture, customs and manners, modes and dresses of the group dances called Rasaleela, etc. Later he told me that he was deeply impressed with the pictures and also the distinctive poses and postures of the very finely carved images on the pillars of the temple. There were no comparisons of these pieces of marble work.

Mr. Shaw wanted to know whether this temple was anywhere near Bombay. Hiralal said that it was only sixteen hours journey by train and bus to reach the Delwara temple on the top of the Mount Abu. The dramatist said "I never knew beforehand that near Bombay and within easy reach there are such wonderful temples of art and architecture. I am unable to include it now in my itinerary. Had there been any slight inkling of it beforehand, I would have gone there, straight away from this boat on arrival and thence to Agra where I would have rejoined the party of tourists. I have really nothing to see in Bombay or transact anything with anyone in Bombay." He was extremely sorry that he had missed a good chance of seeing such wonderful temples and extraordinary marble carvings.

On the last day I was at the Gateway of India to wish him farewell. He was beaming with smiles. He added that he had a grievance against the Bombay Pressmen. 'They published reports everyday with two-column headlines that I was on show." Hundreds of people invaded him and gave him no rest.

I laughed and said that it meant so much money was collected for the hospitals. In those days every visitor who boarded a steamer had to pay rupees three as entrance money which the shipping company or their agents collected and remitted to the hospital fund.

Shaw was horrified that hospitals were making money out of him. He presently presented me with an autographed photograph of his as a token of friendship. I bade a good-bye to both Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, who took a launch from the shore to THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and later sailed for Colombo.

A Guru should be as a knife grinder, removing the rust of a life-time in an instant.—*Kabir*

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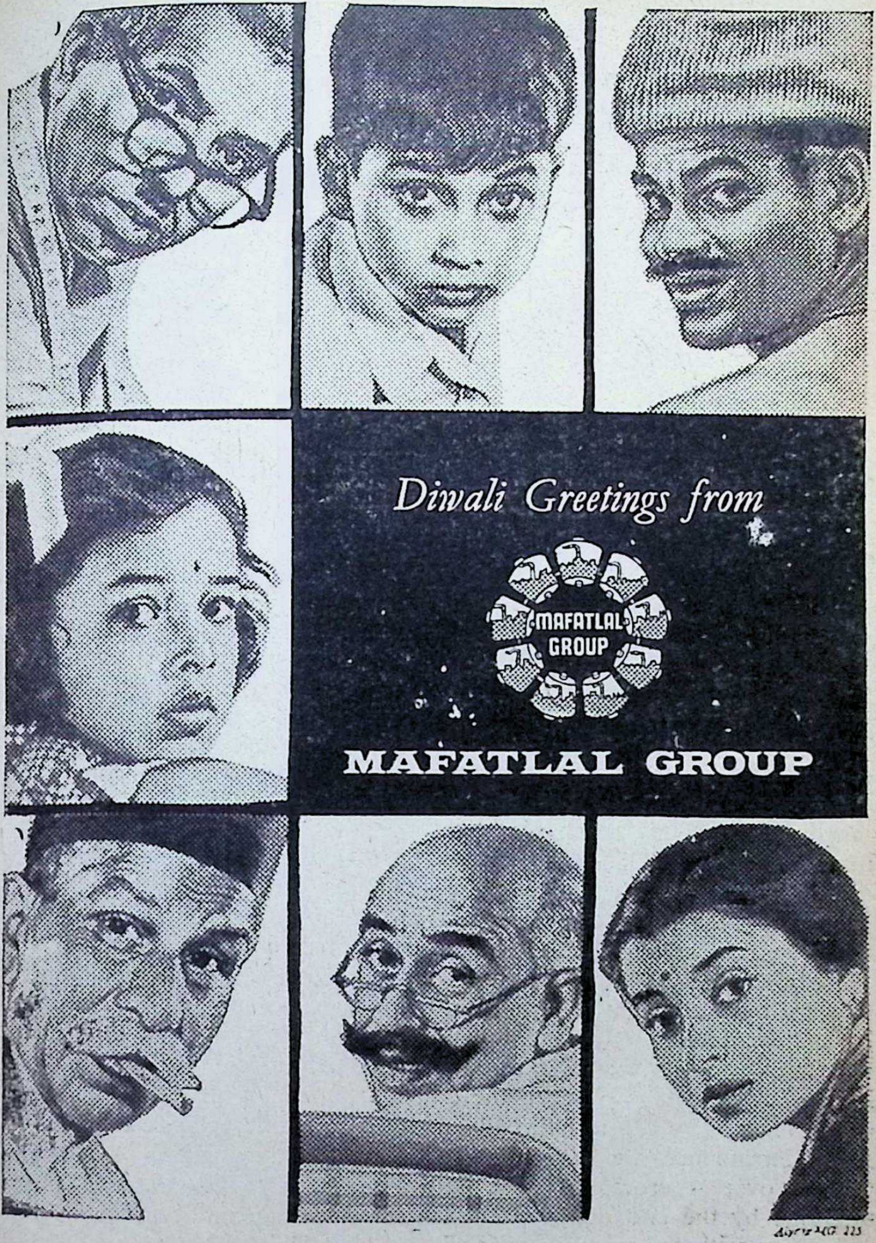
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the Widening Gap

M. A. Master

THE success of our Planned Economy rests mainly on the timely realisation of the estimated production both in the fields of agriculture as well as industries.

It is fundamental to the stability of our economy that the production of foodgrains should reach at least 100 million tons by 1965-66. Experts consider it doubtful whether, in view of our continuously growing population, India can become self-sufficient in the matter of foodgrains even with an annual output of 100 million tons.

India must attain self-sufficiently in the field of foodgrains. She cannot afford to continue to import foodgrains after the end of the Third Plan. Since Independence, we have already imported over 4 crores of tons of foodgrains by the end of the Second Plan. Even with the very liberal and generous help which we have received from America for the import of foodgrains under the Public Law 480 arrangement, it is estimated that we have spent about 1000 crores of rupees from our limited foreign exchange resources during that period for importing the foodgrains we needed to feed our people. What a change it would have made to the economy of India had India been self-sufficient in the matter of foodgrains, since the saving of such a huge sum as a thousand crores of rupees, as foreign-exchange, would have made us self-reliant and far less dependent on foreign countries for the foreign-exchange we so urgently need for fulfilling our obligations under the Third Plan. Every possible step will, therefore, have to be taken to reach the target of 100 million tons by the end of the Third Plan.

We have planned for large industrial development during the Third Plan. It is estimated that India would be making a fresh investment of Rs. 2,570 crores in the Organised Sector of Industry and Minerals during that period. It is, however, crystal clear that unless the production of Steel, Coal, Power, Cement, reach their target of production and unless the transport facilities are adequately and effectively provided for their movements, it is impossible to achieve the objectives of the Plan.

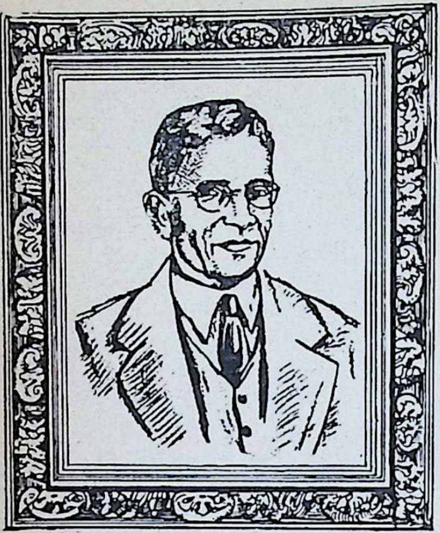
Let us consider the case of Steel. It is absolutely essential both for agricultural and industrial development. Whether houses are to be built or ports to be developed, whether railways are to be expanded or machinery is to be made, Steel plays the very vital part in each and every case. But did we reach the target fixed for Steel at the end of the Second Plan? The answer is a plain 'No.' As against the target of producing 45 lakhs of tons of finished Steel at the end of the Plan, i.e. in 1960-61, the actual production came to only 22 lakhs of tons—a shortfall of 23 lakhs of tons or say a shortfall of more than 100%.

So far as the Third Plan period is concerned, the planners profiting by their previous experience, brought down the yearly target fixed for 45 lakhs of tons of finished steel in 1960-61 to 35 lakhs of tons for the first year of the Third Plan, i.e. 1961-62. Even this reduced production was not achieved; production in 1961-62 reached the figure of 28 lakhs of tons only. Compared to the target for 1960-61, there was a shortfall of 17 lakhs of tons or say nearly 38%.

Further, it is estimated that the production of finished steel should reach 68 lakhs of tons in 1965-66. It has not gone beyond 28 lakhs of tons. With the difficulties that lie in the way of expansion and with the unhappy experience that the three Plants in the public sector have not even reached the production equal to their existing capacity, the expected quantity of production is bound to result in a serious shortfall. So much less production of new wealth in the country, exceeding more than Rs. 200 crores.

As regards Coal, we are hearing cries from all directions about its increasing shortage. This short-supply of coal has affected the normal production of a number of industries. This is bound to affect their economic working. The target of the production of coal in the last year of the Second Plan was fixed at 60 million tons. Actual production reached only 54.6 million tons. Here, there was a shortage of 54 lakhs of tons.

The target for the Third Plan is 97 million tons in 1965-66. It was fixed at 67 million tons for 1961-62. Actual production was even less than that achieved in 1960-61. It was only 54.3 million tons. It will be noted that the gap between the plan target and actual production has taken a jump from 54 lakhs of tons to 127 lakhs of tons! How can planned economy function, under such circumstances, according to the wishes or expectations of the Planners? Can targets be reached because they are so written on the paper ignoring all laws of economics and forgetting all limitations that have to be faced?



PORTRAIT
of a Pioneer

V. Seshasayee left us on October 19, 1958. But for many of us, he is still a "presence" vitally stalking the corridors of our lives, still as much in evidence as during his life-time.

This is because Seshasayee was much more than an industrial trail-blazer, dramatically developing and fostering several dynamically successful industrial enterprises. He had many priceless human virtues like courtesy, simplicity and humility—notwithstanding his considerable achievement.

Not at all a flashy or flamboyant type, Seshasayee shunned the limelight. Of personal publicity, he had positive aversion. Neither would he suffer sycophants and yes-men gladly, but he had such charity of mind that he could handle them all with grace and good-humoured tolerance.

The Ramayana was to him more than a beautifully-composed epic—the poem was his "code of ethics". Not ordinarily an emotional man, he would verge into tears commenting on some of the verses in the epic.

A karma yogi, he constantly exhorted his associates and his employees to do their duty without too much expectation of a reward or undue attachment to the fruitful result of an act.

This devotion to duty is one of several lessons we imbibed from him, and it is in its practical application—particularly as we develop a new line or two—we find our lost leader all over the place again.

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Cement is another important commodity without which houses cannot be built, roads cannot be constructed, workshops cannot be established, river-valley schemes and dams cannot be brought into existence, irrigation channels cannot be laid out, etc. It is, therefore, a matter of supreme importance that the target of cement must be reached and it should always be in full and timely supply.

The target for cement was fixed first at 13 million tons for the Second Plan. It was later brought down to 11 million tons. The production of cement in 1960-61 was, however, only 8.5 million tons. Thus, there was a shortage of 4.5 million tons from the original target and 2.5 million tons from the reduced target.

The target of cement for the Third Plan is capacity to produce 15 million tons but actual production of 13 million tons. Production of cement in 1961-62 was, however, less than that of 1960-61. It was only 8.2 million tons. It may reach 9 million tons in 1962-63. With the addition of only 5 lakhs of tons in two years, it is difficult to believe that during the remaining three years, the production would witness a rise of 3.5 million tons. Experience can hardly create such a feeling of optimism particularly when out of new Units, permitted to produce 5.8 million tons, only Units that can make 3.2 million tons have only placed orders for machinery. It is, therefore, natural that such developments under planned economy are bound to deepen the growing feeling of frustration all round.

Without an adequate and timely supply of coal and electricity, projects under the Plan cannot begin to function—to say nothing about their fulfilment. It was the object of the First Plan to generate new and additional 14 lakhs K.W. of electricity. Only 11 lakhs K.W. of electricity were, however, generated. The target for the Second Plan was to generate new and additional electricity to the tune of 34 lakhs K.W. Electricity generated during that period was, however, only 22 lakhs K.W. Thus, the gap between the target and actual generation jumped up from 3 lakhs K.W. from the First Plan to 12 lakhs K.W. in the Second Plan. The gap has widened fourfold!

It will thus be observed that the four fundamental commodities and services, which are essential, according to the Planners, for driving away poverty from India and establish in this country a Welfare State are Steel, Coal, Cement and Electricity. The gap between the Plan target and actual production is, unfortunately, widening more and more in each of these four cases. We would, therefore, earnestly appeal to the Planners that this state of things which has been seriously militating against the realisation of the purpose for which Five-Year Plans are made, should be completely changed without delay.

Reading maketh a full man; conference
a ready man; and writing, an exact man
—Bacon

Science, thought and religion are the three great forces which in modern times tend increasingly to override national distinctions and point the race towards unity of life and spirit. . . . .

—Sri Aurobindo

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Their Social & Cultural Values

John Maddox

WHAT is scienec for? This question is not frequently asked, let alone answered, in public discussions of the nature of science.

Not merely is the question inherently more difficult in that it requires an analysis of other things than science itself, but it is also complicated because of the sheer variety of the ways in which science contributed to society.

To some people it is most important that science makes it possible to embark on the systematic improvement of agriculture so as to increase the world's stock of food, or so as to set about winning energy from uranium so as to supplement the world's supply of fuel.

Others give most importance to the role of science as a means of carrying out tasks that would otherwise entail great drudgery and personal deprivation.

On other occasions it is urged that science gives "man mastery over nature."

An immediate and perhaps the most unfortunate consequence of such incomplete appreciation of the function of science in the civilised world leads directly to an indiscriminating view of the value of different kinds of scientific activity.

If, for example, science is held to entail "mastery over nature" and if it is assumed that mastery over nature is desirable, it becomes very difficult to distinguish between the importance of different kinds of research.

From this point of view, and from many others which are similarly facile, all kinds of effective scientific activity are to be presumed equally desirable.

In reality, of course, there are excellent grounds for discrimination between the value of different kinds of scientific research.

It is possible to argue, for example, that a recondite study in cosmology which might lead to a profound understanding of the origin of the universe is more highly to be valued than an examination—possibly much more expensive—of the behaviour of materials such as aluminium in the rare vacuum of interplanetary space.

Even though the second problem may have an important bearing on the ways in which space ships are eventually designed to carry people beyond the atmosphere, the first problems would almost everywhere be considered more worthwhile in the sense of being more fundamental. Within the formula of mastery over nature, understanding is the best kind of mastery.

In all this the distinction between science and technology is crucial, and not nearly so difficult to make as current counter-snobbism in the scientific world would suggest.

With the passing of the period in which scientists looked down their noses at technologists because they considered technology to be an inferior form of intellectual discipline, there has grown up a kind of suspicion that science and technology are really the same thing.

Yet nothing has really happened to upset the validity of the classical distinction between these things.

Science is the understanding of the natural world, and technology is the exploitation of this understanding with the intention—most frequently explicitly recognised—of accomplishing some greater or lesser social aim.

The distinction is as easily made in practice as in principle.

Attempts to understand the nature of matter, for example, are inescapably pure science. They have a tempo and a character now clearly recognisable in the history of great scientific discoveries.

For one thing, the outcome of research is unpredictable in detailed terms. People will make careful measurements of the properties of atomic particles merely so as to collect more information about the nature of the universe as such. Sudden and unexpected discoveries are possible. This is the world in which the word "breakthrough" has some significance.

Technology is a very different kettle of fish. With the experience of past decades it is now feasible to predict with some certainty the outcome of particular programmes of technological development.

If, for example, it is considered feasible to improve the efficiency of some industrial process, it can now be assumed that the feasible can be made a reality merely by spending enough effort in the appropriate ways.

To be sure, the initial decision about feasibility is determined by means of relevant understanding, in purely scientific terms, of the character of the natural environment.

It is as well to remember that it is much easier to predict feasibility than economic profitability. But in

> *Science enlarges our concepts of God and religion saves science from going astray. Religion should not end in wars and inquisitions nor science in Hiroshimas and Nagasakis.*
>
> —Dr. Radhakrishnan

this sense the uncertainties of technology are more commercial than technical in character.

Against this background the social value of technology is more easily appreciated than that of pure science. Indeed there are many circumstances in which particular technological developments may be justified almost by absolute necessity.

This, for example, is the case with agriculture just now. The need to organise the techniques of tropical agriculture in such a way that rapidly growing populations can be supported adequately needs no demonstration.

The need to extract water from the sea on the west coast of the United States is a refinement of the same problem.

Yet in these and many other circumstances, the desired result is not in doubt. It is not even that "where there's a will there's a way." The way itself is plain for competent people to see, and progress along it depends on how quickly effort is deployed.

In other fields of technology desirability is not equated with necessity, but technology nevertheless preserves its humane aspect. This is illustrated by medicine, which is one of the oldest of all the technologies.

It is not absolutely necessary that people should be prevented from dying by means of surgery, or by the use of drugs, or by the use of vaccines which can keep infectious and fatal diseases at bay. That society should choose to spend a large part of its effort on things like these, and that it should also elect to seek vigorously for new remedies is a proof of its collective and humane concern for its individual members. The fact that it may act rashly, as with thalidomide, is evidence of impatience and no proof of any defect in technology!

The common theme in all these situations seems, however, to be the predictability of technology, and it is from this that stems the unequivocal conclusion that technology itself is an essentially passive commodity, to which the words "desirable" and "unwanted", or "good" and "bad" are entirely inapplicable.

Most often it is easier to foresee the consequences of particular developments in technology than to carry them through.

Moreover, there is no natural law which dictates that all conceivable developments in technology must necessarily be carried through. Indeed, experience shows that where particular technological developments are in question, society, like the bears in Thurber's back-room, can "take it or leave it alone."

Thus the carrying out of some development in technology really depends on the making of two decisions. In the first place there must be an assessment of the feasibility of the project, based on an analysis of the understanding provided by pure science. Then there must be a decision about desirability in some less than absolute sense. Somebody has to be persuaded that a particular development will bring commercial profits, or that it will serve some other practical purpose.

The odd thing is that society should get so very little from some of the feats of technology on which it sets its heart. The feat of technology which consists in sending men in space ships beyond the atmosphere is one example of an expenditure of effort which cannot be justified by its predictable conclusions.

To be sure, it can be argued that developments whose only consequence is a gigantic spectacle may nevertheless serve some useful social purpose by providing those who have paid for them with a sense of corporate fellowship, and indeed this is the notion which underlies the defence of the expenditure on Colonel Glenn's flight three times around the earth which takes the form "Wasn't it worth five dollars a head?"

The greater part of technology is justified by more tangible arguments than these, however. Indeed the power of technology to work changes in the conditions of human existence is now recognised to be so great that it is no wonder people look to it for all kinds of humane achievements.

The kind of activity that would make two blades of grass grow where there was only one to start with is typical of this point of view.

There are many to whom the potentialities of technology in these connections are so important that the whole of scientific activity is thereby justifiable.

This, the argument goes, is what science is for: to make it possible for men to improve their lot, to live a little longer, to be less hungry, to have better shelter, and even to enjoy the great and undisputed benefits of being able to keep in touch with a wide circle of friends and relatives, so acquiring a richer emotional and intellectual way of life.

This is mastery over nature in the sense of being able to fly in the face of natural difficulties.

It is only natural that the things which technology has done to make feats like this possible should have had a profound influence throughout the world.

All too often, unfortunately, this is followed by the belief that technology is the same as the whole of science.

The immediate and somewhat hollow-sounding cause for denying this proposition rests, of course, on the fact that technologists cannot decide what is feasible in technology without a substantial basis of pure science as a guide.

From this stems what now seems to be the most common argument for supporting with public money pure research at the universities.

If this is not done, the argument goes, the supply of raw material for the technologists will come to an end, and then there will be a decline of industrial advancement, and so a falling away of commercial prosperity.

But though this line of argument is valid, and in itself a cause for paying greater attention in public administration to the needs of pure research, it does less than justice to the social value of pure research in its own right.

In its way understanding of the natural world is every bit as real a representation of mastery over nature as the facility to manipulate by technology this or that feature of the environment.

For example, when an understanding has been won of the way in which matter is composed of small particles of matter, it will still be necessary to explain how all this fits into the picture of our expanding universe.

The practical social value of scientific understanding cannot now be denied. Understanding of human physiology has, for example, rid us of the confusions of the primitive psychology which Ben Jonson's humours represented. Understanding of evolution has done more than to permit the systematic breeding of plants for this or that purpose: it has transformed the common perspective of life in the world in such a way that people can act more freely in a whole range of crucial fields—the rearing of children and the denial of racial doctrines, for example.

If pure science acts as a catalyst of social change in ways like these, it serves as a kind of fabric for society as well, in exactly the way that the humane studies serve to bind people into a community.

The common denominator here is strictly intellectual.

It means that the discovery of new ideas in any field is similar, in many ways, to the addition of one or more words to the vocabulary.

Intellectual intercourse between people is made easier, more economical, and, usually, more meaningful.

Against this background it is of course absurd to ask whether technology or pure science is to be preferred.

Obviously both activities are valued, but for different reasons.

Yet the distinction between them is sharper than most people would allow.

Moreover, the importance of pure science as a cultural cement in society at large is consistently underplayed, even in societies like ours in which the pure scientists have never had more public support.

[Courtesy: *The Guardian*]

A scientist may be a very good scientist but he lacks something which is so essential for a human being. Also you cannot possibly leave science out and concentrate on Humanities. Then you get cut off from the world. And so for as it is possible, one should combine the two.

—Jawaharlal Nehru.

PUSH TO YOUR EXTREMES

R. C. SHAH

PEOPLE who push to the extremes are exceptionally rare. Almost all of us are content to confine ourselves to the lower rung of our capacities.

You push to your extremes if you discover and try to realise the best in yourself. It may sound commonplace but it is easier said than done. Almost all of us are slaves to custom and custom makes mediocres of us all.

We complacently assume that we are exerting ourselves to the utmost when, in reality we are not using even a quarter of our potential energy. We allow ourselves to be governed by the conventional patterns of 'working hours' and 'rest'. We do not choose and determine our own fatigue-points. They are chosen and fixed for us by a mechanical routine. The result is that vast resources of psychic energy remain untapped.

Now it has been observed again and again that if a person is compelled by the pressure of urgent necessity to push back his fatigue-point and tax himself beyond his usual 'duration', quite unexpected things do happen. The work done during this 'second wind' is often superior in quantity as well as in quality to the regular output.

Put a person in a new position of responsibility. He will more often than not prove himself to be far more capable than he had hitherto seemed. An unforeseen challenge thrown in our way by circumstance may launch us on a heroic exploit. Hidden recesses of virtue are sometimes brought to light in this way.

The story of Hanuman leaping across the sea is highly symbolic and significant. It was the timely incentive of the wise Jambvant which roused him to the full awareness of his latent potentialities.

Let us remember too how Duty's appeal can transform human beings into angels and nerve them to endure woes and sufferings that may crush the strongest of us. We recall the superhuman fortitude of Charles Lamb, sacrificing everything for the sake of his insane sister.

In the above instances, it is outward circumstance that appears to call forth the best in these men and push them to their extremes. We are, however, not concerned with these external catalysts here. After all, we cannot afford to lay waste our powers, waiting for the 'spark of heaven' to fall and to go on postponing the 'grand event' for ever. God helps those who help themselves. And he has endowed us with a will. "Will alone" says William James, the great psychologist, "can ensure a steady progress towards realising the best in us."

Imagine yourself—in the middle or towards the end of some strenuous exercise—weary and exhausted as if all energy has ebbed away from you, and extremely reluctant to go on. You think that you have taxed yourself too sore. Every atom of your being is demanding rest. But your work is grievously incomplete. You have prepared the rough draft of say, an article. But it leaves much to be desired. You need yet another hour's struggle to correct and refine it. How you wish it were done—NOW! Then only you could have a real sigh of relief.

But you are tired. All this seems weary, dreary, uphill work and you are in no mood to go on. You have spent the last drop of your energy upon it and drowsiness is stealing over you.

But there lies the unfinished, long-postponed work before you.

You know to-day's inspiration cannot be caught tomorrow without a certain loss. It would be nice if it were done now and here.

Don't worry. The Jamesian precept will come to your rescue. Make an extra effort of will.

Fatigue gets worse. You become tense all over and it is unbearably oppressive.

Your fatigue begins to loosen its hold upon you. Soon it passes away and you warm up once again to your work. Staleness and apathy disappear and you feel buoyant as ever!

What was it, one may ask, that wrought this wondrous change?

The explanation is simple. You refused to stop at the first layer of fatigue. You broke through it and discovered the rich mines of energy hidden beneath it.

If you persist, you may, after some time come up against the second layer of fatigue.

Here, you will have to put up with a more formidable resistance than before. Perhaps you don't need to proceed. But if you are still far from your goal, you can overcome the hurdle even at this point. You can have your 'third wind'.

To those who have never tried the experiment for themselves, all this may well sound fantastic.

However, this is, to quote James again "only a practical way to improve performance."

There are layers of fatigue in you. Resolve and work your way through them. Your efforts will be rewarded with the most fruitful surge of vitality. Will is the most effective releaser of these latent energies.

"Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration" —some one has remarked. If it seems exaggeration it is certainly the exaggeration of a truth. Biographies of great men bear testimony to it. Uninspired drudgery is the lot—in the beginning —of even the greatest poets. Genius creates as much by sheer will as by inspiration. Matthew Arnold must have been personally convinced of the truth of the line he wrote:—

> "And tasks in hours of insight will'd
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd."

This, one feels must have been the practice of poets like Virgil, Dante, and Milton. On the other hand, who amongst the admirers of 'Kubla Khan', has not wished often that its writer had more Will in him?

One may, however, raise the objection that such voluntary overwork might play havoc with one's health. This fear is disproved by knowledge. Human organism has a great capacity to adjust itself to new conditions. The extra wear and tear of tissues that might result from this 'push ahead' scheme will always be counterbalanced by an extra activity of repair inside the body. The equilibrium is not disturbed under proper hygienic conditions. The rate of repair varies in direct proportion to the rate of waste.

It is a common experience for students during examination days to burn midnight oil for weeks at a stretch without any appreciable damage to their health. Nor do they need to 'make up' for the sleepless nights by a proportionate increase in sleeping hours later on.

We live in the habit of living at a level of inferiority to our full selves. Will and Will alone can triumph over this spiritual lethargy.

It was an article of faith with William James that men are not helpless puppets of Destiny, but masters and creators of their own fate. By dint of this will-power alone, men have mocked at the disadvantages of heredity and moulded the most adverse circumstances.

The life of William James itself is a glorious proof of the miraculous powers of will. The invalid who in his boyhood was incapable of so much exertion as reading a page without fainting at once was certainly not destined to become the world-famous philosopher and author of many masterpieces. He was not *destined* to that greatness, if one may say so. He *willed* himself to that eminence. He had a passion for delving into human experience and experimenting with himself. "Experiment, explore, grow, change and push to your extremes" that was his teaching, and that was the sum and substance of his philosophy. It is for all the world to follow.

'Thumbs up' should be our watchword.

Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man.
Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.

—O. Meredith.

There's a Star in your future!

Babulal was once an ordinary truck driver, **but it** wasn't long before he followed his **employer's** example and saved enough to buy his **first** TATA MERCEDES-BENZ truck.

There were signs of prosperity soon after Babulal hitched his future to the three-pointed Star: a house in a new colony—full of shining happiness; a good education for his children; medical care...

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. . . . Skin-health can never be bought at the toilet-shop . . . .

HOW TO KEEP YOUR SKIN BEAUTIFUL

L. R. Sharma

A HEALTHY skin is an asset because it is a very important part of our body. There is perhaps no other organ which is entrusted with such important, widely varying functions.

Most of the work that goes on in our bodies can be divided into two categories: assimilation and elimination. Our skin does both.

When the rays of the sun fall on the skin, vitamin D is formed in the skin, which goes directly into the blood-stream. Thus it is an assimilating organ. It is also an eliminating organ. It eliminates the soluble waste product in the blood as sweat.

It is also a protective organ, inasmuch as it keeps all parts below it covered up. But it is a protective organ in another sense also. Man is said to be a warm-blooded animal. The temperature of his body remains the same whatever may be the temperature outside. This capacity of man to maintain a constant temperature is due to the skin.

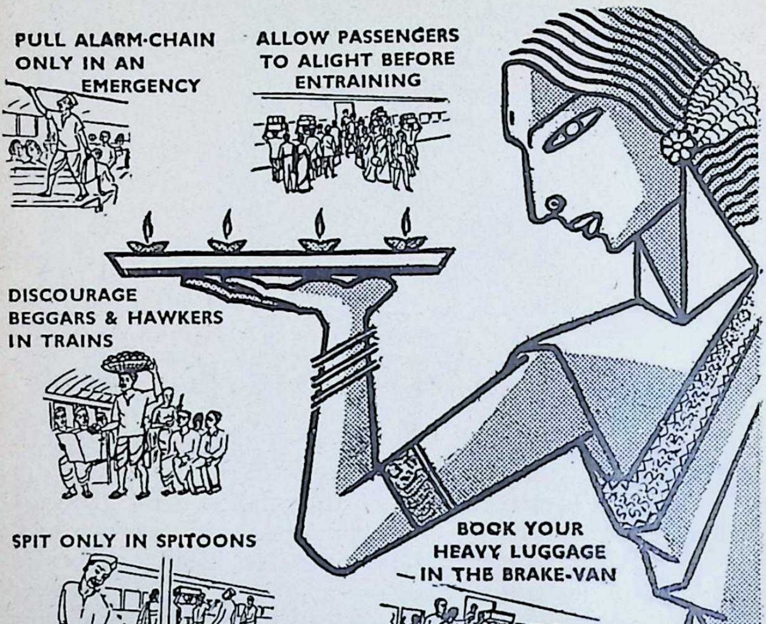
In summer the body gets heated up ; the blood-vessels expand ; a large amount of blood flows towards the skin ; the pores on the skin widen up ; there is profuse perspiration ; the sweat then evaporates on the skin ; while it evaporates, it removes heat from the body ; the body gets cooled. The whole process takes place almost simultaneously so that the temperature of the body never actually rises.

In winter the pores on the skin shrink up and there is very little perspiration. Thus loss of heat is minimised.

The quickness with which the pores widen up and contract depends upon the elasticity of the skin, which in turn depends upon its health.

The skin gives beauty to the body and beauty matters much in life.

The efficiency with which the skin performs its various functions is dependent upon health. Also health is


PULL ALARM-CHAIN ONLY IN AN EMERGENCY
ALLOW PASSENGERS TO ALIGHT BEFORE ENTRAINING
DISCOURAGE BEGGARS & HAWKERS IN TRAINS
SPIT ONLY IN SPITOONS
BOOK YOUR HEAVY LUGGAGE IN THE BRAKE-VAN

Greetings for Diwali

In wishing you happiness and prosperity for the year to come, we also wish you a pleasant and comfortable journey, whenever you travel. In doing so may we remind you of the little do's and dont's that make train journeys a more pleasant and comfortable experience for yourself and your fellow passengers.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN RAILWAYS

dependent upon the efficiency with which the skin performs its functions. It is thus a circle, which may be a vicious one or a blessed one depending upon the conditions.

Skin-health must be preserved, and maintenance of bodily health can alone ensure it, because skin-health and bodily health are one. So, for the preservation of the skin in the proper tone, general health must be preserved. For the improvement of skin-health, general health must be improved. So health-culture is the only way for maintaining good skin-health.

Yes, skin-health can never be bought at the toilet-shop. The utmost that your toilets can do is to make your skin appear beautiful in the eyes of some people. Skin-health is something to be acquired by continued observance of the 'Life Natural'.

● ● ●

Sun and air are two very important things for the preservation of skin-health. The poor labourer working in the open under the sun with nothing to cover himself with has a much better skin-health than most well-to-do people spending most of their time inside their homes with their bodies covered with layer after layer of cotton and wool. The latter think they are protecting themselves. Protecting themselves from what? From the blessings of Nature?

One must have about himself as little garments as possible. The clothes that are warm should not be tight-fitting; there must be sufficient room left for air to get in and come into contact with the skin. Too closely woven cloth or wool is also not good. In this respect *khadi* is the best.

That does not mean that we should get ourselves chilled in winter. Far from that, we must put on enough clothing to keep us warm. But the point is that what we put on should not be very close to the body. Wrapping oneself with a shawl is much better than putting on tight-fitting sweaters.

After all, we are not meant to be such weaklings as to be afraid of slight changes in the weather. By going out even in winter with as little clothing as is necessary we can train ourselves little by little to stand the cold.

Our skin consists of two layers, the dermis and the epidermis. The epidermis covers the inner skin, the dermis. The dermis consists of living cells that provide the skin with a regular supply of blood and the epidermis is made up of dead ones. Epidermis by itself is white and dry. But it is maintained in a proper tone by some oily material which comes from the blood. Where this is lacking, the skin becomes dry and white. You may find some people having a white, dry and scaly skin. That is due to reasons given above.

In summer, the outer skin does not generally dry up, because the skin area then gets an abundant supply of blood. But in winter, the blood-vessels below the skin contract and the supply of blood gets minimised. Hence the skin becomes scaly. Such a skin apart from making one look ugly, does not do its work properly. The tone of the skin must be main-

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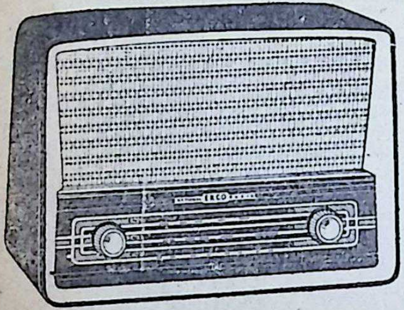

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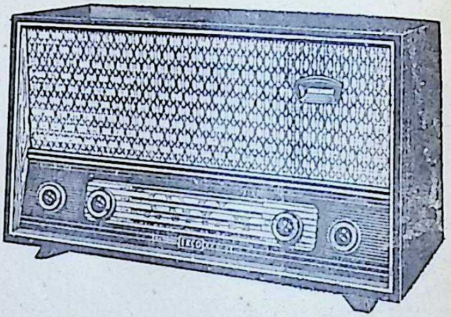

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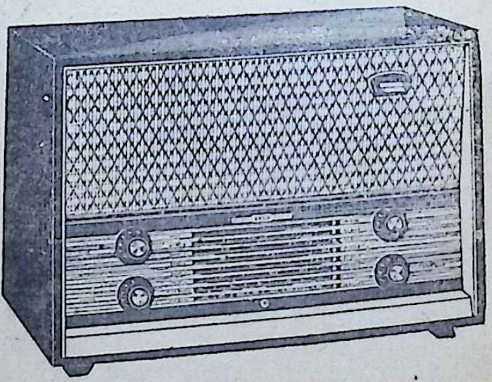

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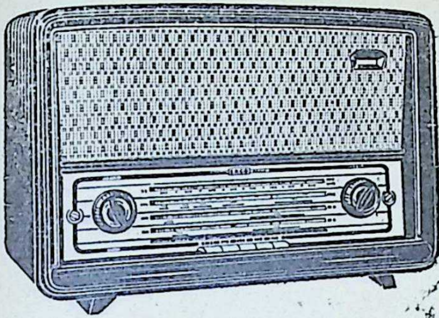

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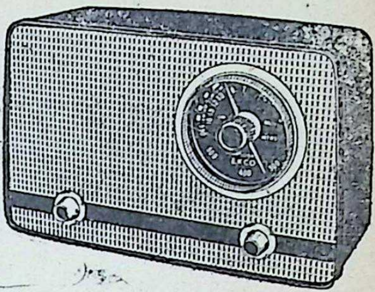

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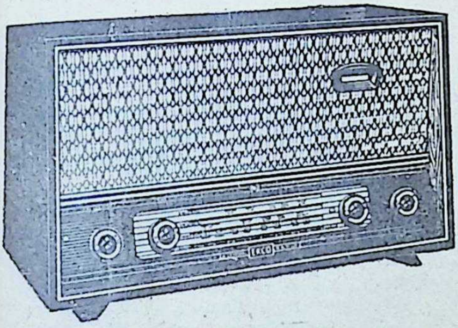

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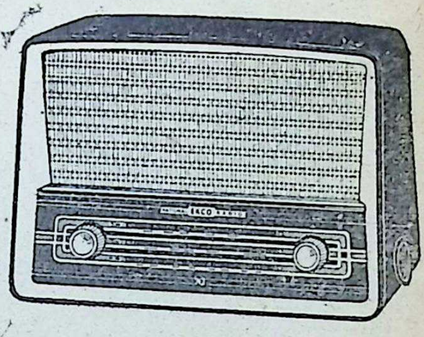

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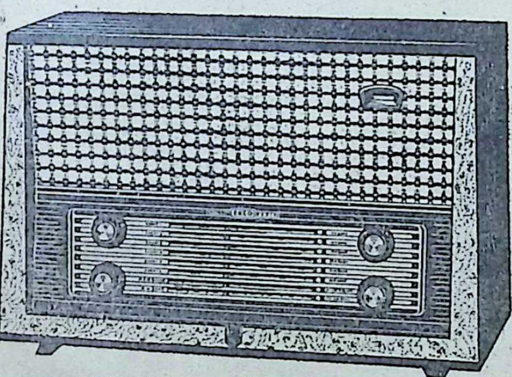

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All prices are inclusive of excise duty; taxes extra tained. And this can be done by a regular application of oil. Any oil which is not strong smelling and which does not irritate the skin may be taken. Rub the oil well on the skin. The best thing is to rub it with one's own hands. Remain with the oil on the body for an hour at least and then go for bath. The oil can be removed either with soap-nut powder or with the flour of green gram (मुंग) or Bengal gram (चना). I do not advise the use of soap on the body.

Massage stimulates the skin to activity and as such it is very helpful in improving its health. For massage one need not employ another man, because auto-massage is the best form of massage. The piece-meal cold friction bath is a very happy combination of a cooling, cleansing bath and auto-massage. I am giving a description of the same taken from the *Practical Nature-Cure*.

"First, wet the hands and rub them with one another, till the dirt comes off, and then wash and dry them with a dry towel. After letting them get warm again, rub with the wet hand or hands any other part of the body. Go on rubbing till the water nearly dries up, and then wet the hands and rub again, until the dirt, if any, comes off. Then wash off the dirt, and *dry the bathed part with a dry towel*. In the same way bathe every other part of the body, one after another.

"Those who are of delicate health, and especially those who suffer from cold hands and feet, should bathe only the parts of the body above the knees at first, and wait till they get warm again, before bathing the parts below. In any case they should leave the feet alone, and bathe them separately afterwards. Or they may finish the whole bath at a stretch, and warm themselves again by lying in bed under blankets, by taking exercise, or by walking in the sunshine.

"This bath immediately relieves the smart of mosquito stings, itching on the skin from any cause, and other local troubles. For these purposes it is enough to bathe the suffering part. The Abdominal Wet Massage, which is part of this bath, may be practised separately also with very great benefit, in most cases."

The juice of baked lemon is a very good tonic for the skin. Cut a lemon into two halves; squeeze out about a fourth of juice from each. Put them in a baking box. (It may be baked even by placing the lemon on red hot coal, but this will require great care.) When the juice inside begins to boil there will be a peculiar smell characteristic of baked lemon. Take out the lemon, cool it and smear the juice on the skin. Remain with that for about an hour at least; and take your bath. This is an excellent tonic for the skin and can be taken as often as you like.

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People generally use alum after a shave, for killing germs, it is said. Let alone killing germs; we are not afraid of them because we know their true nature. But as a chemist I want to give you my knowledge of an important property of alum. Alum has got the property of hardening the skin. You might have seen photographers using ordinary alum or chrome alum to harden the coating of emulsion on their plates, films and papers. The emulsion contains gelatin. Alum hardens gelatin and makes it tough and rigid. Chemically the skin and gelatin are alike in that the skin is mainly protein. So alum will make the skin hard and tough. If you want to keep your skin smooth and soft, don't use alum. In the place of alum apply the juice of baked lemon after a shave. But if there are cuts there may be some feeling of irritation. Cocoanut or *til* oil will be better in that case.

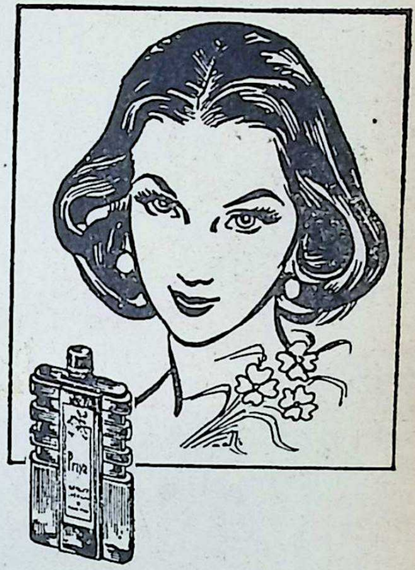
Very often we read of stars from Hollywood taking mud baths. It is very sound beauty-treatment. I have seen a French lady who used to apply a plaster of clay over her face before going to bed; when she gets up in the morning she would remove it with water. Her skin did improve; the treatment did add a touch of velvetishness to her skin.

Earth can be used for cleansing; it can be used for healing; it can also be used for preserving. After all what cleanses will also heal; and what heals will also preserve.

Soft clay obtained from high ground is to be chosen. Earth from ant-hills is very good. Powder the earth, pass it through a thin sieve and then use it.

Courtesy: *THE LIFE NATURAL*

Queen of perfumes
Priya



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KANPUR

TAPASVINI

K. M. MUNSHI

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART III

CHAPTER 90

REVOLUTION

DURING these six months, Ravi had good reason to be thoroughly pleased with himself. He had obtained effective control over the Congress organisation and was the power behind every activity, open and underground. , He had developed remarkable skill in getting people to do his bidding. Everything worked according to his plan.

His thirst for power was at last quenched. He felt that his life's ambition had been achieved. Rowji Sheth was helping him generously with money and many other wealthy persons also contributed liberally. Men

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY

RAWA TRIPATHY (RAVI):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay; western oriented; truant husband.

SHEELA :—His wife; educated; cultured; idealistic.

UDAY SOLANKI :—A young Barrister; apprenticed to Radharaman; divorcee from his English wife.

RAJBA :—Uday's beautiful younger sister; mystic in her ways.

MAJIBA:—Their widowed mother; related to Maharaja of Manigadh.

HANSKUNVERBA :—Maharani of Premkot, cunning and crafty.

SAMAR SINH :—A Captain, related to the Maharaja of Premkot.

ROWJI SHETH :—Wealthy businessman of Bombay, friend of Samar Sinh.

BHAGWANDAS :—Sheela's one-time tutor; now engaged in Congress work.

NIRMALABEN:—His wife.

JAGJIVAN :—Their son.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ravi, born of poor parents, studies Vedas from his grandfather. He accidentally comes to be acquainted with Sheela and her husband Radharaman and they finance his studies. Later he associates himself with Communists, aspires for a position of power and wants to avenge the wealthy. After a time he gets disillusioned and joins Congress hoping to realise his objective. He works as Uday's secretary for some time.

Uday returns from England after qualifying himself for the Bar and is apprenticed to Radharaman, whose recklessly immoral life is looked upon with revulsion by Sheela. Uday's acquaintance with Sheela, his authorship, and their common interest in social service bring about a Platonic attachment between them, at first unknown to themselves.

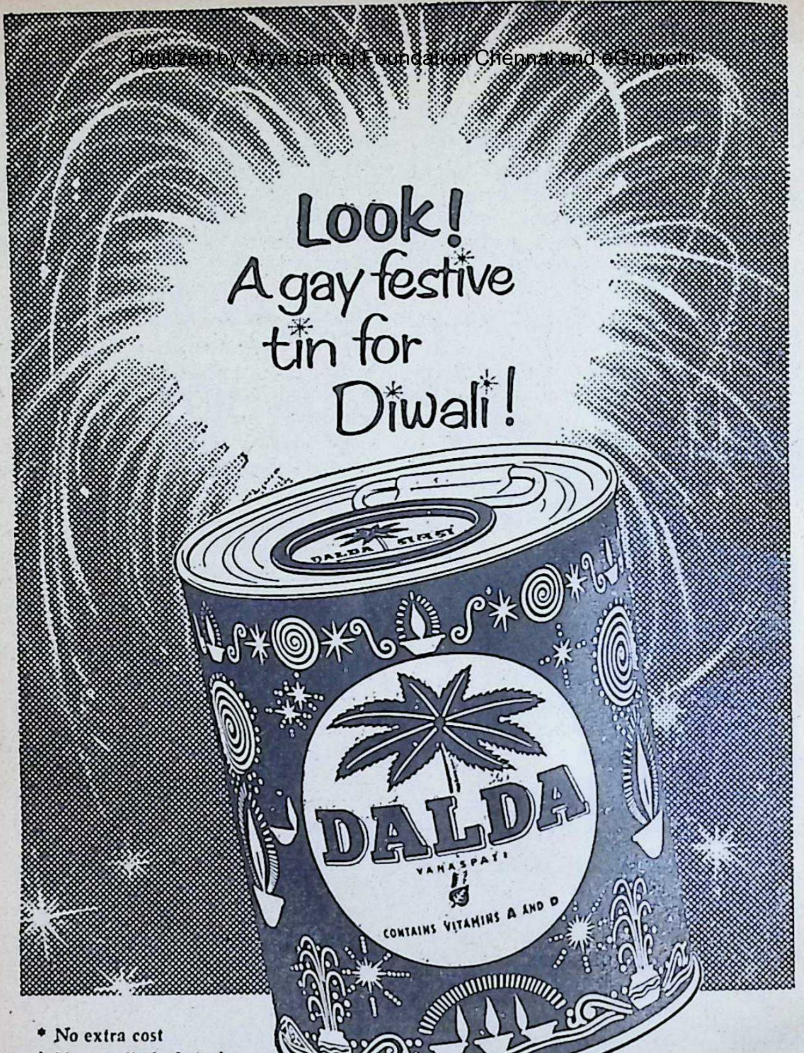
Radharaman sets out to Europe for medical treatment accompanied by Sheela. In the meantime Uday who falls ill, also goes to the Continent to recoup his health and he meets Sheela who was ill-treated and discarded by Radharaman, in Italy.

The proposal of marriage between Samar Sinh and Rajba is foiled by the wily manoeuvres of Hanskunverba who succeeds in securing the *gaddi* of Premkot for Samar Sinh and in getting him for a husband after the Maharaja's death. Later they fall out.

Uday returns home from Europe and is soon followed by Sheela and Radharaman. Gandhiji starts Salt Satyagraha and Uday who joined the Movement in Bombay is arrested by police.

and women were enrolling themselves in large numbers as volunteers. He had come to acquire some kind of a hold over some men of the Police force. He had gained the admiration of many Indian officers. He had developed the art of keeping up the tempo of enthusiasm among the people.

Ravi had no faith in Gandhian principles. He was ready to adopt any method that would lead to independence. He had made a close study of the methods of Michael Collins, the great Irish patriot, and was drawing up plans to free India on the pattern of Collins' strategy. All Congress leaders were in jail and Gandhiji was unlikely to be released early. He was planning to take advantage of this situation by organising a session of the Congress in Bombay and laying the foundations of an independent India.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Around Ravi there had gathered a band of fellow-workers who thought like him and who were firm believers in achieving success through revolution. They were all firmly convinced that the Gandhian age had had its day and now it was upto them to lead the struggle to its successful conclusion. Ravi had established control over Gujarat and Maharashtra through his lieutenants. He helped them with money when necessary.

In these six months, Uday, on his part, had indulged in much introspection and had acquired much mental strength. He had realised the true spiritual meaning of the axiom, 'no gains without pains.' He had derived inspiration from the teachings of Mahatmaji, who was almost his neighbour in the Yeravda Jail. He longed for the day when, on release from jail, he would shoulder some responsibility of the freedom movement.

The warmth with which he was received on his release was a measure of his popularity, and put him in the fore-front of leadership. At every meeting where he spoke, Sheela was on duty as a volunteer. Each such meeting was a meeting of hearts, of mute exchange of feeling, even if it was only through a smile, even if it was only at a distance. Like the instrument whose broken strings have been replaced and repaired, Uday could once again draw music and happiness in his life.

Within a week of Uday's release, Dinkarbhai Jani arrived from Broach. He was a middle-aged, well-built man, who had been a gymnast in his youth. He dressed himself, as befitted a Gandhite, in khadi shirt and dhoti, but his bearing betrayed none of the meekness of the average Gandhite.

After all the known leaders of Broach District had been arrested, Dinkarbhai Jani was entrusted with the conduct of the movement. In college, he was a contemporary of Ravi's father Shivubhai and Uday's father Kunversaheb during the days of the Bengal Partition agitation, and had drawn inspiration from Sri Aurobindo Ghosh. He learned wrestling in Shivajirao's gymnasium at Baroda, and took a vow to serve his country by making young Gujaratis physically strong.

After getting his university degree, Jani, in fulfilment of his pledge, started gymnasia in many towns and villages and succeeded in making the physically weak Gujarati youth take to exercise. Simultaneously, he preached love for country, and in a few years, Dinkarbhai Jani became the guide and philosopher of Gujarati youth eager to achieve national freedom through physical fitness. When Gujarat was swept away by Gandhi worship, Jani was not affected by it, yet he became a leading Congress worker, and Gujarat had the benefit of his enthusiasm and organising ability. He never forgot Aurobindo's teaching that without self-sacrifice, there can be no genuine patriotism.

When the Civil Disobedience Movement based upon the breaking of the Salt Act began, Jani did not take part in it, nor did he show any disposition to court arrest. Instead, he gathered together his principal disciples and under the pretext of spreading the gospel of physical fitness, consolidated his hold on the villages in Jambusar taluka. All kinds of local disputes were brought to Dinkarbhai for resolution; the village officials worked under his direction. His object was to prepare to overthrow British administration by taking control of the villages.

He had come to Bombay to meet Ravi. As he alighted on the platform, his eyes fell upon a tall, lean North Indian who had got out of a second class compartment. The man was wearing a Gandhi cap, a long shirt and Lucknovi trousers.

Jani called out to him: "Hello, Om Prakash! Where are you coming from?"

"I am coming from Ajmer", replied Om Prakash in Hindustani. "Where are you coming from?"

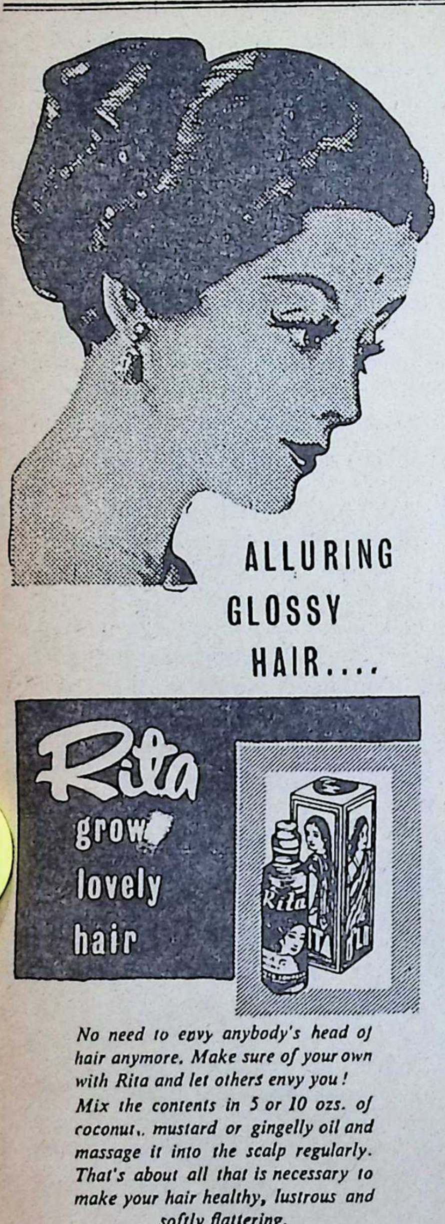
"From Broach. I am here at Ravibhai's invitation."

"I'm glad you are here. I have just visited Lucknow, Allahabad and Delhi. Our preparations are complete. Only Tripathiji (Ravi) has to give the word."

"I am on the same mission. Let's go together."

Their destination was the fourth floor of an old building at Banganga which belonged to Rowji Sheth and was being used by Ravi and his workers whenever they found it necessary. The flat was occupied by one Dwarkadas, and he and his family looked after Ravi and his co-workers whenever they held their meetings there. The flat was one of the many hideouts used by Ravi to keep the police from knowing the actual conduct of the Congress central organisation.

Although not many knew who



No need to envy anybody's head of hair anymore. Make sure of your own with Rita and let others envy you! Mix the contents in 5 or 10 ozs. of coconut, mustard or gingelly oil and massage it into the scalp regularly. That's about all that is necessary to make your hair healthy, lustrous and softly flattering.

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'Tripathiji' was, and still fewer could recognise him by sight, there was great regard for him among the people. It was generally believed that he was the real force behind the Congress movement in the city. He was warmly received in each of these secret places and the womenfolk felt gratified that they could look after the comforts of 'Tripathiji' and his fellow workers. That they were secretly helping the Congress workers was a matter of pride and happiness to many householders like Dwarkadas.

"What is happening in Gujarat? Have the Gandhites gone to sleep?" enquired Om Prakash sarcastically, as was his wont.

"The top Congress leaders are in jail under Gandhiji's orders. The movement has almost collapsed", replied Jani.

"And you...you are waiting like us, for something to happen?"

"I don't believe in going to jail. I wish to do some concrete work."

"If we were to hold the Congress session in Bombay, how many persons, do you think, would attend from Gujarat?"

"Many young workers. I am the only one left among the older ones, and I don't want to be arrested. There is much work to be done outside."

After a brief silence, Om Prakash asked in whisper: "Suppose we set up an underground government?"

Jani burst out laughing. "I know quite well what is in the minds of all of you. I am prepared to do whatever I can if we decide to set up such a government. But tell me, what exactly did you do during your visit to Lucknow and Delhi?"

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"If we held the Congress in Bombay, there would be a thousand delegates from North India," said Om Prakash.

"And how many would you like to get arrested in this omnibus manner?"

"We must get together at least five thousand. Only if such a larger number is arrested, can our plan to set up an underground administration be successful," answered Om Prakash.

"What do you think will the Government do?"

"They will declare the Congress illegal and arrest the delegates. Just at that time we'll get all the revolutionaries to Bombay put an end to all this holy nonsense."

"What are your fellows from North India thinking?"

"Why bother about what anybody thinks? Gandhism is dead. Now is the time to start a real revolution—political, social and economic."

"It seems to me that you are in too much of a hurry. What does Ravibhai think?" Jani asked.

"Tripathiji has made preparations for everything. We must proceed carefully. If the magic of Gandhiji's vanishes, Tripathiji is not at all sure he would get the people to follow him. I don't believe that."

"Can we get all the money we want?"

"That only Tripathiji knows about, but he is sure that we can get all the money we need if we establish an underground government."

"When do you wish to hold this session?"

"We have to decide the date. But it would be good to hold it as early as possible," replied Om Prakash.

"Whom do you propose as the president of this session?"

"That, I am afraid, is something again that only Tripathiji would know. Before Uday Solanki was released, it was Tripathiji's intention to make him the president and the scapegoat. His reputation is high and we should cash in on it," said Om Prakash contemptuously.

"Not only is Udaybhai's reputation high, but he is loved by the people. The day he was released, you should have seen how the public of Bombay reacted."

"Stuff and nonsense!! That was all due to Tripathiji's skilful organisation."

There was a sound of someone coming up the stairs. They stopped talking. Jani recognised the footsteps to be those of Ravi, but they lacked his usual spring. As soon as Ravi entered the room, the expression on his face startled them. Jani wondered why he seemed so listless.

Jani was very fond of Ravi and greatly admired his organisational skill, particularly the way Ravi had won over Bombay to himself.

"Janiji, I am glad you have come. Happy to see you, too, Om Prakash," said Ravi in a tired voice.

"Aren't you well?", enquired Jani.

"I am all right," replied Ravi, and he went in to have a wash. Jani and Om Prakash looked at each other. "There must be some trouble", whispered Jani.

"I have never seen Tripathiji in such a mood," replied Om Prakash, also in a whisper.

They sat down to lunch served by Dwarkadas's wife. Jani made an effort

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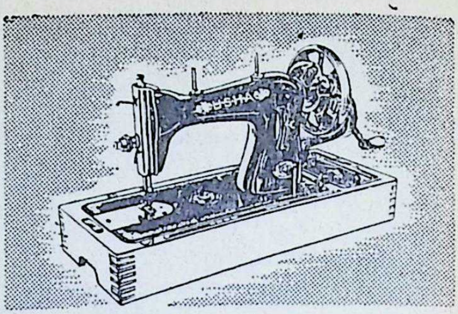

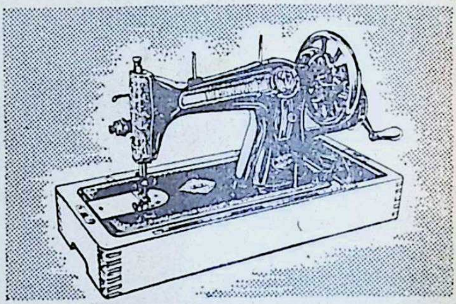

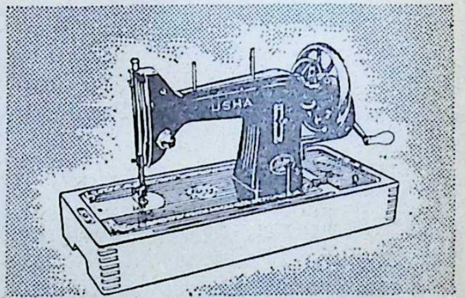

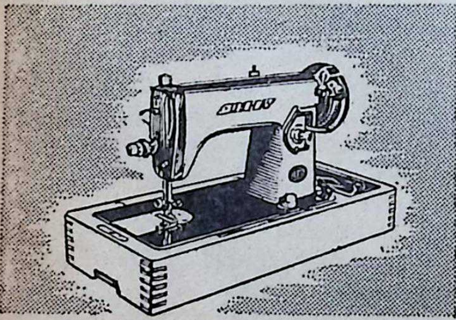

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at conversation, but as Ravi made no effort to answer, the meal was eaten in complete silence. After the meal was over and the three were left alone, Ravi leant against the wall and shut his eyes.

"You seem to be very tired today, Ravibhai" said Jani solicitously. During the last six months or so, Ravi had gained so much self-confidence and self-control that Jani was worried on finding him in such a disconsolate mood. Om Prakash also was concerned, because he came to know Tripathiji very well in all his moods and this mood was rare.

"Why not take a rest, Ravibhai? We can have our discussion tomorrow" said Jani.

"How can I relax? I have to visit the volunteers' camp in a few moments" replied Ravi.

"What is the hurry?"

"I am afraid, I must go," said Ravi as he let out a deep sigh.

"Our Michael Collins can have no peace," remarked Om Prakash. Ravi's intimate colleagues frequently referred to him as Michael Collins after the great fighter for Irish independence.

"Michael Collins is dead and buried" said Ravi grimly.

"But what has happened? Why has Tripathiji accepted defeat so easily?" retorted Om Prakash. "Listen, I have brought good news for you. North India will contribute a thousand delegates."

Ravi made no comment, and so Jani thought it was for him to intercede and say something encouraging. "Ravibhai, my Michael Collins is alive and kicking. He is able to make people do what he wants them to do, and can raise as much money as he wants. And now he will proceed to establish a secret underground regime."

Ravi still remained silent for a little while, then said gravely, "Everything that we have all done and planned to do has been rendered useless."

"Why? What do you mean? No Congress?" asked Om Prakash.

"No, nothing," he said in a tone of finality and once again relapsed into silence.

He could imagine Rajba rebuking him with eyes in which there was profound affection as well as pity. He had hoped that Rajba would congratulate him on the magnificent reception Bombay had given Uday on his arrival in the city after his release, but at the end of the whole day and night, during which he had laboured untiringly, he did not even receive a friendly smile as reward. In Rajba's eyes he could read neither pride, nor admiration, nor satisfaction at his achievement, though there was still affection, as of old.

For the past week, Rajba had looked at him with reproachful eyes; this had hurt him deeply and robbed him of his enthusiasm, but now he wanted to break the spell of those eyes. "I must," he said to himself, "obtain mastery over myself. Whether Rajba likes it or not, the plans which my friends and I have evolved must remain secret. There is no alternative for me. Even at the cost of losing her friendship, I must continue on the road to victory." But how could he ensure that his plan would remain unfathomable, a secret?

Jani, after watching him for a while said, "My dear young chap, what is eating you? Tell me." But Ravi once

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again relapsed into silence. Jani and Om Prakash watched him anxiously.

At last Ravi said, "Dinkarbhai, I need your help."

"Certainly; I am ready to do what I can."

"Uday has great respect for you. Can you persuade him to return to jail as quickly as possible?"

"Why?" enquired Om Prakash with surprise. "Who will then be the president of this session of the Congress?"

"There can be a president only, if there is a Congress", said Ravi bitterly.

"I am sure he will accept such a suggestion readily. And if he does not go, how does that make any difference?" enquired Jani.

"Because if he doesn't, we will be ruined."

"Nonsense", said Om Prakash contemptuously. "What can he do?"

"Om Prakash, you are making a bad mistake. Uday does not propose to go to jail and from our point of view it is essential that he returns to jail."

"But what has Uday Solanki done in eight days that you have become so unsure of yourself, Tripathiji?"

"He is neither a Solanki nor a leader of the Congress. He has become a mad devotee of Gandhi. Every day at public meetings he sings praises of Gandhiji. He hears complaints against us."

"What does that matter to us? Let him do what he likes", interjected Om Prakash.

"His duty is to make certain who runs the Congress organisation."

"But how long will he do that? He is certain to be arrested", said Jani.

"Government will not arrest him", said Ravi.

"Why?"

"With Gandhiji's methods of jail-going, the enthusiasm of the people is apt to die down in a month or two. But we keep their enthusiasm alive with our ways—and the government is afraid of us."

"How can Uday stop you from arousing the enthusiasm of the people?" asked Jani.

"He is spreading over the people the magic net of Gandhiji. He will show up publicly such of us who want to take a different course. Then we can't retain our control over the people. Om Prakash may remain sceptical, but the fact remains that we are making the people believe we are following Gandhiji's ways."

"Then you persuade Uday to go to jail."

Ravi shook his head in despair. "Uday does not believe in revolutionary methods. We had hoped to make him the president of the Congress session and get him out of the way. That, too, is not possible now."

"But then what should we do?" asked Om Prakash, who was by now completely baffled.

"As soon as he knows that we are not following in Gandhiji's footsteps, he will without hesitation, teach us a sound lesson."

"How do you know?" asked Om Prakash.

"I know him quite well. When I met him recently, he asked me if we had engaged paid volunteers."

"Good heavens! And what did you reply?" asked Jani.

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"I said, It is not true. The police are spreading lies. He laughed. I could see that he did not believe me. I can't guess what he will do now."

"Tripathiji, then we must push him into jail," said Om Prakash.

"That is scarcely a matter for me to decide," said Ravi.

"You had better have a heart to heart talk with him. He is a straightforward man. He might even accept our point of view, but if he doesn't, perhaps, he would be prepared to go to jail," Jani said.

"Talk straight to the damned fool!" interjected Om Prakash. "Such people do not understand the importance of the times."

"I cannot do anything. My relationship with him is of a special nature."

"Well, then, send the message to him through Rajba," said Jani in his simple manner.

Ravi looked down. There was a softness in his voice as he replied, "I am afraid I can't even do that. She does not like what we have been doing."

"How do you know that?" enquired Jani.

"I have seen the pain in her eyes for the last eight days," sighed Ravi.

"You may be mistaken. Rajba has great love, I mean, regard for you. She will surely do anything you ask of her."

"Yes, but only so long as I behave the way she wants," said Ravi a little bitterly.

For a while all three were immersed in thought.

"Ravibhai, so would you advise me to talk to Uday?" Jani asked.

"Yes, because Uday has great respect for you."

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"Tripathiji, this is a question which concerns the future of India," interposed Om Prakash sternly. "There is no place in it for personal affection and respect. If you hesitate to talk to him, let us all meet Solanki together and warn him not to come in our way."

"And if he does not listen?" Jani asked.

"We are revolutionaries. We can't depend for ever on the goodwill of one man. He must go to jail—that is Congress order. If he does not listen, we have many ways open to us to get him out of the way."

Ravi shook his head as if to emphasise his doubts.

"I agree," said Jani.

"All right," said Ravi. "Jani, you bring Uday to Matunga tomorrow."

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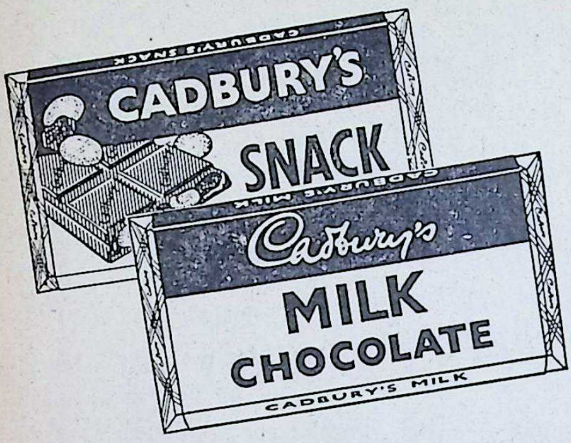
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CHAPTER 91

CONGRESS VIOLENT OR NON-VIOLENT?

THE following afternoon Dinkarbhai Jani called on Uday and invited him to meet a few friends of Ravi, who had assembled in a room on the fifth floor of a building in Matunga.

It was a dirty room. It contained a badly polished table, a book case, three chairs and two cots. On another table in a corner of the room there were a kerosene stove, a tin of coffee and some utensils. Old newspapers lay in a disorderly heap underneath the table.

The tenant of this room, Sundaramurti, dark-skinned and bare above the waist, wearing only a short dhoti, was seated on one edge of the table. His well-oiled hair glistened brightly. He was a reporter for an English newspaper, considered himself an expert in propaganda, and thought no end of himself. He was smoking a cigarette with a highly supercilious air.

Om Prakash was seated on a chair, smoking hard and deeply engrossed in thought. Tripathiji, dressed in a khadi dhoti, long shirt and Gandhi cap, was reclining on a cot. The talkative Ravi was usually silent in such company. He had cultivated the habit of speaking little, and with deliberation, and of expressing himself simply, as if he were endeavouring to make himself understood to the most ignorant. He was urbane in speech and rarely lost control over himself. Seated next to him was Ratanchand, who had earned a good deal of money on the stock exchange, and made a living as a broker in other markets. He followed the fortunes of the swadeshi movement to turn it to his advantage.

The occupant of the next cot was Nasrullah, an enthusiastic youngster. Although he pretended to read a book, one arm pillowing his head, he listended attentively to the conversation of his companions. Two other young men were seated by his side.

"The idiot should be pushed back into jail," commented Sundaramurti, as he blew smoke through his nostrils.

"Yes, blast him! That fool Bhagwandas has now joined him. And in a couple of days Joshi will be released," said Nasrullah, as he sat up impatiently.

"Imitation Mahatmas!" exclaimed Om Prakash scornfully. "Gradually, they will wear short dhoties, have their teeth removed and dangle their watches from their waists." His sally made everyone except Ravi laugh.

"Some Marwaris, I understand, have even placed large sums of money at his disposal," added Ratanchand. "I have told them in no uncertain terms that there has to be no hero-worship in the Congress. If they want to give any money, they should give it to me, or to Raojibhai, or to Tripathi."

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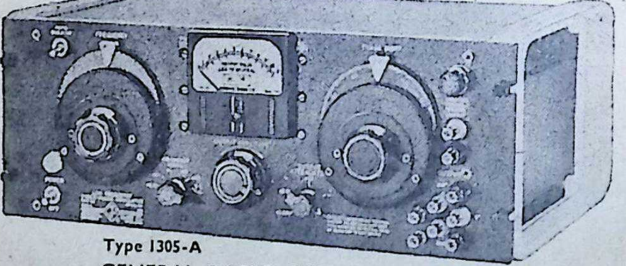

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"But who is going to listen to you?" interjected Ravi, breaking out of his reverie. "In this city Solanki has a good reputation. Since he supports Gandhiji's principles, it would not be surprising if people began to consider him the real leader of the Congress. That this does not suit us is, of course, a totally different matter," Ravi presented the position briefly and dispassionately.

"There would seem to be only one way out. He should be back in jail," said Nasrullah.

"But that is scarcely in our hands! We were hoping to get him to preside over the next Congress session. I wonder what he will do between now and that time?" said Ravi.

"He is a reactionary, an anti-revolutionary, a traitor," said Sundaramurti with heat.

"I have made up my mind. We must find some way of seeing him back in jail," repeated Nasrullah.

"But how? The Police Commissioner is not our tool!" Ravi said.

"If seeing Uday in jail is such a difficult thing, how do you expect, after holding the Congress session next month, to set up the provisional government of India?" asked Nasrullah, and without waiting for a reply, he picked up his book and pretended to read it.

"It is clear that until Gandhi is put away, we can do nothing," concurred Om Prakash. "What a country! Even now there are millions who are mad after this old man!"

"There is no point in talking in this manner," remarked Ravi quietly. "Whatever we want to do, let us do without much talk."

"What Om Prakash has suggested is right. Gandhism is finished," said Sundaramurti.

Shaking his head Ravi said, "Let us not underrate Uday's influence. If he keeps on talking about non-violence, the people will not be up against the police. If the police are not needled, they will have no excuse for lathi charges. It will be difficult to keep up public enthusiasm."

"Raoji Sheth was complaining," said Ratanchand, "that the agents of Griffith and Sonavala Mills claimed their mills were Indian-owned and wanted Uday to take them off the boycott list."

"Tripathiji, do you think Jani might double-cross us? He is a friend of Uday, you know," remarked Om Prakash.

"Don't worry," replied Ravi. "Jani is in favour of the kind of Government—on the lines of the Sinn Fein—we wish to establish."

Just then they heard footsteps coming up the stairs.

"I hope the fool has come," remarked Sundaramurti, lighting a cigarette. He was right: Jani entered, followed by Uday.

"Come in, Mr. Solanki," Sundaramurti greeted him and got off the table. "This is the home of a poor revolutionary. It is not a palace. I am Sundaramurti."

Everyone stood up. Uday said a few words of greeting to those he knew and was introduced to the others.

He sat down on the third and only vacant chair and tucked his legs under him.

"Will you have a cup of nice Madrasi coffee, Mr. Solanki?"

"No, thanks," said Uday, "I don't drink coffee."

"Mr. Solanki, we have a request to make of you," said Om Prakash without further preliminaries.

"You are among the few leaders of India who are still free. There will soon be a meeting of the Congress and we hope that you will be able to preside over it."

"Where do you propose to hold it?" enquired Uday.

"In Bombay, where else?" retorted Om Prakash. It was a *faux pas* and Ravi glared at him.

Uday observed Om Prakash and took his measure as a man. Then he said quietly, "If you have decided to call the Congress, I have no objection. The Government is certain to ban it and that will enable us to resume civil disobedience on a big scale."

"So, do you agree to be its president?" asked Nasrullah impatiently.

"Yes, but on one condition," said Uday.

"And what is that?" Om Prakash was curious to know.

"This struggle is the struggle for truth. The leaders must, therefore, come out and offer civil disobedience openly, as Bapu would wish. For months, all of you have been making plans. The day you decide to offer passive resistance, I will be with you."

"Look here, Mr. Solanki," said the impetuous Nasrullah, "if we are arrested, who will conduct the movement?"

"Although Gandhiji is not outside, how is it that the movement goes on?" enquired Uday. "It is not essential at all that for our struggle that there should be a leader."

"But if the Congress decides that you have to take on the 'dictatorship', won't you, as a loyal soldier, do so as your duty?" asked Sundaramurti jocularly.

"Who is the Congress? You?" rejoined Uday in the same bantering tone.

"Please don't say so," smilingly interposed Ravi to cover up Sundaramurti's indiscretion. "It is the people who make up the Congress and the Congress speaks for the people. Udaybhai, people expect much from leaders like you. You have to keep their spirit up and fire them with enthusiasm."

"People expect that Gandhiji's movement should proceed according to his principles—openly, and with truth," replied Uday calmly.

"But that is how it is being conducted," protested Nasrullah.

"From what I have observed in the last eight days, I see nothing of Gandhiji's principles in the way you are running the movement."

"We are all followers of Gandhiji. We have not departed in any way from the ways of the Congress," replied Om Prakash.

"In Bombay, the Congress means you and whatever you say constitutes the methods and principles of the Congress, is that so?" asked Uday.

"Let us put it this way—what we *all* say and do," amended Ravi.

Uday laughed and said, "I am afraid, Ravi, you are making a mistake. You consider me as part of the Congress, don't you? If that is so, why does Ratanchand go about ask-

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ing people who give me money for the Congress, not to do so in future?"

"No, no. That is not true," Ratanchand protested.

"We have no time to prove who is right and who is wrong," said Uday softly. "It's a fact that I turn over to Ravi all the money that I receive, but how do I know who keeps an account of the money? I have been receiving complaints that volunteers are not receiving their pay. Whom should I ask whether it is true or false that the Congress has engaged paid 'volunteers'?"

"You had better accept the leadership," said Nasrullah.

"I don't wish to be the chief leader and I don't wish to take control of your organisation either. I have joined Gandhiji's movement and I want to know whether it is the same movement or something totally different."

"Nonsense," said Nasrullah in a rage. He flung aside the book which he was holding.

"But, Udaybhai, I told you yesterday that these are all stories spread by the police!" put in Ravi politely, anxious to make Uday ignore Nasrullah's show of temper.

"The agents of Griffith and Sonavala Mills protest that though their mills are genuinely Indian, they have been put on the boycott list. To whom should they go for redress?" continued Uday.

There was no reply. There was tumult in Ravi's heart. His mind was working furiously to prevent his whole house of cards from collapsing. Outwardly, however, he maintained complete calm and no one would have doubted that he was listening to Uday's remarks with the utmost concentration.

"And who issues the underground orders to ostracise certain people?" Uday asked again and paused. Ravi merely smiled to encourage Uday to say more. "To whom should I carry my complaints if I feel that Gandhiji's principles are being ignored?"

"Motabhai, why do you say so?" asked Ravi, still keeping up the pretence of sweet reasonableness. Then with a wink to Om Prakash, he said, "Whatever you consider improper we must change and do as you think proper. We must make up our minds as to the lines along which the movement should be conducted. There must be no misunderstanding among ourselves. We will stand solidly by your side...."

There now occurred an interruption. A volunteer came rushing up the stairs. He burst into the room and everyone turned to him in surprise.

"Tripathiji, at Kalbadevi, a volunteer has been run over by a lorry carrying foreign cloth. Please hurry," he said, panting for breath.

"That's something! Thank God!" exclaimed Sundaramurti impetuously, before he could restrain himself.

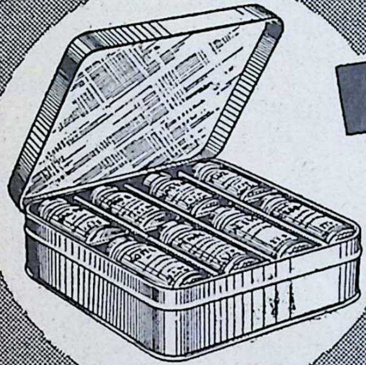
Uday looked at him disgustedly.

They all left hurriedly for the scene of the accident. To Ravi it provided a glimmer of hope, a possible way out of the present impasse.

[*To be continued*]

The willing sacrifice of the innocent is the most powerful retort to insolent tyranny that has yet been conceived by God or Man.

—Mahatma Gandhi.



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Notes & News

AN ARTISTES' THEATRE

ADDRESSING the students of the Siddharth College of Law, Bombay, on the 27th of last month, Smt. Lilavati Munshi said:

I am happy to come to this College, because it was started by Baba Saheb Ambedkar. He was a great man and a great friend of Sri Munshi. He was one of the persons who made the Constitution of India.

You are all studying for law and I am a lawyer's wife, but even so I cannot compete with you in the knowledge of law. So I better confine myself to the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition in which your College took part and won the trophy.

You yourself know that the idea of the Bhavan's Kala Kendra Drama Competition was conceived 12 years ago and ever since, year after year the competition takes place. By many trials and errors we have come to the present stage. I can tell you that the student world has enjoyed this competition very much and every year they have fllocked to it. It has produced many amateur artists and when I look back I can say with pride that many of those who are in the field of amateur dramatics today, are the products of the Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition.

But those of you who have taken part in one of these competitions know what a stupendous task to organise such a competition is. Students are a very ignitable material if I may use such a phrase. A little whisper, a little thoughtlessness on somebody's part can make things go out of gear. The organisers have to be very watchful all the time, every minute of it. Thank God that in spite of all these possibilities, more or less things have gone on very smoothly. Sometimes. a few boys behave badly. They also shout when they have a grudge against someone or against a team, but by and large such incidents are few. On the whole the students behaved well taking their winnings and defeats in good spirits. Someone may feel that the judgment should have been different or he should have a front seat, even so there is no heart-burning. On the whole I am really very happy about the students' behaviour.

Sometimes people say that students are not properly disciplined, but whose fault it is? When, day in and day out they read about the indiscipline in the society, see indiscipline in the family, even amongst the professors, how do you expect them to learn discipline?

But I am going astray. I was telling you about the Bhavan's Drama Competition. The Bhavan started it in 1951 with four languages. This year we have staged dramas in 12 languages. Next year we may even increase one or two languages. In this way, we want to contribute our little bit towards the national integration. India has fourteen official languages and there are a number of equally powerful unofficial languages which are spoken and written. We have to live with all these languages, but if this language problem is going to affect us to such an extent that we cut throats of each other, God save our country. The language problem is really the creation of the politicians. They feel that it is the way by which they can keep up their power, they can win elections, they can distribute loaves and fishes. When they are in the office, they can give patronage, forgetting that in this way they are undermining the whole nation. Already enough havoc has been done and instead of one India a number of states are created, the people of some States even may have an ambition of being a separate nation. The need of the hour is to emphasise unity instead of diversity. We had Sanskrit all throughout India. Still whenever a child is born,

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whenever somebody marries or somebody dies or on every auspicious occasion this language is being used. It is a language of the religion, it is a language of the temple. It is the mother of all our languages. There are so many common words in every language because of Sanskrit.

Again there is unity through religion. The *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are known all over India. People know the same gods and goddesses. The heroes of those epics inspire young children and *Gita* gives strength to the young as well as old.

English language also gave us unity throughout India. All University graduates were learning the same History and same text-books. They got fresh ideas from the outer world and were influenced by them in the same way. Now there is a great danger of losing that unity, unity of thought and mind, ideals and even deeds. These people teach us separatism. When nations of Europe are thinking of uniting in larger units, we think of dividing ourselves in smaller units. The pity of it.

Again I have drifted from drama.

In the recent competition I find that the trend of the drama has also changed and instead of the usual eternal triangle themes, many new problems are taken up. It is a very healthy sign.

I must say the Marathi drama from your College which came up for the Trophy was an excellent one and all the players played their parts well. It was almost touching the professional. I must congratulate your College for sending that team.

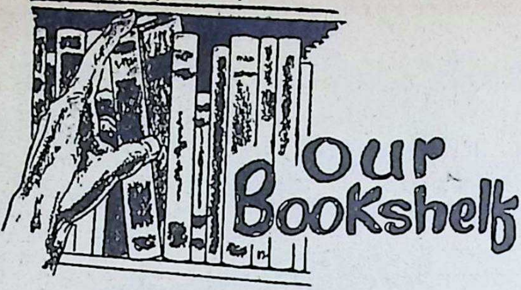
I had always an idea of promoting an artistes' theatre. I wish some of you can join together and start it. The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will be willing to give all facilities for such a venture. Every month if some of you can produce dramas, mainly for the members, it will go a long way to build up an artistes' theatre. I am merely putting this idea to you. I shall be very happy indeed if some of you can translate this idea into action.

Nowadays there is much interest in dramatics. Governments and other authorities are encouraging or starting drama competitions. But somehow official sponsored efforts do not create that kind of response which is needed for such an effort. Officials can spend money, even waste money, but they cannot create spirit. There is a tendency on the part of the officials to take credit for everything, everything should go under the big official banian tree instead of others doing it. To my mind, because of this grabbing tendency, many official schemes go wrong. They are officialised; there is no economy, but in this world, it is not money alone that can produce everything, it is the enthusiasm, the keenness, the interest which can make the effort flourish. Look at Japan, look at West Germany, the countries which were rolling in the dust at the end of the war, today they are flourishing. It is the hard work, everybody is encouraged to do his best, that is the way things improve.

I would like some of you to write to me about your suggestions for our drama competition. How we can make it better, how we can make it more interesting and lively. What improvements we can effect. By exchange of ideas in this way, we, as well as the participating teams could be helped to a great extent in understanding each other.

Year after year, old and new faces come on the stage. They try to give their best according to their own light. In this way the youth of different Colleges can come in contact and rub shoulders with each other. They learn many things. The competition is a festival of youth, or as it was put by the President on the Trophy Day, the Olympics of the Dramas.

I do not want to take more of your time. Before I close, one more thing I would say. This year in December, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is going to celebrate its Silver Jubilee. I hope all of you will come forward to join it and make it a success. Bhavan belongs to all. People of all classes and creed should come forward to make it a success.



THE CALL OF THE VEDAS. By Dr. A. C. Bose. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 314. 2nd Edition, 1960. Price: Rs. 2.

AS the learned author, who was a distinguished Professor of English, teaching Post-graduate classes for more than three decades in Bombay, Calcutta and Saugar Colleges, has rightly observed in his preface that the Vedas which are the source of our Upanishadic philosophy, have been treated more or less as sealed books so far. He has here placed the results of his lifelong study of the Vedic texts, quoting the original along with his translation. It is refreshing to note that he has not followed blindly the orientalists in their anthropological approach (whatever it might mean) but has drawn upon Indian sources also, including the work of spiritual leaders. The introduction in about 75 pages discusses the salient points of Vedic interpretation, rightly stresses the fact that the Atharvaveda and the Aitareya Brahmana emphasise the return to the dynamic view of life characteristic of the Vedic age. The five chapters, with appropriate quotations, analyse Vedic philosophy under five aspects of devotion, knowledge, mysticism, splendour and action, ending significantly with the characterisation of the Vedic seers as "world-builders", building so strongly that their spiritual edifice has stood firm for thousands of years. Altogether an excellent and reliable reference book. As usual with all the publications of the Bhavan's Book University, the editing is excellent.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

SANSKRIT

ATHMAKALAPRADIPAM. By Sri Singarasubramanya Sastry. Copies can be had of Chi. S. Kannan, D-15-11, Cross. Thillainagar, Woriyur P.O., Tiruchirapalli. Price: 50 nP.

THIS small brochure "Athmakalapradipam" bids fair to be a successful venture at versification in Sanskrit in aphoristic style. The author in his introduction confesses to a faith that he basks in the sunshine of Divine grace which factor alone could be his claim to be the author of a poetic endeavour of this order. He exults he is equal to the task of unfolding the quintessence of all that is in the Scriptures, legends and oracles of wisdom.

This ethical treatise in verse comprises eight small divisions, each of which is of ten stanzas. Bubbling with practical wisdom, it re-states the message of our scriptures in a manner worthy of the matter.

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Clad in simple words for being ornate, it reminds us of the epigrams our scriptures abound in. Prof. Kamalapathi's translation of this poem into English lends added utility to this booklet. We commend it to those engaged in the endeavour of writing poetry of this kind in Sanskrit, as a model to work upon.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar*

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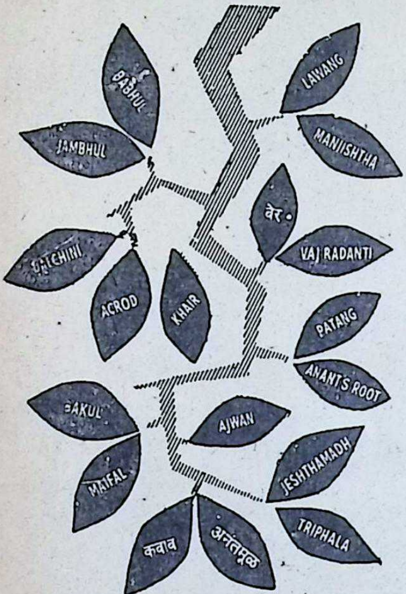
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PRAKRIT SAHITYAKA ITIHASA. By Dr. Jagadish Chandra Jain, M.A,. Ph.D. Published by the Chowkhamba Vidya Bhavan, Varanasi-1. 1961. pp. 6+8+ 2+876. Price: Rs. 20.

THERE are very few books on the history of Prakrit language. In his *History of Indian Literature,* Vol. II, Winternitz has devoted one whole section to Jainism. M. D. Desai's monumental work titled *Jaina Sahityano Samkshipta Itihasa* is also there. The first is in English and the second in Gujarati. The author is, therefore, fully justified in undertaking the book under notice, though there is already one book in Hindi by Haradeva Bahari titled *Prakrit Aur Usaka Sahitya.* But it is in the form of an outline, meant only for the beginners.

The author, Dr. Jain, is certainly one of those few scholars who have done their utmost for Jainology. His claim to recognition is long back established by his *magnum opus, Life in Ancient India as depicted in the Jaina Canon.* In this as also in the book under review, sufficient proof of his hold on the subject is available. Equipped with traditional background and endowed with the gift of a systematic presentation, the author has fully utilized his knowledge of the subject and the information which he collected from different sources, to make the book under review a complete success. The author has rendered distinct service to Jainology by removing certain factual errors which had crept in in the previous books because of the absence of sufficient data which have now been made available to the world of scholars by the great savants like Muni Jinavijayaji and others. Some controversies also have been set at rest by the author through the help of the manuscripts unpublished till now. The ninth chapter dealing with Prakrits as used in the plays written in Sanskrit is bound to be of immense value and help to the scholars of linguistics.

In short, the book is well planned and executed. It is written in simple Hindi and presents, therefore, no difficulty of understanding to a learner even. Both the appendices enhance the practical utility of the book. It is, indeed, astonishing that *Apabhramsha* is almost left out. But let us hope that the defect will be removed in the second edition.

Though the price is prohibitive, we strongly recommend the book to those concerned. —*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

TELUGU

SRI RĀMACHARITA MĀNASĀMRUTAMU. By Tulasidāsa. Published by the author. Copies can be had of Nelamuthala Parvathi Krishnamurthy, Moolapet, Nellore (Andhra). pp. 405. Price: Rs. 10|-.

THIS is an abridged translation of Tulasi's *Ramacharitamanasa* into Telugu prose. *Tulasi Ramayana* is, as is well known, the crown of Hindi literature. It is not only a poetry *par excellence* but a great work in devotional literature which has immortalized the saint-poet Tulasi. The present work is a successful attempt to introduce this masterpiece of Tulasi to the Telugu-speaking people and induce them to study the original. The writer has given a complete but an abridged translation of the original in lucid Telugu prose while giving here and there the important original stanzas with their Telugu translation The language used is simple and the book provides pleasant reading for all Telugu literates.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

BOOKS RECEIVED

KOVILMEDAI (in Tamil). By V. Selvaraj. Published by Tamilnad Gandhi Ninaivu Nidhi, Madurai. 50 nP.

PURANOKTARUDRI (in Sanskrit). Edited by Balachandra Ratilal Bhat. Published by Sri Vani Pusthaka Bhandar, c|o Ratilal Devasankar Bhat, Mahidharpura Maniara Sheri, Surat. 31 nP.

ON THE WAY TO HARMONY. By Prabhakar Biharilal, 119, Ghodbunder Road, Opp. Podar Street, Santa Cruz. Bombay-54. 40 nP.

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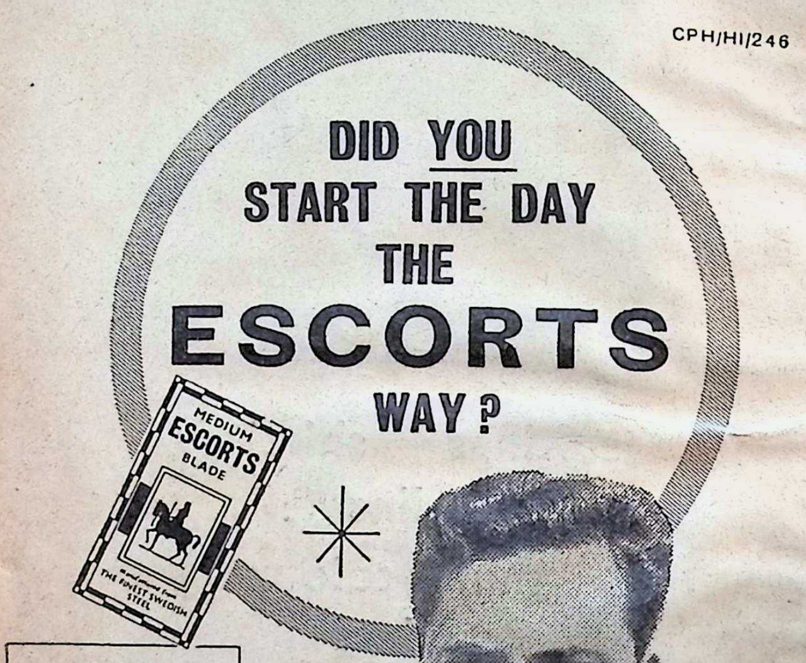
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